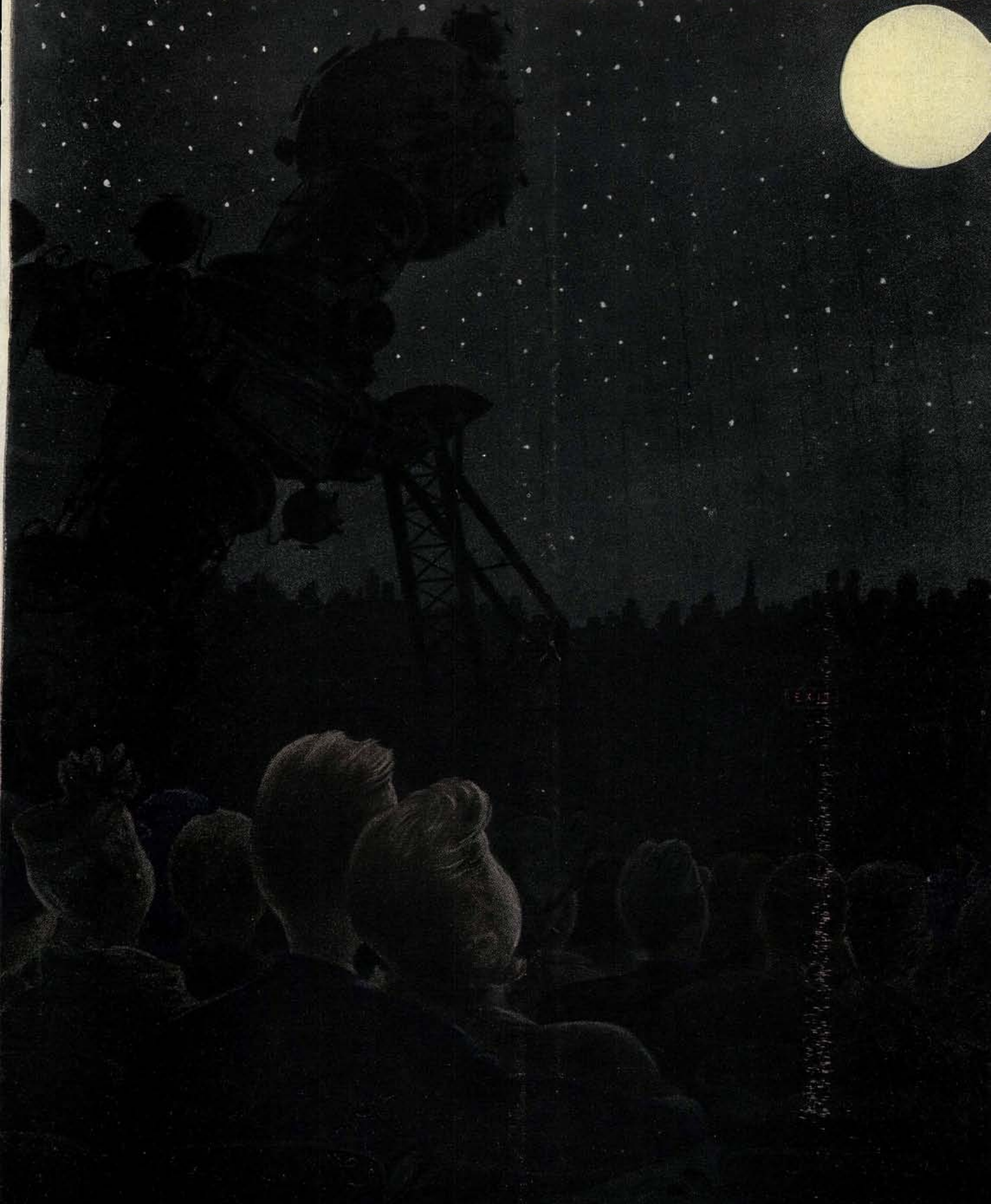


★ May 13, 1950

THE

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NEW YORKER





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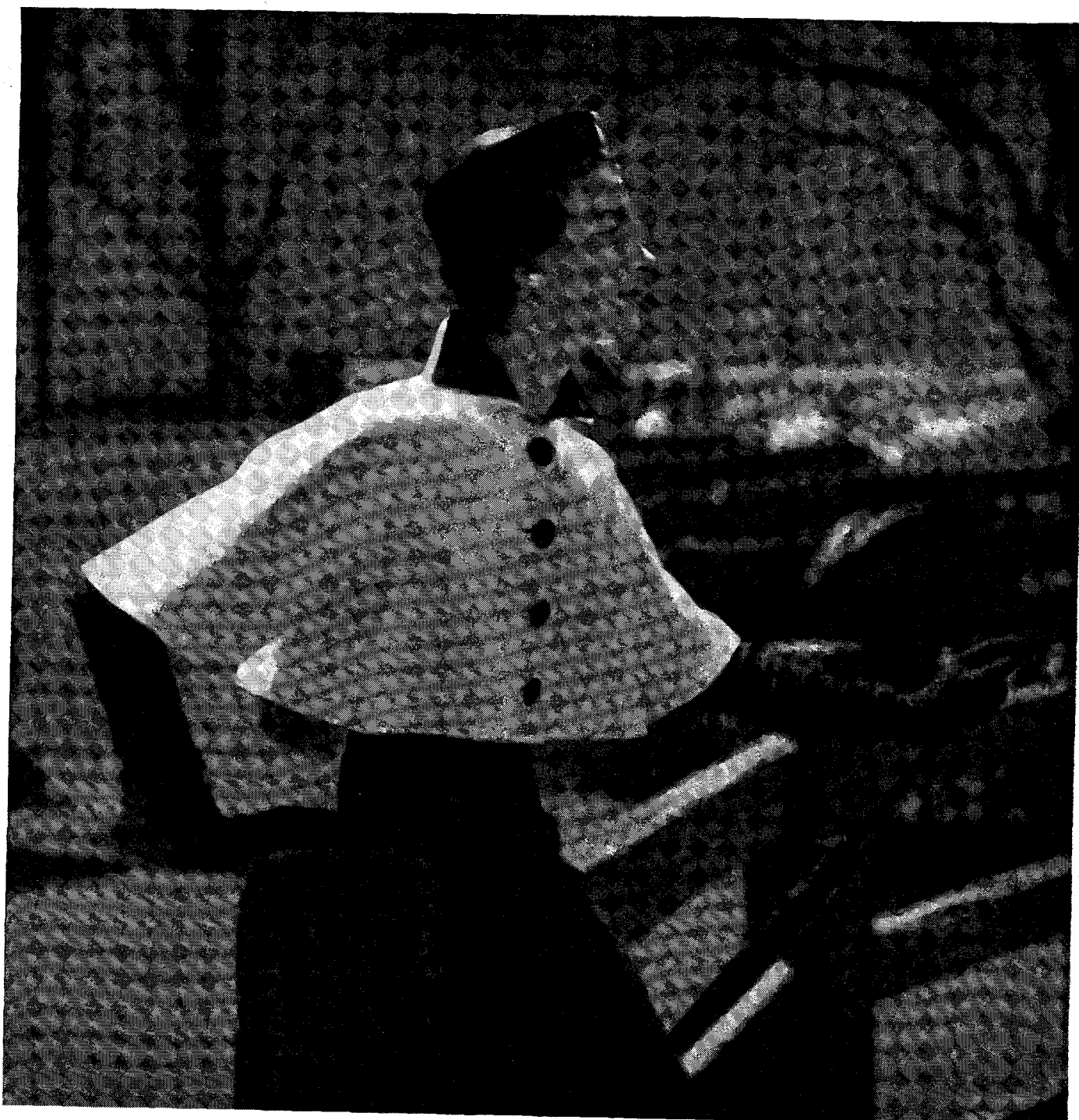


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AS YOU LIKE IT—Katharine Hepburn is a vivacious and decorative Rosalind in this handsome revival of one of Shakespeare's more complex and clown-ridden comedies. Others in the cast are William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Judy Parrish, and Bill Owen. A Theatre Guild production. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CLUTTERBUCK—Benn W. Levy's comedy involves three British couples and their complicated, rather disreputable, but frequently very amusing sexual relationships. Arthur Margetson gives a brilliant performance as a retired rubber planter, and Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Tom Helmore do nicely, too. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE COCKTAIL PARTY—T. S. Eliot's superior play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Alec Guinness is magnificent as a semi-supernatural psychiatrist, and Irene Worth, Robert Fleming, and Eileen Peel, as three of his most bothersome patients, are also impressive. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best foreign play of the year. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, May 14.)

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—There is so much that is true and moving in this play about an elderly couple who have more or less ruined their lives that it seems a pity the author so often slips into bathos. Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer are superb in the leading roles, and they are capably supported by Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE—Maurice Evans, Marsha Hunt, Dennis King, and Victor Jory figure prominently in this revival. Not the best thing Shaw ever did, but still more entertaining than most of our native products. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-7760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE HAPPY TIME—This comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy is somewhat in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

I KNOW MY LOVE—The Lunts contribute their usual animation and S. N. Behrman his usual polished complexity to this play about a marriage that goes on for fifty years. A standard brand, no doubt entirely acceptable to those who admire the product. With Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, Katharine Bard, and Henry Barnard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE INNOCENTS—William Archibald has reduced Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" to a simple ghost story, but there are moments that ought to chill your blood. Except for two spooks, who don't talk, the cast consists of Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, and two startlingly precocious children named Iris Mann and David Cole. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING—The Drama Critics Circle has very intelligently chosen Carson McCullers' adaptation of her own novel as the



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

season's best American play. Ethel Waters is enormously compelling as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and seven-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St., PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE WISTERIA TREES—Admirers of Chekhov may consider Joshua Logan's version of "The Cherry Orchard" something of a desecration, but it has its affecting interludes, thanks largely to a superlative performance by Helen Hayes. The Russians who now appear as residents of Louisiana include Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**DEATH OF A SALESMAN**: The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more, Albert Dekker plays the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **DETECTIVE STORY**: Sidney Kingsley's roughhouse in a New York police station, with Ralph Bellamy cast as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **MISTER ROBERTS**: Henry

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THE NEW YORKER

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Fonda and William Harrigan still patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

ARMS AND THE GIRL—Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Rouben Mamoulian are mainly responsible for this adaptation of "The Pursuit of Happiness," which is at least as entertaining as the original. Morton Gould wrote the music, and the cast is headed by Nanette Fabray, Georges Guétary, John Conte, and the incomparable Pearl Bailey. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE CONSUL—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement has recently received awards from the Drama Critics Circle and the Pulitzer Prize Committee. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Marie Powers, Gloria Lane, and Patricia Neway. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinee performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St., CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LOST IN THE STARS—Perhaps too much of the spirit and atmosphere of Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country" has been lost in this adaptation for the stage, but Maxwell Anderson's libretto is frequently moving, and the score, by the late Kurt Weill, is a superior one. With Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PETER PAN—Jean Arthur is Peter; Marcia Henderson, Wendy; and Boris Karloff, both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Leonard Bernstein has also provided some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

TEXAS, LI'L DARLIN'—This musical about the editor of a magazine that might well be *Life* and a political campaign in Texas is intended to be a satire, but the authors are never quite witty enough to bring it off. However, Johnny Mercer has written some bright lyrics, and Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, Fredd Wayne, and Mary Hatcher turn in pleasant performances. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St., PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TICKETS, PLEASE!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems just a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**KISS ME, KATE**: "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. With Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 12, May 13, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year \$7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, \$7.50; Canada, \$8.00; Other Foreign, \$10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **SOUTH PACIFIC:** The Pulitzer Prize Committee's choice for the best original American play. Still with Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) ... **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE LIAR—A musical by Alfred Drake and Edward Eager, with a score by John Mundy, based on a comedy by Goldoni. William Eythe, Melville Cooper, and Paula Laurence head a cast directed by Norris Houghton. Produced by Dorothy Willard and Thomas Hammond. Opens Thursday, May 18. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, May 11: "Designs with Strings," "Fall River Legend," "Caprichos," and "Helen of Troy." ... Friday evening, May 12: "Theme and Variations," "Caprichos," "Pillar of Fire," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." ... Saturday matinée, May 13: "Les Sylphides," "Billy the Kid," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." ... Saturday evening, May 13: "Romeo and Juliet," "Jeux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Interplay." ... Sunday matinée, May 14: "Swan Lake," "Fancy Free," and "Princess Aurora." ... Sunday evening, May 14: "Jeux," "Caprichos," "Nimbus," and "Theme and Variations." (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

KATHERINE DUNHAM—With her company, presenting "Veracruzana," "Flaming Youth," and other dances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Tuesday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 20.)

VALERIE BETTIS—And her company, along with Merce Cunningham, in a dance recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, May 14, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BRIGADOON—A return engagement of the musical by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, with Phil Hanna and Virginia Oswald. Produced by Cheryl Crawford. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

THE F SOCIETY OF YALE UNIVERSITY—Presenting "Three Sheets to the Wind," a musical comedy by two Yale undergraduates. For the benefit of the New York Diabetes Association's children's camp. (Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. Monday, May 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-3078.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's band has moved downstairs into the subterranean but pleasant Garden, where it plays for dancing every night but Sunday.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—From Monday through Saturday, Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court, switches to the Madison Room for dinner, and then goes back to the Palm Court. No dancing in room or court.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—

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Nellie Lutchter, sometimes satisfactorily raucous and sometimes a trifle Literary Club; and Ray Heatherton, whispering sweet nothings. The racy band of J. C. Heard provides the dance music. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060)—Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, doing very well with their age-old tricks, and Betty Bruce, whose gymnastics are like the rites of spring. Dancing.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's soup-to-nuts pageant of New York café life through the ages. The most entertaining nuts are Walter Dere Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers. W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong, ancient and heartwarming, are also around. Dancing.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Vanity Fair, enacted by an all-star cast. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—*Toujours la politesse* translated with considerable success into American. Bernie Dolen's orchestra and Artie Arturos' band provide appropriate sound effects, and Alex D'Arcy sings. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room, during dinner and supper, offers Myrus, the well-known mental telepathist, and the songs of Betty Jane Watson and Jerry Austen. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band are on the stand. On Sundays, there is a dinner show only, and the room is closed Mondays. ... Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Evelyn Knight and Beatrice Kraft, two of our top-drawer glamour girls. Miss Knight's songs are not always as striking as she is, but Miss Kraft's parody of Javanese ballet is funny as well as subtle. Starting Thursday, May 18, Martha Stewart and the Blackburn Twins will put on their song-and-dance act, and John Sebastian will play harmonica. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras are on hand for the customers' athletics. Closed Sundays. ... The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has (after eight-thirty) Maximilian Berger's and Emery Deutsch's orchestras. ... Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The ducal Oval Room offers Jan Engels' dinner music every evening but Sunday, when Harold Sandler's orchestra plays instead. ... In the Palm Court, Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either place.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the Three Suns and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, making the music go round and round. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Through Wednesday, May 17, Julie Wilson, an eye-catching bit of bric-a-brac, sings her twentieth-century siren songs at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play casually

for dancing. The celebrated Les Crosley is Miss Wilson's pianist. The next night, the Roof, where the orchestras of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz will dish up dance music, opens for the season. Both rooms closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

SHERRY NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the lavish Carnival Room, you'll find Jan Brunasco's gypsy music and a scattering of Lester Lanin's musicians for dancing. Closed Sundays. ... Don Abney's piano in the Café, from seven to one, except Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The apples of Mother's eye acquiring a little polish in the minor social arts. Downstairs, every night, Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra and a rumba band; upstairs, on Fridays and Saturdays, more dance music.

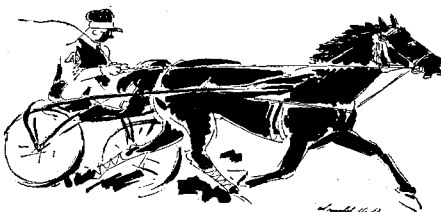
VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Johnnie Johnston sings a good, jaunty song or two to Ellis Larkin's deft piano. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band are on hand.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens, too, now has a handful of men in her night life. Hers, an agile group, are called the Escourtiars. She and her private army operate at suppertime in the Wedgwood Room, where Enil Coleman's orchestra plays for dinner and, aided by Mischa Borr's band, for supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock. ... Michael Zarin's dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, where Dr. Sydney Ross produces some parlor magic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter plays his disarmingly intricate piano at cocktails, dinner, and supper. On Sundays, Graham Forbes fills in for him. ... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): After eight, the bubbly and inviting dance music of Eddie Davis. Phil d'Arcy's trio plays, too. Closed Sundays. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Harold Sandler plays prowler violin from dinnertime on, except Sundays, and (starting Monday, May 15) Ernie Warren plays piano. ... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A new brace of humorists, named Walling and McHugh, is the main event here. Miss Hank Fort, another newcomer, sings. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey play double piano, and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Amateur nights Mondays. ... **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. ... **MONTÉ CARLO**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): One of Dick Gasparre's bands and the Playa Sextet steadily at it in an Arabian Nights boudoir. Closed Mondays. ... **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Peter Walters' cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestra Saturdays and Sundays until nine. ... **SHELburne LOUNGE**, Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Juanita Hall looks in after "South Pacific" to sing some stirring music. Louise Howard has fun with a variety of too-familiar lady songstresses, Lucille and Eddie Roberts do their mind-reading act, and Cy Coleman plays impassioned but absorbing piano. Closed Sundays. ... **PERROQUET ROOM**, Hotel Maurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): Starting around ten, Anny Kapitan does Continental ballads. Ellis Larkin, a hard worker nowadays, plays his deep-blue tone clusters from dinnertime on. Closed Mondays. ... **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): One of those it-was-only-yesterday reconstructions, made up of melodrama, singing waiters, checked tablecloths, aged movies, and creaky puns, en-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

livened principally by Paul Killiam's running commentary. Closed Mondays. . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, up over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer's eloquent songs about love among the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . **L'AIGLON**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Upstairs in the Empress Room, starting at eight o'clock, every evening but Monday, Louis Hawkins' all-night house-warmings, featuring, in about equal quantities, the host's table-side small talk and his piano. . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Babe Hines, that extrovert songbird, does her final chirping here on Sunday, May 14, to the accompaniment of Isaac Royal and Laurie Brewis at their twin pianos. On Tuesday, May 16, Thelma Carpenter takes over the vocal assignment, with Billy Kyle as her accompanist. Laurie Brewis stays on. Closed Mondays. . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmy Daniels is now in a nest of his own once more, surrounded by two of his stalwart compeers—Norene Tate, singing and playing piano, and Garland Wilson, playing piano and clowning. No noise until after dinner. Closed Mondays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, from suppertime until just before dawn, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack's spellbinding piano duets; every weekday, John Kelley, Jr., provides dinner music. . . In the back room, nightly, Eadie and Rack appear as themselves and also as Charles Trenet's outfielders. The authoritative Nancy Andrews chucks in her mantrap songs, and Irene Williams sings handsome sad ones. Background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. Sunday nights, guest performers are interspersed among the regulars. . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronnie Graham's remarkable free-associational musings, as entertaining as anything in town, plus Kirkwood and Goodman's slick double-talk and the treble pipings of the tots called the Four Lads. Julius Monk is the catalyst for this mixture. The Norman Paris Trio spices everything with its music of the day after tomorrow. Closed Sundays. . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Weavers, an engaging, lively, unpretentious, and knowledgeable group of ballad singers that features Pete Seeger as mainstay, Ronnie Gilbert as decoration, and banjos, recorders, and whatnot as props. Dance music by Clarence Williams' trio, for which Carl Lynch supplies elegant guitar. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Forecast for the rest of 1950: Intermittent thunder and lightning every evening but Sunday. The thunder: Wild Bill Davison and Cutty Cutshall. The lightning: Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is in residence here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Big Chief Russell Moore, Buster Bailey, Freddie Moore, and Lloyd Phillips are the quartet here now. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . **BOB CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): One of the largest evenings in town is provided by the King Cole Trio, Count Basie's band, and Dinah Washington. Closed Mondays. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Through Wednesday, May 17, Lennie Tristano's quintet, Lester Young's quintet, Bud Powell, and a couple of new young songbirds. . . **STUYVESANT**



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On May 12, the personnel will include Sidney Bechet, Wild Bill Davison, Joe Sullivan, Tony Sbarbaro, and (just returned from Europe) Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another carbarn for the young ones' Friday fling. On May 12, Oran Page, Max Kaminsky, Big Chief Russell Moore, and Pops Foster are expected. Dancing. . . . **STATLER**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, through Saturday, May 13, Shep Fields' band. Starting Monday, May 15, Tex Beneke and his orchestra. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Their eighth annual exhibition, comprising some five hundred works in several mediums. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; Tuesdays, 7:30 to 10; through May 17.)

ANGELO DI BENEDETTO—Highly stylized, smoothly handled small paintings, many of them having to do with Colorado miners and their lives. Also, some lively and skillful ceramics by Lee Porzio. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through May 13.)

LOUIS BOSA—New oils, embodying his rather impish observations on night-club conviviality and its aftermath, East Side fiestas, and other metropolitan manifestations. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through May 31.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Ink drawings, aptly applying an almost Chinese sinuosity of line to the scenery of the Rocky Mountains. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

FREDERICK CHILDS—A first one-man show of oils, by a painter who, despite some uncertainty in his drawing, shows a genuine aptitude for design. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

EUROPEAN—Paintings by Matta, Magritte, Ernst, Miró, and other modern European masters. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through June 3.)

FRENCH—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: From Monet to Picasso, in a small but well-selected collection of modern French masters; through May 27. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: The third section of the gallery's spring survey, this one featuring nice works by Soutine, Matisse, and the Paris primitives Bombois and Bauchant; through May 27.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by American artists, including Eakins and Ryder, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson and Elliott Orr, of the twentieth; through May 26. . . . **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Six younger French artists, in an exhibit called "Advancing French Art"; through May 31. . . . **DELIUS**, 116 E. 57th St.: Twenty paintings, in a random but generally worth while review that runs from pre-Renaissance Italian to modern French and American; through June 30. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Oils and other works by this gallery's group of artists, all done this year, in a collection got up to complement a recent similar showing of 1940 works; through May 13.

. . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Walter Stuenkel, Pavel Tchelitchev, Peter Blume, Barbara Hepworth, and other living American and English artists; through May 31. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, among them Vaclav Vytlacil and Chaim Soutine; through May 31. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings—selected by Meyer Schapiro and Clement Greenberg—by American artists, most of them under thirty; through May 15. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Contemporary Americans, including Leon Kroll, Hobson Pittman, and Guy Pène du Bois; through May 13. . . . **PERSPECTIVES**, 34 E. 51st St.: A number of assorted objects—guitars, masks, mobile paintings, chess sets, and so on—made by Calder, Hayter, Man Ray, and other



Photographed at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Alan Ladd

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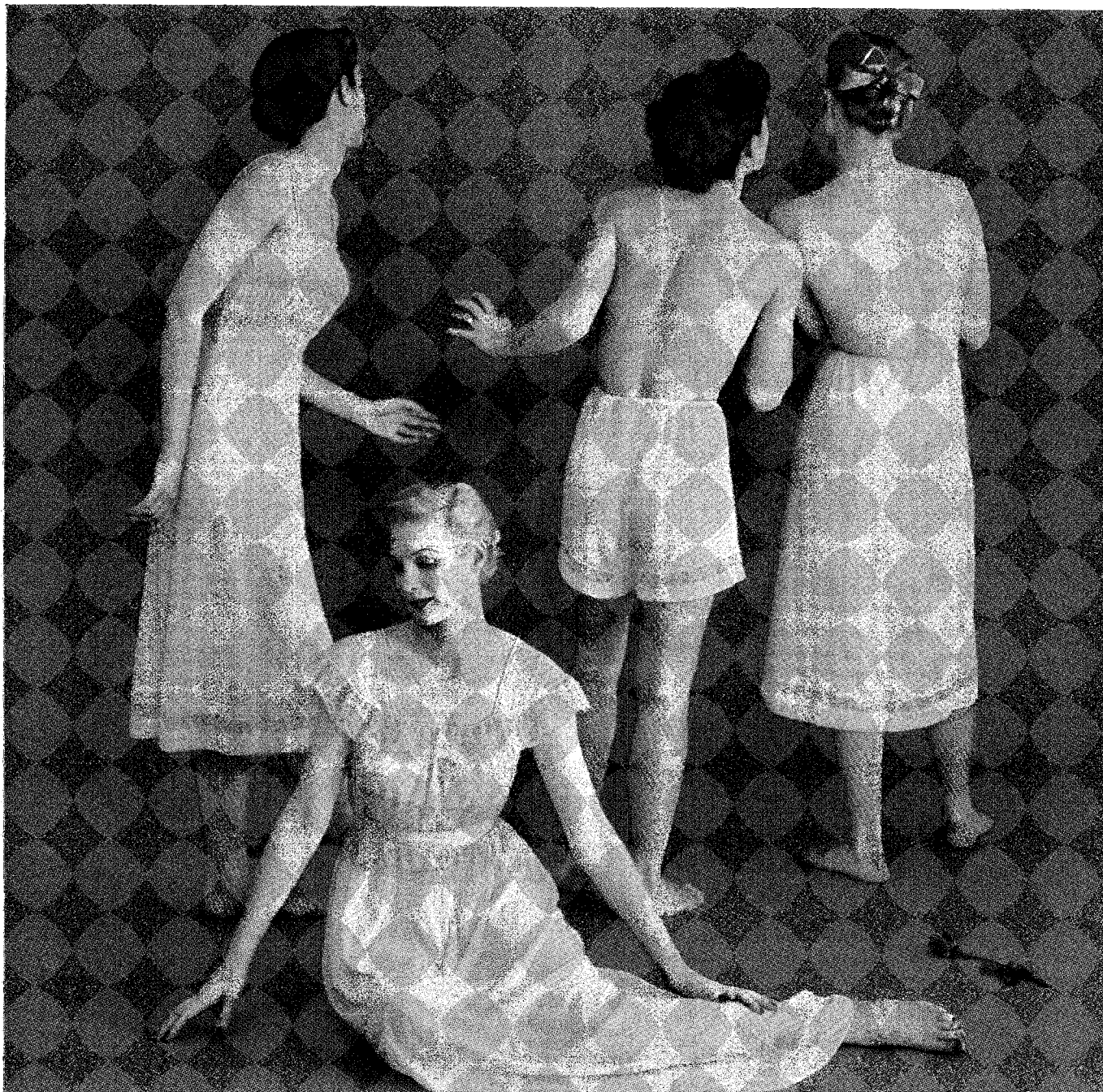
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

artists, in moments of whimsy. Weekdays, noon to 6; through May 20.... **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: A guest show of drawings by such non-gallery artists as Avery, Beckmann, Feininger, and Grosz. Weekdays, noon to 6; through May 13.

PAUL KLEE—Two exhibitions of his adroit and incisive abstractions. The first, at the New Art Circle (41 E. 57th St.; through May 31), is devoted mainly to his earlier pieces. The other, at the Buchholz (32 E. 57th St.; through May 27), is somewhat larger and covers his work from 1915 to 1940, the year he died.

GASTON LACHAISE—A collection of drawings that, though few in number, include some interesting pieces. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

WIFREDO LAM—New paintings, again using African symbols as their point of departure, by this Cuban abstractionist. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through May 20.)

LEO MICHELSON—Studies of Paris and Venice, pleasantly painted in pale, rather wistful colors. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through May 13.)

MIRKO—Abstract sculptures and other works, intricate in design and very effective, by an Italian artist as yet little known in this country. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

MOHOLY-NAGY—Water colors and collages done between 1918 and 1946 by the late Hungarian abstractionist. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through May 19.)

GEORGE MORRISON—New paintings in various mediums, principally with Maine motifs and ranging from the semi-representational to the abstract. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through May 13.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Drawings of various subjects, among them waterfronts and railroad yards, each combining pen-and-ink, wash, charcoal, pencil, and other black-and-white mediums. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through May 15.)

DAVID SMITH—New abstract sculptures, vividly symbolic, in his first one-man exhibition in three years. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

KATHARINE STURGIS—Water colors, drawings, and monotypes of Vermont and Massachusetts. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—New paintings, sombre in color and dramatic in movement, in this Mexican artist's intensely personal style. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

TWENTIETH-CENTURY TAPESTRIES—Strikingly colorful tapestries designed by contemporary French artists, among them Jean Lurçat and Jean Picart le Doux, and woven on the looms of Aubusson. (Cultural Division of the French Embassy, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.; through May 12.... Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; May 15-20.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At **AN AMERICAN PLACE**, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.: John Marin, water colors; through May 27.... **HACKER**, 24 W. 58th St.: Louis Schanker, Max Spivak, and Louis Tavelli; through May 27.... **HUGO**, 26 E. 55th St.: Jerome Kamrowski; through May 31.... **LAUREL**, 108 E. 57th St.: Group show of paintings and sculpture by artists under thirty-five; through May 20.... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: Carl Sprinchorn; through May 27.... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Dong Kingman; through May 27.

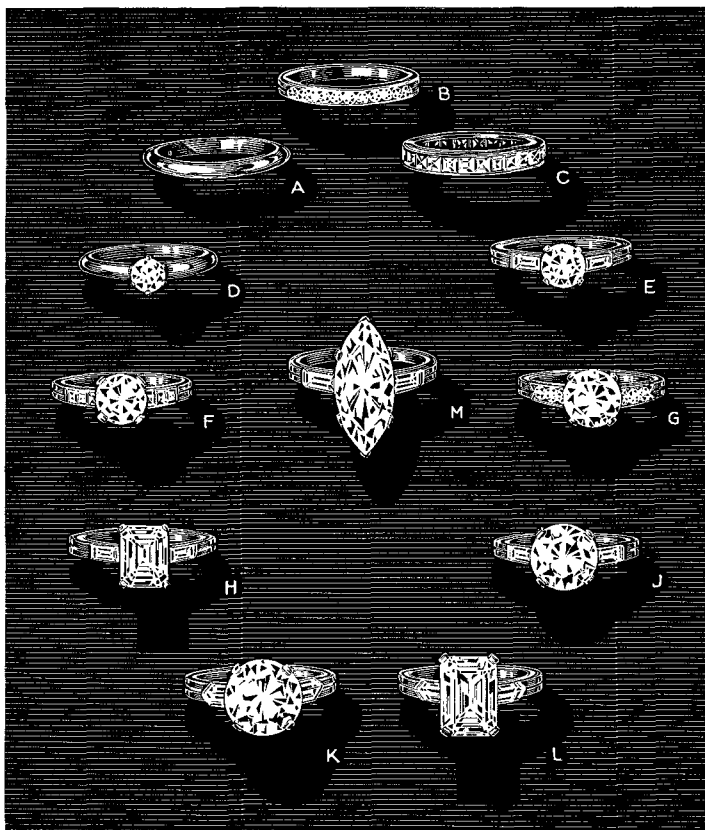
MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's fourth exhibition of prints, an annual event that has already become recognized as one of the ranking surveys of contemporary American work in this field.... Paintings by the nineteenth-century American John F. Peto, best known for his *trompe l'œil* still-lives. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; both through May 21.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

anniversary show, consisting of works of art looted by the Nazis from Jewish homes and synagogues, as well as woodcuts by Ilya Schor depicting the prewar life of East European Jews. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through May 31.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Austrian government's loan exhibition of art treasures from Vienna collections. An impressive affair, though not up to the recent Berlin show in scope or quality. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; through May 21.) ... ¶ Twentieth-century American and European glass designs, with pieces by Steuben, Lalique, Orrefors, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 17.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large, comprehensive, and spirited showing of works by the late American watercolorist Charles Demuth. ... ¶ An illuminating retrospective (1922-48) of paintings by Franklin C. Watkins. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; both through June 11.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The current group show includes work by Albers, Scarlett, Xceron, and Rebay. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through June 11.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Whitney's 1950 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings, a compact and lively affair. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through May 28.)

MUSIC

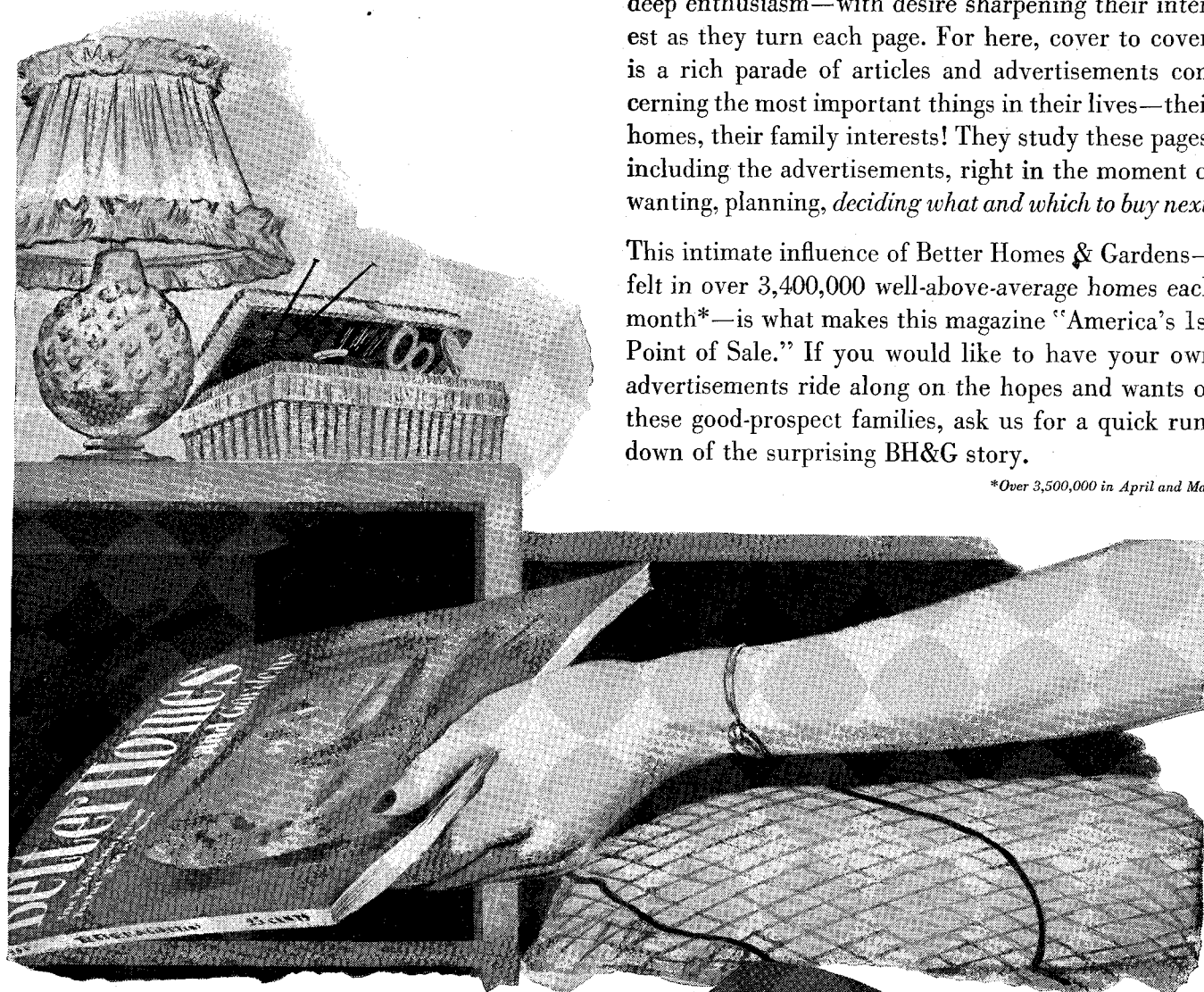
SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season—Wednesday, May 17: "La Traviata." ... ¶ Thursday, May 18: "Aida." ... ¶ Friday, May 19: "Madame Butterfly." ... ¶ Saturday, May 20: "Carmen." (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Evenings at 8:30; through Tuesday, May 30.)

CARNEGIE POPS—Thursday, May 11: Enrico Leide conducting, with Marie Powers, contralto. ... ¶ Friday, May 12: Frederick Fennell conducting an all-Viennese program, with Edna Phillips, soprano. ... ¶ Saturday, May 13: Frederick Fennell conducting, with Stan Freeman and Cy Walter, duo piano. ... ¶ Sunday, May 14: Enrico Leide conducting, with Joan Lloyd, piano, and Frank Gullino, violin. ... ¶ Monday, May 15: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of ballet music. ... ¶ Wednesday, May 17: Enrico Leide and Mario Cortez conducting, with Jean Graham, piano. ... ¶ Thursday, May 18: Franco Autori conducting, with Sondra Bianca, piano. ... ¶ Friday, May 19: Enrico Leide conducting, with Marjorie Gordon, soprano, and Edmond Karlfrud, bass-baritone. ... ¶ Saturday, May 20: Alfredo Antonini conducting, with Dorothy Sandlin, soprano; Davis Cunningham, tenor; and Mac Morgan, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Evenings at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 31.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN MUSIC—Thursday, May 18, at 8:30: A recital of songs written by John Edmunds, Howard Swanson, and Aaron Copland, and sung by Alice Howland, mezzo-soprano; James Pease, baritone; and Helen Thigpen, soprano. ... ¶ Friday, May 19, at 8:30: Chamber music written by Ben Weber, Edward B. Hill, Arthur Shepherd, and Andrew Imbrie, and performed by the Five-Wind Ensemble and the New Music String Quartet, conducted by Saul Schechtman, with Bethany Beardslee and Marie Kraft, sopranos. ... ¶ Saturday, May 20, at 8:30: An American folk-music program, with the Old Harp Singers. ... ¶ Sunday, May 21, at 2:45: The C.B.S. Symphony, conducted by Izler Solomon, winner of the 1950 Alice M. Ditson Award, in a concert of music composed by Elliott Carter, Henry Cowell, and William Bergsma. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tickets to all these concerts are free but must be applied for in person at the McMillin Theatre box office, Thursday and Friday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 11-12, from 2 to 6, or Saturday, May 13, from 10 to 1.)

PAULIST CHORISTERS—Father Foley directing. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Thursday, May 11, at 8:30.)

BENEFIT PROGRAM—Joseph Battista, Eugene List, and Rosalyn Tureck, all piano, and Carol Glenn, violin. For the benefit of the Olga Samaroff Foundation. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Monday, May 15, at 8:45.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thursday, May 11, at 2:30... Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday, May 12, at 8:30; Saturday, May 13, at 2; and Sunday, May 14, at 2:05. Before the Saturday game, a team of Yankee immortals, among them Wally Pipp, Waite Hoyt, Bob Meusel, and Red Ruffing, will wheeze through a couple of innings against a contingent of National League old-timers, including Rogers Hornsby, Dizzy Dean, and Bill Terry... **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Boston, Saturday, May 13, at 2; Sunday, May 14, at 2:05; and Monday, May 15, at 8:30... Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, May 16, at 1:30; Wednesday, May 17, at 8:30; and Thursday, May 18, at 1:30... Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, May 19, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 20, at 2... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Chicago, Tuesday, May 16, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 17-18, at 2:30... Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday, May 19, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 20, at 2:30.

BOXING—Friday, May 12: Charley Fusari vs. Paddy Young, middleweights, 10 rounds... Friday, May 19: Tiberio Metri vs. Tuzo Portuguese, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

CREW—Rowe Cup Regatta, for the Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 13.)... Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 20.)

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 20.)

FENCING—All-Eastern Championship, Three Weapon Individual. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Sunday, May 14, at noon.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 13.)... Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 20.)

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, June 10. The Withers, Saturday, May 13, and the Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, May 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.)... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track daily at 10:30.)... **PIMLICO-HAVRE DE GRACE**, at Pimlico: Mondays, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, at 2:15 (except May 20); through Saturday, May 27. The Dixie Handicap, Saturday, May 13, and the Preakness, Saturday, May 20 (post time at 2).

TRACK—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association, outdoor championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randall's Island. Saturday, May 13.)

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, May 12, at 9 and 1; Saturday, May 13, at 9; and Sunday, May 14, at 10.)

TROTTING—At **Yonkers Raceway**: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, May 20. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

FOR CHILDREN

YOUNG THESPIANS' CLUB—"Comics for Carter," a musical comedy. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 3. For tickets, call AT 9-8028.)

TIBOR NAGY MARIONETTES—Saturday, May 13, at

11 and 3: "Mozart and the Blackamoor" and "The Frog Prince." ... ¶ Saturday, May 20, at 11 and 3: "Fire Boy," based on a Pueblo Indian legend. (Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. For tickets, call AL 4-1075.)

MISCELLANY—For the benefit of the Community Nursery School—Saturday, May 13, at 11: Two clowns, Tip and Top, in a program of juggling, magic, and storytelling, along with four puppet films. ... ¶ Saturday, May 20, at 11: Four old Charlie Chaplin movies, "The Rink," "The Vagabond," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street." (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780.)

CHILDREN'S ZOO—About twenty kinds of domestic or tame animals, most of which may be fed and petted by the small fry. Among them are a sweet-scented skunk, a village of mice, and a talking crow. (Bronx Park. Weather permitting: Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 10:30 to 6. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

MOVIES—Features, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

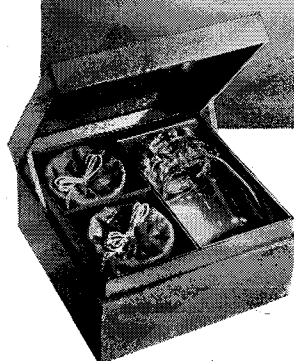
PRESIDENT TRUMAN—In a radio address from Chicago. (All major networks, Monday, May 15, at 11:30 P.M.)

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call Fльдstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, any hard questions, within reason, about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

BOOKS—Manuscripts and first editions of some of the best-known books of the fifty-nine countries that make up the United Nations, as well as the manuscript of the Interim Agreement signed by delegates to the San Francisco Conference, in 1945. (The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. Daily, 10 to 6:30; through May 31.)

GARDENS—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be open to the public on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 16-17, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. The gardens on display the first day will be those of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Williams, 163 E. 81st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lincoln Neiman, 120 E. 79th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Carl O. von Kienbusch, 12 E. 74th St.; and Prince and Princess Artchil Gourielli, 625 Park Ave. On the second day, the gardens will be those of Mr. and Mrs. David B. Magid, 433 E. 51st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey McN. Gates, 236 E. 61st St.; Prince and Princess Artchil Gourielli, 625 Park Ave.; and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Fatt, 875 Fifth Ave. (For information about tickets, call CI 6-0057.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Eighteenth-century French furniture, Aubusson and Savonnerie rugs, and objects of art, the property of Mrs. William Gould Brokaw and others. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, May 11-12, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Saturday, May 13, at 2.) ... ¶ Americana of the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries, including the original British commissions for negotiating peace with the Thirteen States, in 1782; letters by signers of the Declaration of Independence; autographs; first editions; and drawings; owned by Ekkehard Beinszen, of New South Wales, Australia, and others. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, May 11-13, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Monday and Tuesday, May 15-16, at 2.) ... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Delacroix, Maillol, Toulouse-Lautrec, Matisse, de Chirico, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, as well as a group of African sculptures, from various collections, including that of Gregory Ratoff. (Exhibition, Saturday, May 13, and Monday and Tuesday, May 15-16, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Wednesday, May 17, at 2.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE AMAZING MR. BEECHAM—A. E. Matthews paces a lively cast in this English picture, which has to do with an addled old earl and the political aspirants in his household. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 14-16.)

THE ASTONISHED HEART—Noel Coward on the perils of extramarital romance in middle age. An English film, starring the Master, that has plenty of witty lines. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; May 13-16.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF—An Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

THE BIG LIFT—The United States Air Force breaking the blockade of Berlin. A picture that is most worth while when it concentrates on the activities of the Air Force, and least when it goes in for some tedious romantics. With Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas and a good number of actual Air Force personnel. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

CINDERELLA—Disney's interpretation of the popular fairy tale. Fine for the children. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 13.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 13-15.)

THE FALLEN IDOL—A British picture, as good as they come, about a small boy who gets involved in a highly complex adult world of policemen, a shrewish woman, and violent death. From a short story by Graham Greene, and with Bobby Henrey, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE GOLDEN TWENTIES—Views of the Jazz Era, ranging from grim to hilarious, assembled by the editors of the March of Time from newsreels and Hollywood films of from twenty to thirty years ago. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through May 15.)

THE RED SHOES—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

SAMSON AND DELILAH—Cecil B. DeMille's conception of the famous haircut. Colossal, all right, but essentially worthless. Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr play the lover and his lass. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting May 16.)

THE THIRD MAN—A fast, melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. A Carol Reed-Graham Greene collaboration that has its moments. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND—A comical British film having to do with a whiskey drought on an island in the Hebrides during the war. Basil Radford heads the estimable cast. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through May 16, tentative.)

THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA—Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda in a moody but absorbing film that depicts the activities of a Frenchman who, having fled his homeland after indulging in a bit of homicide, joins up with a lovelorn lady and her impressionable daughter in a bombed-out section of Genoa. The daughter is portrayed with great sensitivity by Vera Talchi. A French-Italian production. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

WHEN WILLIE COMES MARCHING HOME—Some fairly funny stuff about a soldier who wants to be a hero and can't get an assignment any farther from home than an airfield five miles away. Directed by John Ford, the picture includes in its cast Dan Dailey, Corinne Calvet, and Colleen Townsend. (68th St. Play-

house, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; May 12-15.)

REVIVALS

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously hopping around a big town. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Puelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 12.)

HENRY V (1946)—Sir Laurence Olivier and Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting May 13. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 13.)

OPEN CITY (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 11.)

QUARTET (1949)—Four of Somerset Maugham's short stories pasted up together in an English film. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through May 13.... ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; May 16-17.)

THE QUIET ONE (1949)—The documentary story of a tragic young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 11.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through May 14: "The Blue Angel" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.... ¶ Starting May 15: Two German movies, "M" (1931), with Peter Lorre, and "Als Man Anfing zu Filmen" (1934). (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

AMBASSADOR, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Scandals of Clochemerle" (in French).

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through May 15: **THE GOLDEN TWENTIES**.
From May 16, at 8:30: "The Jackie Robinson Story," Jackie Robinson. (Opening night is a benefit for Youth United; for tickets call MA 5-5489.)

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through May 16: "Santa Lucia Luntana" (in Italian), revival, Valentina Cortese; and "Oltre l'Amore" (in Italian), revival, Valli.
From May 17: "Eternal Melodies" (in Italian), revival; and "Napoli d'Altri Tempi" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio de Sica.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm.

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Border Street" (in Polish).

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through May 14: "House by the River," Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt.
From May 15, at 8:30: "Johnny Holiday," William Bendix. (Opening night is a benefit for Somebody Cares, sponsored by the National Cartoonists' Society; for tickets call MU 4-5675.)

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through May 17: "No Sad Songs for

Me," Margaret Sullivan, Wendell Corey.
PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through May 16: "No Man of Her Own," Barbara Stanwyck, John Lund.
From May 17: "In a Lonely Place," Humphrey Bogart.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE BIG LIFT.

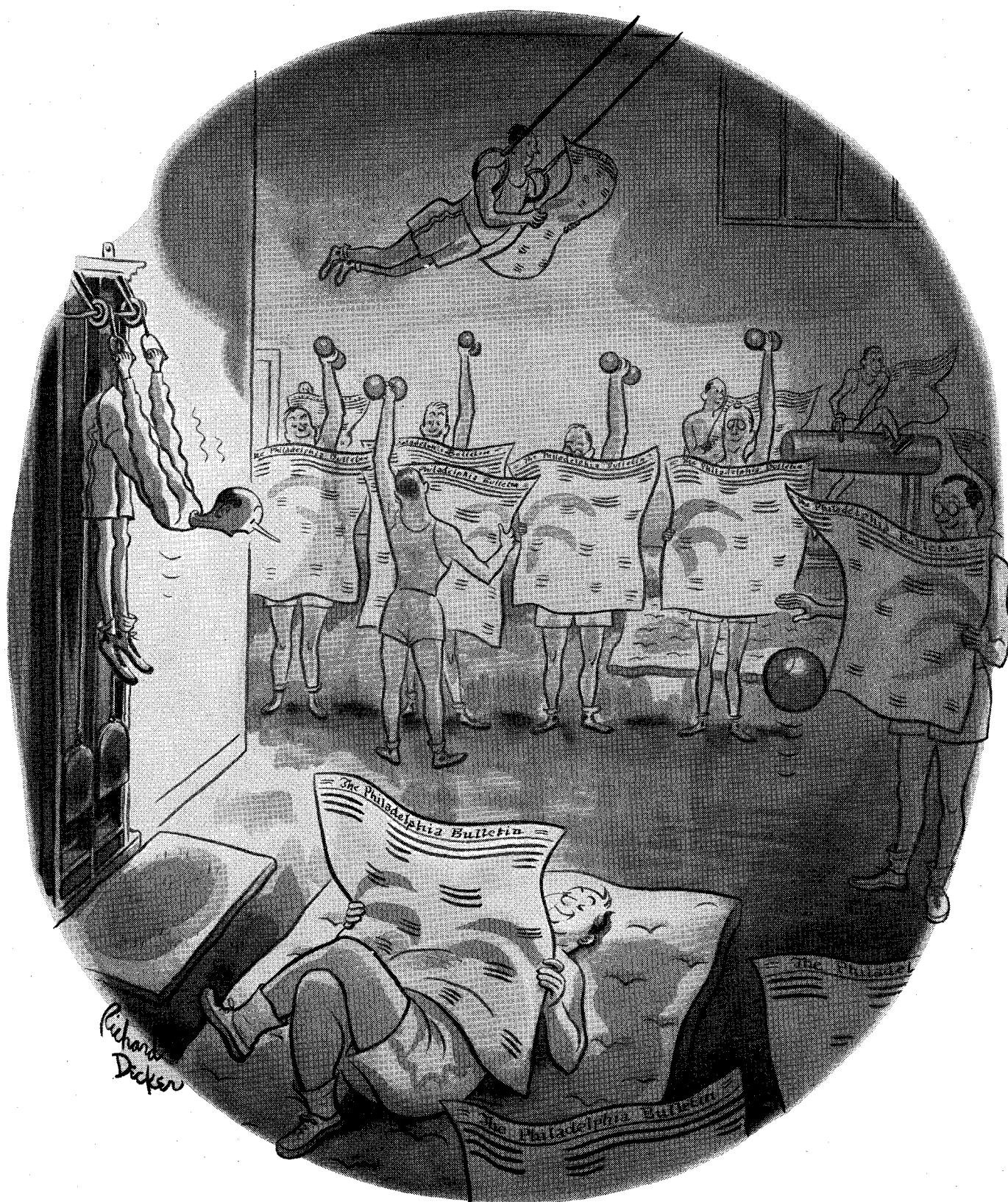
ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Wabash Avenue," Betty Grable, Victor Mature.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through May 16: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Southern.
From May 17: "Annie Get Your Gun," Betty Hutton.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Colt .45," Randolph Scott.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).



In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)



Beauty Balm and Face Powder

THE SECRET OF A PERFECT, LASTING MAKE-UP

Because they are made for each other in shades infinitely soft and beautiful.

Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LOCAL employees of the Shell Oil Company have organized the Shell Playhouse, and the other night they presented George Gershwin's musical comedy "Girl Crazy" at a hired auditorium. When company employees used to get together for some group recreation, they would organize something like the Shell Bowlers or the Shell Hi-Test Basketball Quintet. We know what has made the difference—television, the sight of service-station attendants, or jokers dressed as service-station attendants, cavorting with Milton Berle on the Texaco program. First thing you know, it won't be possible to



get a tankful of gas and a windshield wipe without sitting through an impromptu tap dance.

ONE of our most sensitive associates has announced to us that he is in trembling receipt of Vol. 1, No. 1, of *The Communist Writer*, a mimeographed job put out by the Writers Section of the Communist Party of New



York. It was mailed in a plain envelope, and addressed to him care of *The New York*—significant evidence to him, and to us, that the Party, whatever else it may be, is no stickler for accuracy. The new journal is four pages long, and on the second page carries two items of particular interest to us. One begins, "Although monopoly capital's 'paper curtain' tries to hide the truth

from the American people, a few publications still welcome honest writing by progressives." We scanned an appended list eagerly, but apparently *The New Yorker*, or whatever our name is, is ranked with the truth-hiders; the only outfits cited as being on the respectable side of the frail curtain are *IWO Fraternal Outlook*, *Masses & Mainstream*, *Jewish Life*, *People's Artists*, and *The Worker*. "These periodicals exist in the interest of the people, not the big advertisers," says the item. "Therefore, rates paid for stories, poems, and articles are relatively low. For writers who want to reach an informed audience, the opportunity to do so carries great compensation in itself." On the same page, a few inches to the left, is an announcement of a 100,000-ruble (\$20,000) contest for some International Stalin Prizes to be awarded, this year, to from five to ten "citizens of all countries regardless of political, religious, or racial affiliation" by the Soviet Union in recognition of "outstanding service in the struggle against warmongers and for the promotion of peace." Prize-winners are to get gold medals, too. Presumably, writers are as eligible for these awards as anyone else, and it is going to be hard for the Writers Section of the Party to persuade a scribbler who has a shot at bagging ten or twenty thousand rubles in a contest—not to mention a decoration fashioned of real Moscow gold—that such tangible compensation is no more desirable than the mere opportunity to reach an informed audience.

The Communist Writer has started off poorly, we'd say, by putting such schizophrenic ideas in its readers' heads, and we urge it, fraternally, to clarify its editorial approach if it expects to stay in this tricky business. Furthermore, it had better make sure that the girl who addresses its envelopes gets on the ball. Otherwise, we're afraid future issues may not reach our office, and we'd hate

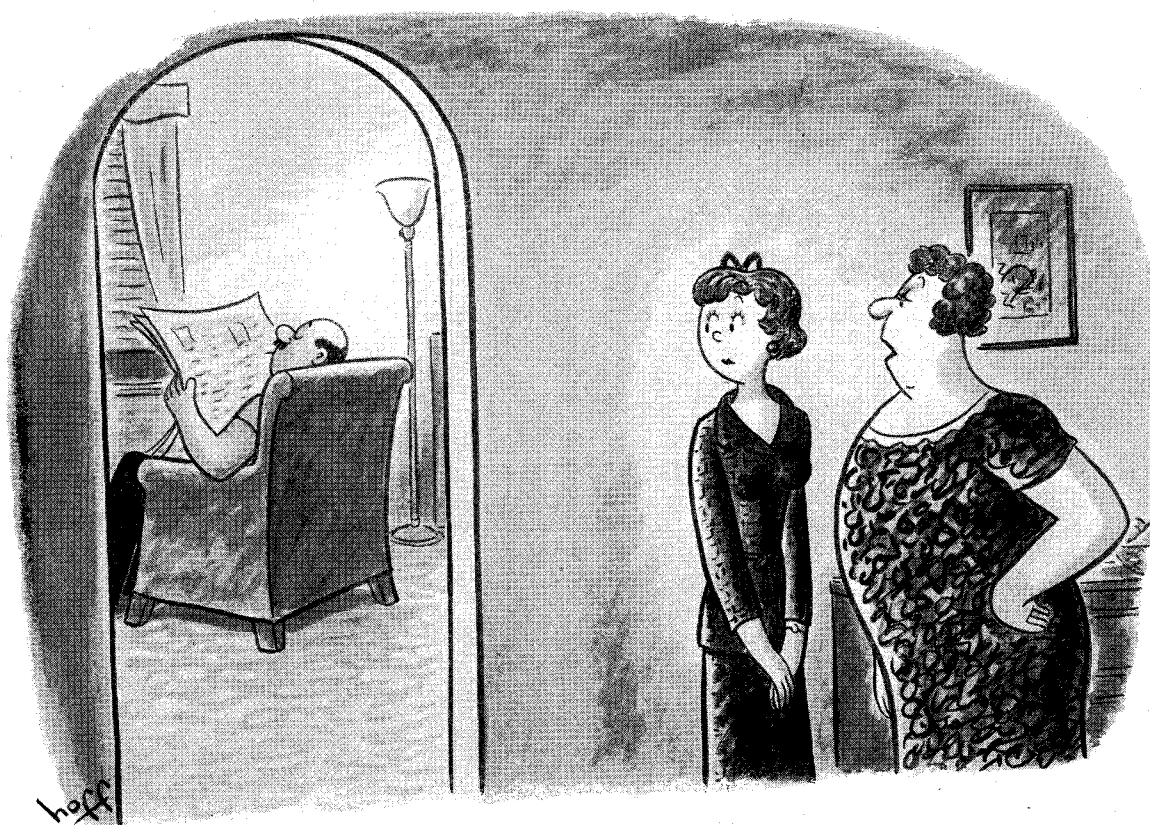
like the dickens to miss one provocative forthcoming article heralded in Vol. 1, No. 1: "Caligari to Capote," on "the parallel trends of pre-Hitler literature and current American output." For sheer breathtaking sweep alone, that ought to net somebody a hatful of rubles.

Where the Würzburger Flows

THE new proprietor of Luchow's Restaurant is a young and handsome Swedish-born fellow named Leonard Mitchell. We had a talk with him at his place of business last Thursday, in what is known as the New Room—it was opened in 1902—and over a couple of seidels of Würzburger he told us that his non-Scandinavian name comes from an English great-grandfather, that he has been interested in the preparation of food and in restaurants as long as he can remember, that even as a child in Sweden he had heard of Luchow's, and that in his teens, when he visited New York, he quickly tired of



American food and hurried to Luchow's to stuff himself with pig's knuckles and sauerkraut, followed by *rote Greutze*. "That's a mixture of tapioca and raspberries, and it tastes much better than you might expect," Mitchell said. Starting right then, his great ambition was to own Luchow's. The Swedish Mitchells are of an ancient and wealthy line, with numerous estates, and Mitchell attributes his early interest in food to having watched the elaborate preparations made for hunt breakfasts and family banquets attended by as many as a hundred and fifty people. "My family disapproved of my always hanging around kitchens and, later, of my de-



"Oh, you expect too much! No little bell rang inside me when I met your father."

cision to make a career of restaurants," he said. "I was the youngest of five boys and was intended for the Army or one of the professions." Instead, while attending the University of Stockholm, Mitchell worked in the Grand Hotel there, first in the kitchen, preparing *smörgåsbord*, then as a captain of waiters. After graduating from the University, he took a course in the Hochschule für Restaurateurs und Hoteliers in Zurich. He settled in the United States in 1939, took out first citizenship papers, and the next year, with a partner, bought the Olmsted Restaurant, in Washington, D.C. Now, at the early age of thirty-five, he has, in Luchow's, his heart's desire.

Mitchell bought Luchow's from a group headed by Victor Eckstein, for what is called in real-estate circles "an undisclosed sum." This group had inherited the restaurant from the original owner, August Luchow. (For convenience, the umlaut was dropped from the restaurant's name some years ago.) Eckstein married a niece of Luchow, who was a bachelor, and worked under him for twenty-three years, beginning as an errand boy. When Luchow died, in 1923, he left most of the stock in the restaurant to Eckstein, with small

allotments going to old friends and employees. Among these were Eckstein's son, Guido Luchow Eckstein; Oscar Hofmann, head chef of the restaurant until his death, three years ago; the late Nathan Burkan, the theatrical lawyer; and William Salway, Luchow's accountant. Luchow emigrated to this country from Hanover and bought the place in 1882, when it was a small saloon run by a Baron von Mehlbach. Luchow was staked to the purchase price—two thousand dollars—by William Steinway, the piano man. Steinway was for many years afterward a regular patron and was partial to mounds of caviar, served in enormous glass bowls and washed down with aqua vitae, followed by venison steak. One of the restaurant's four banquet rooms is named for him. Luchow served Würzburger and Pilsner beer, and Harry von Tilzer had Luchow's in mind when he wrote "Down Where the Würzburger Flows," a popular number of forty-eight years ago.

Mitchell assured us that he is a most fervent traditionalist and has no intention of tampering with Luchow's substantial nineteenth-century Germanic charm. "I will clean up the face of the building, but only to bring out better its baroque quality," he said. "And the

fact is I am going to put back some of the great old dishes that have unaccountably been dropped from the menu—cold goose in aspic, for example, and *geräucher Lachs mit Trüffeln in Kastchen*, which is smoked salmon with truffles in patties. And carp à la Raats—that is filet of carp baked with bacon, sour cream, mushrooms, and paprika. A very rich dish." The one major innovation at Luchow's is to be air-conditioning. Even so, the big wooden ceiling fans will be left in place, for old times' sake. Mitchell, who had been staying at the Waldorf, recently moved into an apartment over the restaurant. "Luchow used to live in it," Mitchell said. "I am looking forward to hanging my paintings there. I have quite a nice collection—French, Dutch, German. Nothing later than the eighteenth century."

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Permanently Yours, a hairdressing partnership, of 545 Fifth Avenue, has been dissolved.

A station wagon often seen in Boston, usually piloted by an elderly gentleman of distinguished mien, is marked, on the doors, "Ye Olde Cabot."

A banner running across the front of the place of business of an Eighth Avenue textile firm reads, "Values at an All-Time Low."

Foolproof

"MR. UNIVERSE," a motion picture about the professional-wrestling business, is being shot in and around New York by a local company called Laurel Films. Among the characters in it are Hatpin Mary, the Cannibal, the Turk, Maniac Fan, and Wild Man, and in the cast are Bert Lahr, Maxie Rosenbloom, Jack Carson, and Janis Paige. One afternoon last week, we were fortunate enough to be escorted by Miss Paige and the firm's publicity director, Will Yolen, to Sunnyside Garden, in Sunnyside, Long Island,

where the wrestling scenes are being shot. On the way, Mr. Yolen informed us that Mr. Universe is being played by a golden-haired, six-foot-three, two-hundred-and-ten-pound fellow who can swim a hundred yards underwater and hurl a wrestler fifteen feet. "He's the Number Six swimmer in America," Mr. Yolen said. "For four months we had scouts out looking for a Mr. Universe, and they were so busy there was a time when nobody under six foot ten came into the office. But none of them would do. If they looked right, they had a mouth full of marbles, and vice versa. Then we found him—a section hand on the Long Island Railroad. When we heard his voice, we knew we had Mr. Universe. He's got tam." Mr. Yolen made a forceful gesture with his right hand. "He means 'timbre,'" Miss Paige explained. "It's a theatrical term." "The most important role for an unknown in the history of the industry," Mr. Yolen said.

Arriving at the Garden, in which boxing and wrestling bouts are held, we followed Miss Paige and Mr. Yolen inside and down an aisle crowded with large men in odd costumes to the first row of seats. At one side of the ring were two platforms, on which cameras, floodlights, and their operators were stationed. At the other side, hundreds of extras were silently waving their hats and wildly gesticulating while an actor made up as an Indian, wearing a feathered headdress and carrying a tomahawk, dashed down the aisle and up a flight of steps to the ring. He was trailed by two ladies made up as squaws, who relieved him of a leather capelike garment. Diagonally across the ring from him stood a blond young man in a purple robe with golden epaulets and ermine lapels, whom we had no difficulty in recognizing as Mr. Universe. At this point, a heavy gentleman in a black shirt, identified for us as Joe Lerner, the director, showed the Indian how to brandish the tomahawk. Mr. Lerner then backed off and notified the cameramen that he was ready to shoot. The Indians retired to the back of the hall, a man in the gray shirt and pants of a referee sprang into the ring, a man with a clapstick darted in front of the cameras, Mr. Lerner shouted "Roll 'em!," and the Indians ran down the aisle and up the steps. As the male Indian was climbing through the ropes, his headdress came off, and his wig along with it. "Damn!" he said. "Cut!" said Mr. Lerner.

Mr. Lerner announced that while the Indian was being fixed up, they'd

shoot some "wild track," and Mr. Universe and the referee got out of the ring and an assistant director got in, and, waving his arms like an orchestra conductor, directed the extras in booing, hissing, whooping, and making murmuring noises of imprecation and loud noises of mass hysteria. When this was over, a man three sizes bigger than Mr. Universe appeared and was introduced to us as George Tragas, technical adviser on wrestling. "I been teaching Mr. Universe airplane spin, body slam, and some kind of armlock," he told us. "Everything is a beal," said Mr. Yolen. "A beal is like a deal. Both wrestlers know what's happening, so nobody gets hurt." We then were presented to Mr. Universe himself, and learned that he is Vincent Edwards, twenty-two, of Brooklyn. We asked how he is making out with the dialogue, and he told us that he regards it as fool-proof and that it has been giving him no trouble, although he is supposed to be a Middle Westerner in the film. He himself brought up the matter of "r"s, and said that they aren't giving him any trouble, inasmuch as he went to Ohio State, out where people really sound their "r"s.

Public Relations

A PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD local from New Brunswick to New York recently made an unscheduled stop outside Newark. After a brief interval, the conductor appeared at the

front end of at least one of the cars and called out, "There will be a short delay of I don't know how long."

With a Song or a Suture

CURIOSITY led us one day last week to the offices of Dr. Philip Bond, in the Medical Arts Center Building, on West Fifty-seventh Street. Our interest in the Doctor was induced by the fact that he leads a double life, being a professional in both medicine and music. In February, he made his début as a singer at Carnegie Hall, lining out in an excellent bass an assortment of songs from Moussorgsky, Purcell, and such to a piano accompaniment provided by his wife, a lady who moves in musical circles as Jane Courtland. Miss Courtland happened to be on hand when we had our talk with the Doctor, and she quickly advised us that he has a three-octave range, which is a lot of territory for a bass to cover. Dr. Bond thereupon pointed out that without his wife's help he would still be in his musical nonage. "He has a rare voice," said Miss Courtland. "She is a marvelous pianist," said the Doctor. "We married on sight seven years ago," said Miss Courtland. "And we've never regretted it for a moment," said the Doctor. A pigeon on the Doctor's window ledge cooed. We asked the Doctor how he came to mix medicine and music, and he told us that in 1930, when he was nineteen, he decided to go to Heidelberg and study medicine; at that time, he was



a chemist and a brand-new graduate of C.C.N.Y. Although he had sung with the college glee club, he didn't take music seriously until he landed in Heidelberg and joined a voice class conducted by the Baroness von Campenhausen-Bassermann. She was convinced he was a comer the minute she heard him let loose a couple of deep ones.

Dr. Bond finished up at Heidelberg in 1934, returned to New York, interned for a year and a half at the Broad Street Hospital, and in 1936 joined the Army Medical Corps Reserve. Having seen some of Hitler's bully-boys in action, he figured a bit of military training was a good idea. He served with the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1936 and 1937, then went into private practice, and in 1942 was back on active duty with the Army. He wound up as a captain in charge of the X-ray department of a hospital in China. Right now, he's a specialist in X-ray diagnosis, and is firmly of the opinion that medicine has it all over music as a career. "It's very pleasant to have music as a hobby," he said, "but I certainly wouldn't let it interfere with my real work." If Dr. Bond wanted to let it interfere, he could do so easily, for he has had offers to join the Metropolitan and various musical shows on Broadway. The biggest moment in his musical life came a year and a half ago, when he was asked to audition for Toscanini himself. With the Maestro accompanying him on the piano, Dr. Bond sang nervously for half an hour. "He didn't say a word until I got through the Verdi 'Requiem,'" the Doctor informed us. "Then he said, 'Buon!' I felt as if I'd won an award." Dr. Bond's practice nowadays includes a good many singers and actors. "Singers," he told us, "are prey to all sorts of worries about their vocal cords, and I guess it's reassuring for them to have a medical adviser who has gone through a little worry of that kind himself. Actually, being a doctor makes singing a lot easier for me than for most people. I can always give an audition without fearing that failure will leave me stranded."

Only once has Dr. Bond had to interrupt his artistic life to answer the call "Is there a doctor in the house?" That was in New Rochelle, where a lady in a state of shock after a traffic accident was carried into a high school in which he was giving a recital. He briskly revived her between solos. "What I would like to do," Dr. Bond remarked, "is specialize in the physiology of singers." "That's your dimension," said Miss Courtland. "Not ear, nose,

and throat work particularly," continued the Doctor, "but a general study of the subject." "We've got an interesting musical case right in our home," said Miss Courtland. "Ah, yes," the Doctor said. "Our daughter, Victoria. She's five years old now and is the only child of her age, I'm sure, who has a bass repertoire." "She can sing *all* the parts of the first act of 'Faust,'" said Miss Courtland proudly. "If she ever breaks into 'On the Road to Mandalay,'" said Dr. Bond, "we'll have to expose her to some singer with a lighter voice than mine. A growing child giving out with that one would just be *too odd*."

Gordian Knot

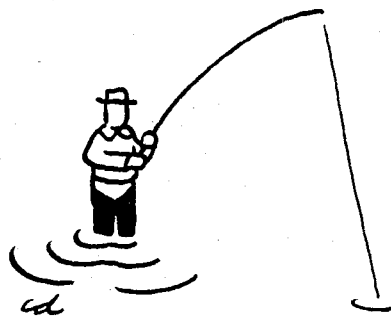
A WESTCHESTER matron became rather desperate two or three weeks ago when it appeared to her that she had lost a battle to rid her home of swarms of unidentifiable small insects. Finally, she mailed a specimen to the Department of Agriculture with a plea for advice. This arrived in due course. "The insect forwarded to us is an elm-leaf beetle," said the Dept. of A. "The best method of ridding the house of them is to open the windows."

Marginal and Internal

WE boarded a cab the other afternoon and bade the driver make haste to the Hotel Statler, where, we had been informed, the New York State Society of Professional Engineers was starting off its annual convention with a discussion of traffic problems, but we got bogged down in the garment district, and by the time we arrived, the meeting was over. "With a tank," the cabby had said as we tried to get across town on Thirty-third Street, "you couldn't make two miles an hour here." We found the engineers bubbling with enthusiasm over a speech Mayor O'Dwyer had delivered. "He promised a *real* traffic commissioner, with *real* power," said one of them, and another added, "Right now he's preparing leg-

islation to give a true traffic expert a chance, without being hamstrung at every turn by the Council." A third engineer we fell into conversation with turned out to be Henry W. Osborne, traffic adviser to the Board of Safety of the City of Buffalo, a man who has devoted twenty years to the study of street traffic. One thing led to another, and he agreed to accompany us on a drive through the midtown area and to undertake to size up some aspects of the local problem.

When we were settled in a cab that was having exceedingly hard going up Seventh Avenue, Mr. Osborne informed us that taxis and trucks are the most difficult vehicles to cope with on crowded city streets. Our cab pulled up behind a trailer-truck, and the cabby remarked, "Starting May 1st, they say they're going to ban those things. So what happens? Take a look." "Those trailer-trucks," said Mr. Osborne, "should never be allowed in a downtown area. However, the smaller truck is as vital to the workings of a city as breathing. What I think would improve the situation here is the Dallas scheme of having parallel one-way streets. On one, no trucks would be permitted to load or unload in the morning; on another, the same prohibitions would be in effect in the afternoon." "If those goddam bus drivers wouldn't hog the road," the cabby said, "things wouldn't be so loused up." "A cab-driver taking me from Grand Central to the Statler this morning," observed Mr. Osborne pointedly, "condemned several drivers for their asinine behavior, and then himself on three occasions didn't make it possible for others to make the full utilization of a one-way street." The cabby remarked that it wouldn't break the city to paint white strips on all the streets, so that drivers could keep in line. "You have here," said Mr. Osborne, "a peculiar problem, in that this district is cluttered with push-carts and dollies, making for both marginal friction and internal friction." "How's that?" we inquired. "Our terms for the interruption of traffic on the edge and in the middle of the street," explained Mr. Osborne. "I'm going along here this morning," said the cabby, "and I get behind a truck. There's too many trucks parked along the curb for him to get over for me, so I try to duck around him quick. Right away, a cop is whistling at me. How can you earn a buck when you can't keep your cab going?" "In Buffalo," said Mr. Osborne, "the Board of Safety gives full power to the Traffic





"Well, if you broke eighty, why didn't you get home earlier?"

Commission to take over all problems relating to the movement of vehicles. In only a couple of years, we have eliminated parking along three hundred and fifty miles of curb on six hundred and seventy-three miles of streets." He gazed in horror at a line of cars parked between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth on Broadway. "Those cars," he said, "are occupying space worth two hundred dollars a square foot. Think of it! Sooner or later, on a main artery like this, it will have to be established that not even the King's carriage can pause longer than it takes to load or discharge a passenger." "Someday," the cabby predicted, "they're going to have elevated express highways running all over the town." "Elevated highways," said Mr. Osborne, "tend to rot out the property beneath them. I believe the solution is

to go below the surface or stay on a level with it. Going up in the air will get us nowhere." "The way I see it," the cabby said, "they ought to make all the avenues one-way. Look at Ninth and Tenth now. Like driving in the country. They also ought to cut out all this private driving." "It is absurd," said Mr. Osborne, "to order the man who pays for the streets and highways not to use them. And, for all the jams that occur here, I'm sure that your condition is superior to that of a good many cities, among them Los Angeles and Boston." By this time—after perhaps twenty minutes—the cab had attained Fifty-ninth Street, and we invited Mr. Osborne to join us in refreshments at the Plaza. He accepted, and when we got there, the cabby asked us if we wanted him to wait. "But if you're going downtown again," he added quickly,

"you should know that the very thought of getting into that Fifth Avenue *schmier* makes me want to turn this heap right into the Park and go for a quiet drive all by myself." "There is nothing that engineering ingenuity cannot fix up," said Mr. Osborne.

Comedown

A PARK AVENUE lady, hearing that a penthouse on her apartment building had been taken over by a new tenant, asked the doorman about him. "It's a well-known musician," he said. "Who?" she asked. "Mozart," he replied. The lady, whose tastes run to the eighteenth century, was delighted with this information and was toying with the idea of giving a dinner party for her new neighbor when, a week or so later, she discovered that he was Moss Hart.



"Do you, Oliver Jordan III, take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

THE NEW SEASON

THE only one who paid Laura any attention at all that winter—the winter she became fifteen—was Mr. Cauldersfield. He was one of her grandfather's friends, a man of nearly sixty, a Canadian. He had a strange face, as if two mismatched halves had been untidily put together—the result of a long-ago accident that had not left his skin burned or crumpled but had gone deeper, had crushed and displaced his bones. It was the broken bones that gave his voice its haunted, ghostly tones, like wind through wires. Mr. Cauldersfield was shy and kind.

All that winter, he took Laura to the theatre at least once a week, on Saturday afternoons or, sometimes, on Friday evenings. On Saturdays when he came for her, he stopped first for a chat with her grandfather, Mark Tracy, in the library. He spoke so slowly Laura was always afraid he would forget that the curtain went up at two-thirty. She could see them through the half-closed door, her grandfather at his desk, where he wrote indefatigably, in small, neat, heavily inked letters, ten hours a day or more. He wrote weekly judgments on new plays and music, and was a playwright and translator, besides. He corresponded irritably with a hundred people all over the world and regularly took them to task on sheets of thin, crackling paper. He wore black-rimmed glasses and wrote with a stub pen. Mr. Cauldersfield sat there patiently, always in a pepper-and-salt tweed suit beautifully tailored to his thin, uneven length. His long-fingered hands wrenched at each other, but his words continued slow, and his voice had a hollow sound and an occasional ghostly twang, as if a hand had been drawn across wires in his head.

At last, he would rise and say, "Good-bye until later, then, Mark. We must be off now, or we'll be late to the play." Then he would come out into the huge, dark hall, where Laura would be sitting in a carved Spanish chair, watching images in the green glass of the antique Spanish mirror on the wall. He would look down at her gravely. It was hard for him to smile, but she always felt as though he smiled at her with his look.

"Shall we go along now?" he would ask, and she would answer "Yes" in a whisper, as though someone might stop them.

"We're seeing 'Bride of the Lamb' today," Mr. Cauldersfield would say, or "We're seeing 'The Dybbuk' today."

In good weather, they travelled by

Elevated or by trolley, sitting silent beside each other on a straw seat. In bad weather, Mr. Cauldersfield always helped her over puddles and engaged a taxi, in which they were also silent. In the theatre, he sat with his face half turned away from her. Sometimes, on the way home, he would ask what she thought of the play, and she would say "It was good" or "It was wonderful, wasn't it?" in a bemused way, for it took her a long time to recover from being in a theatre.

They saw all kinds of plays—"The Student Prince," "Hamlet," "The Great God Brown," "Young Woodley," and others, some of which were chanted or done on two levels of stage. They didn't really care what they saw as long as the word "Asbestos" hung before them for a time and, later, another curtain rose and fell.

On their return to the apartment, Mr. Cauldersfield, leaving his things in the hall, always went in to have tea with Laura's grandparents, and often she passed him cakes, or sliced lemon in a cut-glass dish. When he had gone, she sometimes could not remember whether he had said goodbye to her or not, for she was likely to be practicing on the piano by that time, or reading, or trying to talk with Mary, the cook, in the dark kitchen. Yet she knew that the next week Mr. Cauldersfield would call for her again on Saturday and take her to a matinée, or that if it was to be a Friday-night play, her grandmother would inform her in advance. She supposed Mr. Cauldersfield made all arrangements with her grandparents; at any rate, he never made them with her.

"Your beau gone?" Mary asked once, with a nasty, folded smile about her mouth, for what pleasures did she

have but slyness and meanness and occasional gusty angers? "Kind of old for you, ain't he?"

Laura was too innocent to know what was being suggested, and she spoiled Mary's pleasure, for she looked up from the potatoes she had offered to peel and said, "I don't know. I didn't hear the front door close."

Laura hardly knew what she thought about Mr. Cauldersfield, and yet she counted on him; he was the hope of her week. He had theatre tickets in his vest pocket, where he also kept a small silver box with bitter black specks in it. He once offered her one, and she spat it out into her handkerchief, though he assured her it was only fine Italian peppermint. He comforted her, for by his coming to take her out he made her know she was really alive and visible. Sometimes he even bought her a flower to wear—the kind you buy from someone standing on a corner, and with which you are given a pin only by request. It was usually a pink rosebud destined never to blossom, only to molt, petal by petal, but at least it was a flower of a sort.

THE world of Laura's grandparents was a safe one. The Central Park West apartment—where the Tracys had lived for twenty years—with its long black corridor and its many small rooms, was the core of this world, and Laura had been accustomed to come there with her parents for Christmas from the time she was a tiny child. Yet now that she lived there, she felt herself a creature alien and alone. All those around her were so old they seemed to her more like shells and stones than living people.

The reason she was there that winter was that her parents were being divorced. She no longer woke to furious, raging quarrels at night. Instead, her mother was somewhere in the Southwest, painting curious pictures, like mosaics, of thick, bright color. Her father had gone over to manage the London branch of the textile company for which he worked. Her grandparents had taken her in during what they called "this period of adjustment." Only when they were alone, in their black-walnut bed, did they talk about the disgraceful behavior of their daughter and the shocking lack of stability of their son-in-law.

It wasn't easy for them to have Laura there, lost and shy and desperately homesick before their very eyes. "Do sit up straight, Laura," her grandmother would say. "No lady ever slouches." Or "Don't sit there and twiddle your thumbs in that idle way. Fold your



hands in your lap if you can find no useful work to put them to."

Mrs. Tracy was fond of her granddaughter but uneasy about her, and all she could think of doing was to correct her manners. Beyond that, she could only see that the child had proper clothing and got to school on time. It was a pity that there were no young people about and that her cousins all lived out of New York, but what would you? Her parents might have thought of that before they went tearing off.

Laura's grandfather was fond of her, too, and often gave her French lessons. In preparation for these strained hours, Laura invented a life of simple pursuits suitable for discussion in the nouns and verbs she dreaded least. Mr. Tracy taught her grammar and then, in English, talked about Paris, re-creating a world he loved—a world of theatres and actresses, of restaurants and open carriages, and violets sold under bridges by wearers of ragged shawls; a world of Racine and Bernhardt, and Isadora Duncan going to the opera in bare feet.

Laura tried to talk to Mary, who had led a wild and surly life and who was, at least, younger than the Tracys and Mr. Cauldersfield. Sometimes Mary talked, sometimes she didn't. If she talked, it was of strange love affairs, and the ingratitude of children, and what would become of her in her old age, and how she was supposed to think herself lucky on forty dollars a month, getting black looks if she so much as wore silk stockings instead of cotton—yet whose business was it but her own, she would like to ask.

"I don't know," Laura always answered politely.

"Ah, of course you don't!" Mary would shout at her. "You don't know what it's all about! Go on in there and play the pianna, or something. You're no good to me here! I'm sick of the sight and sound of you! Get out of my kitchen!"

If Mary was not in a talking mood, she sat there and brooded in an Irish way that reeked of the cracked leather on the seats of funeral coaches, and of

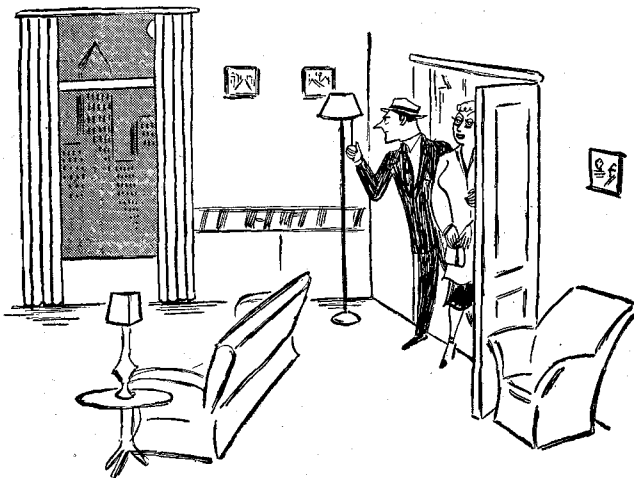
cheap black dye, and raw whiskey suitable for wakes.

Otherwise, there was only Mr. Cauldersfield, with his stately courtesies, and his occasional searching look that was never followed by a question. It was as if Mr. Cauldersfield somehow knew of her inescapable misery, now that she had been cut off from the life she had always known, and been set aside in this ancient world of relics on mantelpieces, and books in foreign languages, and piles of foolscap on desks, and old people smoothed down to colorless fragments of what they had once been.

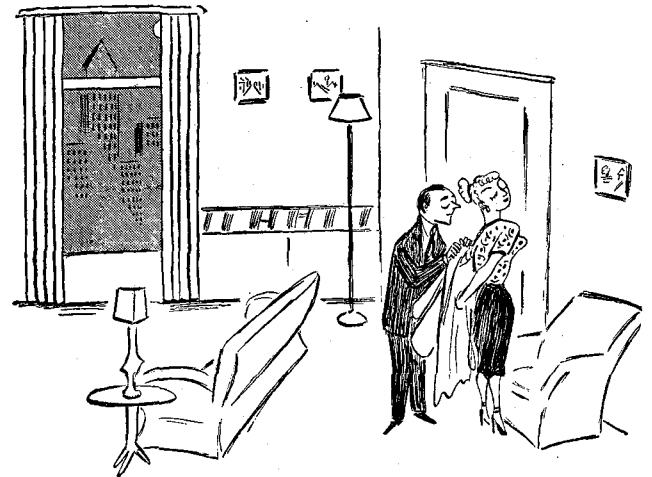
LAURA's old school, near Gramercy Park, was too far away for her to attend, and for a long time she was in no state of mind to be able to make friends at the new one. She could only rather drearily recite her lessons, and watch the others grouping and regrouping, like amoebae under a microscope, while she stood fixed, feeling as though she were invisible and not alive.

At last, toward spring, a boy named

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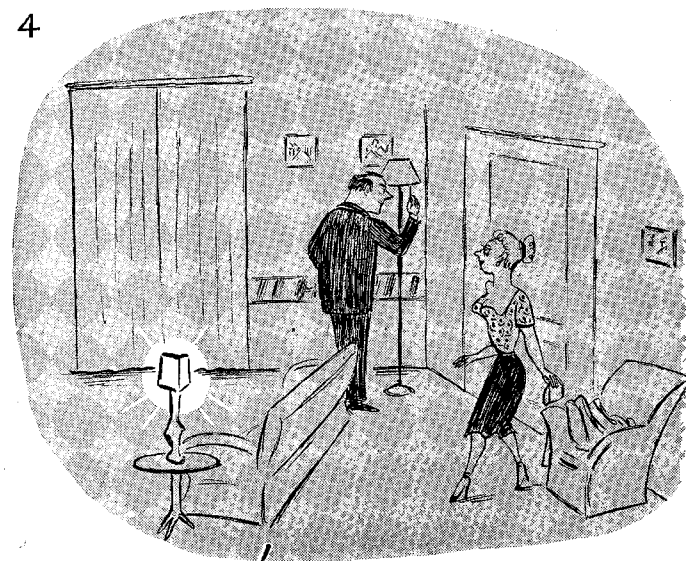
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Kenneth Green began to notice her a little, and Laura could feel herself re-materializing, and gaining an opaqueness she had not had for a long time. She began to be fifteen years old, dreamy and excitable and full of moods. Kenneth had light hair, cut short, and was athletic, and Laura felt wild impatience whenever she came home and stepped inside the dark old apartment.

Mrs. Tracy asked repeatedly, "What's come over the child?"

Mr. Tracy said sharply, "I can't waste my valuable time trying to teach you French if you won't pay attention!"

One Saturday, after a Friday on which Kenneth had spoken to her in school, Laura, for the first time, did not really want to go to a *matinée* with Mr. Cauldersfield. They went, however, saw an entertaining play, and had hot chocolate at a Huyler's. Mr. Cauldersfield was talkative, for him. He discussed the play, and then began to speak about the weather as if he were worried. Finally, he asked if Laura knew what she wanted to do that summer.

"I've asked your grandparents to come to my place in Canada," he said. "It's quite wild and remote. I think you'd like it. It takes two or three days to get there from New York, with all the changes, and there would be a great many new things for you to see."

"It sounds wonderful," Laura said, but she didn't want to spend the summer with her grandparents at Mr. Cauldersfield's remote estate in Canada. She knew why, too. She didn't want to go so far away from Kenneth.

Of course, he probably goes to Scout camp, anyway, she thought.

"I hope very much you will come," Mr. Cauldersfield said worriedly. "I look forward to it."

At night now, instead of getting into

bed to cry, or to read and then cry, Laura stared at herself in the mirror, and experimented with her heavy antique-gold hair, and turned her face to see all its shapes, and wondered if her eyes were brown or green. In a way, she still counted on Mr. Cauldersfield's attentions, but impatience and an odd irritation were more and more mixed with her anticipation, because he was taking her to a play when she would rather have been with Kenneth. She sometimes said sharp things about the plays: "But why did she go upstairs, then, if she was innocent all the time?" or "I don't think he would really have said that if he loved her."

"Perhaps you are right," Mr. Cauldersfield would say gently. "It seems quite possible. Yes. I do see what you mean."

He never disagreed with her. He seemed almost afraid to, and she gained a confidence that helped her at school, and with Kenneth. She was not so strained and shy now, and when, one Friday, Kenneth asked her to go to the movies the next day, she said, "I'd love to." Then her face dulled with disappointment. "I can't tomorrow," she said. "I just remembered."

"Oh, well," Kenneth said, "if you have another date, we could make it next Saturday instead."

Laura said, "Oh, that would be wonderful!"

She wondered how she was to get out of going with Mr. Cauldersfield the next week. She worried about it on the way to the theatre on Saturday afternoon, and during the play and on the way home, though Mr. Cauldersfield bought her two red roses to pin on her coat, and ice cream at Schrafft's. Perhaps, she thought, he would choose Friday night this time, but she was afraid

he wouldn't. "You know," she said just before they reached the apartment, "I think I'm going somewhere next Saturday afternoon, with someone from school."

"Ah," said Mr. Cauldersfield rather sadly.

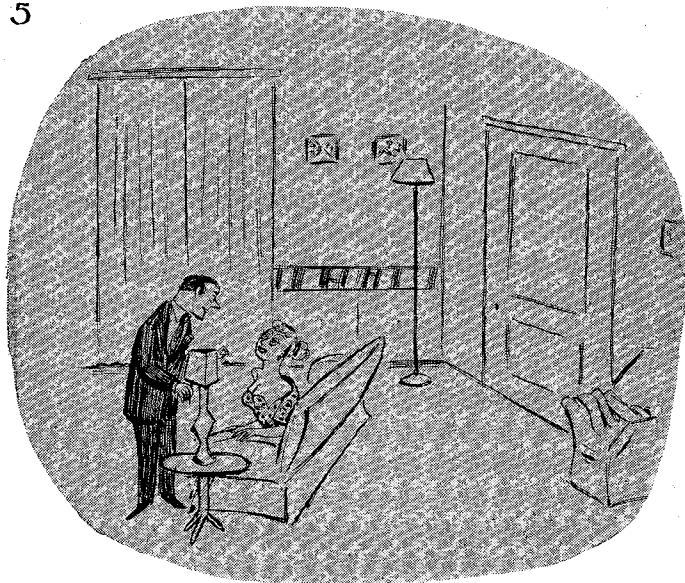
On Tuesday, her grandmother said, "Mr. Cauldersfield is taking you to a play on Friday evening, Laura. I don't like your having two things planned for one weekend—it's too much for a girl of your age—but just this once we'll allow it."

"Oh, please!" said Laura. "I mean—thank you!"

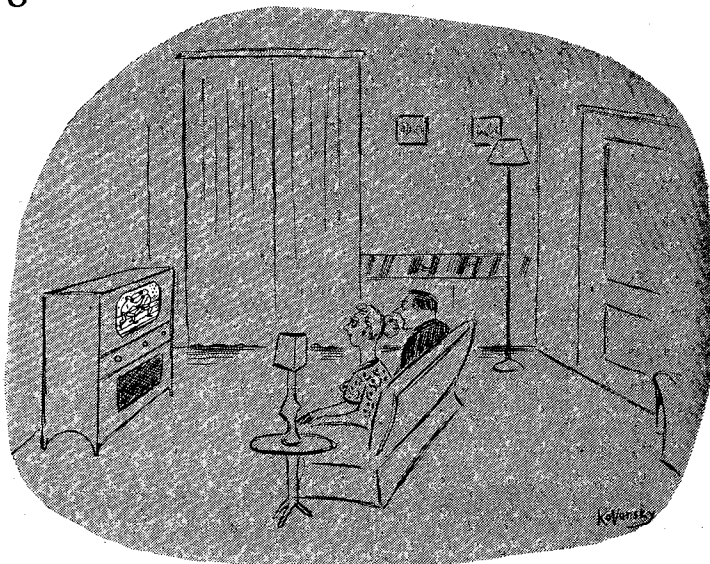
AFTER that, Mr. Cauldersfield usually had tickets for Friday night, and this sometimes meant that Laura had long Saturdays to get through alone. She saw Kenneth only once or twice outside of school, after going to the movies with him, but she spent most spring Saturdays in awkward, hopeful waiting, just the same. Whenever she and Mr. Cauldersfield were together, he seemed to be watching her carefully. She tried to be polite, but it was harder than it had once been. He made her feel restless, and she avoided his careful, kindly gaze.

Spring came on until it was noticeable even in the city. Central Park's trees turned pale, bright green at their branch tips, grass grew, and even the stones in the walls that enclosed the Park seemed to bloom and soften with color. Mr. Cauldersfield noticed it and often walked in the Park and dropped in to call on the Tracys at teatime. Sometimes Laura was there, though not always, for now she had several school friends to visit and do her homework with. Once, when she had stayed in for tea, Mr. Cauldersfield spoke of

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6



Canada and said he hoped they would all come up as soon as Laura's school closed for the summer.

"Kind of you, kind of you," Mr. Tracy said. "We haven't quite made our plans yet."

"Of course not," Mr. Cauldersfield said humbly.

"But we'll hope for a few weeks with you," Mrs. Tracy said. "We're waiting for word from this child's parents before we decide."

Laura sat there on a low footstool, staring at the rugs on the floor and thinking, I can't go so far away from Kenneth. I can't! Don't let them make me!

When she looked up, she saw that Mr. Cauldersfield had his eyes fixed on her and that there was a worried, pleading look in them. She turned her glance away, almost feeling as if she were closing a door. As Mr. Cauldersfield left, he said to her, "I have tickets for a very good new play. I could only get seats for Saturday afternoon. I hope you won't mind, and have no other plans."

"No, I haven't," Laura said, but afterward she was angry, because her promise was given and her Saturday as good as gone.

Sure enough, on Thursday Kenneth asked her if she would like to go hiking in the Palisades with him on Saturday. She said desperately, "I can't. I've got to go to the theatre. I made the date last week."

Kenneth said, "Well, I could be back around five or six. If I came up to your place, could you come out for a while then?"

"I think so," Laura said hesitantly. "I'm not allowed to go out in the evenings, but if I were home by seven-thirty for dinner, it would probably be all right."

Kenneth said, "If I'm back from the Palisades in time, I'll drop in."

LAURA hardly saw the play that Saturday. It was a beautiful, fine, clear spring day, and not even a curtain rising could make her quite forget the look of the trees and the sky, nor could she stop thinking of Kenneth. Mr. Cauldersfield was even more silent than usual, and as they went home on the Elevated, it seemed as though he spoke for the first time that day.

"I suppose there won't be any more of these pleasant afternoons left, will there? I'll be off for Canada soon."

"Will you?" Laura said, trying to sound kind and interested, for it had suddenly occurred to her that Mr. Cauldersfield might be lonely.

IL PENNEROSO ON CAPITOL HILL

Sweet Dome, that never shunn'st the noise of folly,
Unmusical, but never melancholy,
How meagre seem all other domes beside thee!
How sad it is Bramante never spied thee,
Vitruvius, or Michelangelo!
One sight of thee had left them all aglow,
Like dawn above the Anacostia,
Or hoar frost on a morning frostia.

These are the domes I knew and loved awhile,
Or ere thou cam'st to cramp their ravaged style:
Rome's San Pietro, and, by Thames, St. Paul;
In Portland, Maine, the former City Hall,
Destroyed by fire, 1909 A.D.;
In Florence, Italy, the Baptistery;
By Jumna's banks, the Taj, renowned afar,
Built to the beauteous Mumtaz by her Shah;
The Pantheon in Rome; and then again,
The Panthéon in Paris on the Seine;
The Institut des Beaux-Arts, the Hôtel
Des Invalides, the Sacré-Cœur as well,
Set high on Martyrs' Mount, and the *Eglises*
St. Roch, St. Augustin; whence, if you please,
To Venice's Santa Maria Salute,
St. Mark's, the queen of Adriatic beauty,
And lots of other domes that now assail
The skyline from the Urals to Kinsale,
Baroquely and rococoly proclaiming,
Their vaults too numerous for special naming,
And in the several states of U.S.A.
The marble capitols that hold their sway
With domes (from Sacramento to Augusta),
Which all contribute to the national lustre.
And who could pass the memories that haunt
The celebrated tomb of General Grant?

Sweet Dome, I have forgone these same delights
To spend with thee laborious days and nights.
And often when I walk the woods among,
I woo to hear thy measured evensong
Or far from all display of man's elation
(Save for a critic on some distant station),
I light my studious lamp at midnight hour
To meditate upon thy subtle power.

Not Circe, once, or golden Hecate
Was ever in old time a patch on thee.
No Orpheus ever warbled to the string
Such notes as now would fain within me spring.
I let my due feet never, never fail
To walk within thine ever studious pale,
And love thy high embowèd, noble roof
With antique pillars ever massy proof.
Thee now I praise in my biennial fervor,
Just as I praise Diana or Minerva.
Thy pleasures pure may next November give,
And I with thee shall surely hope to live.

—ROBERT HALE, M.C.

"Yes," he said. "In a few weeks. But perhaps we can find something to go to next Friday evening."

"I hope so," Laura said, with creditable enthusiasm.

"You'll want to be outdoors these fine Saturdays," said Mr. Cauldersfield.

At the apartment, Mr. Cauldersfield folded his light topcoat carefully, laid it on the Spanish chair, and went into the parlor for tea. Laura followed, and was startled to see Kenneth sitting there miserably, alone with her grandmother. He was plainly unused to such shadowy sur-

roundings and had lost all his athletic assurance.

"You have a caller," Mrs. Tracy said.

"I got back early from the Palisades," Kenneth explained.

"Oh. Well, that's nice," Laura said, and felt herself flush. While she was helping her grandmother, she saw that she was making hasty gestures and spilling the tea as she handed around the cups. Mrs. Tracy said sharply, "You know Mr. Cauldersfield takes milk, not lemon. You've been sadly absent-minded lately. I suppose it's what they call spring fever. In my day, we were given a tonic."

Laura kept glancing at Kenneth, trying to let him know that in just a minute she would ask if it was all right for her to go for a walk in the Park with him.

But she could not catch his eye, because he was always staring at Mr. Cauldersfield's strange face and, at the same time, trying not to seem to be doing so.

I never told him about Mr. Cauldersfield, Laura thought.

At last, she managed to ask, "Grandma, may I go out with Kenneth for a little while? We'll be back by dinner-time, I promise."

"I have to get home pretty early myself," said Kenneth.

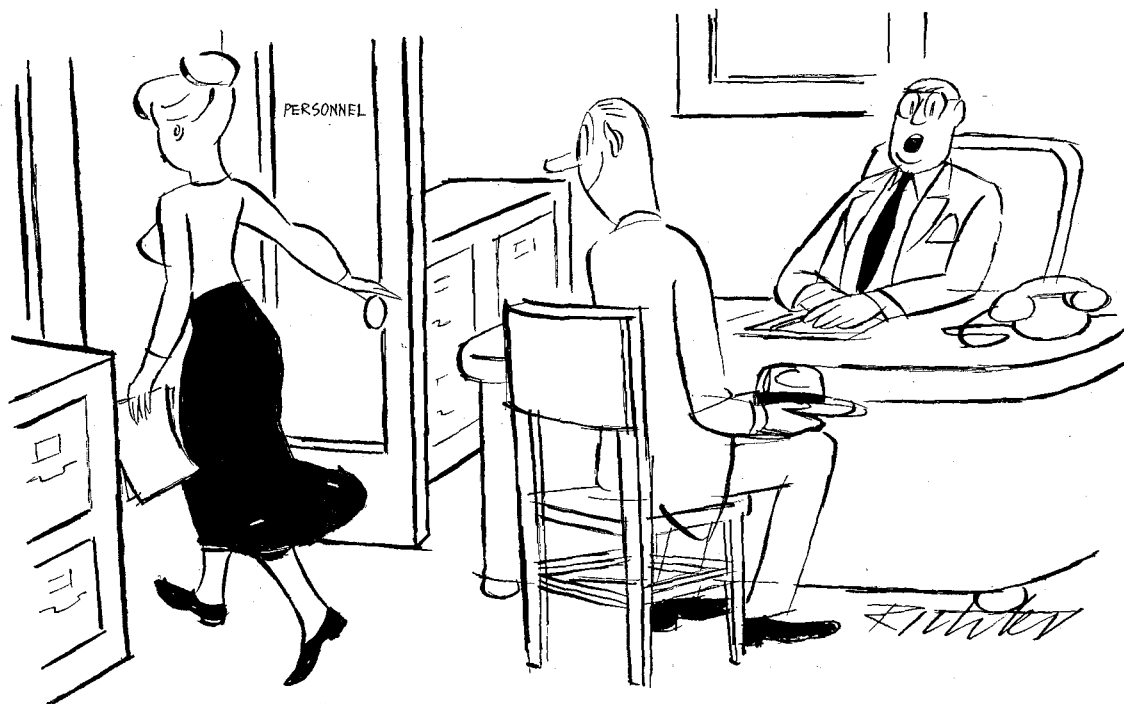
"Well, I must say—" Mrs. Tracy began, in a startled tone. She looked over at Mr. Cauldersfield, who looked at Laura and hesitated only a moment before he released her.

"I must be going along in a minute or two," he said. "I'll just wait a bit, until Laura and her young school friend have gone. I'd like a few words with Mark when he's able to stop work."

"He's just finishing a letter to go by the Berengaria tonight," Mrs. Tracy said. "He'll be out for tea directly."

"Goodbye," Kenneth said to Mrs. Tracy, with half a bow. He turned to Mr. Cauldersfield and said, "Goodbye, sir." He made as if to shake hands with Mr. Cauldersfield, but Mr. Cauldersfield was looking at him with a peculiar expression and did not raise his hand at all. It seemed as if he had been sure that Kenneth would not want to take it. Kenneth gave him the same little half bow.

Laura noticed this, and it made her notice Mr. Cauldersfield himself, as if



"Mr. Martin, please! You're not a member of our official family yet."

with Kenneth's eyes, which were not used to much that was unusual and were clear and shallow with lack of wonder. She saw, very sharply, Mr. Cauldersfield's odd face, but then she thought how he had been the only one to concern himself much with her during the strange and lonely winter, and how going to the theatre with him had once been the only hope of each long week. She remembered something else now. Her grandmother had been talking to a friend in the other room one evening when Laura had been studying. Mrs. Tracy had said, "It was a most dreadful accident, and he was always sensitive and shy. His wife was killed, and his daughter, who was twelve or fourteen at the time. After that happened, he became almost a recluse, and lived alone, somewhere off in the woods, in what was once a hunting lodge. It is only recently he has dared emerge at all. I think this winter in New York is helping him."

Now Laura looked full at Mr. Cauldersfield's face. It was true; one eye was almost hidden behind a cheekbone, and the mouth was awry, so that a smile became a grimace. That must be why Mr. Cauldersfield rarely smiled. Laura felt herself turn pale. She saw Kenneth's wild, uncomfortable glances and felt him thinking, So this is who's been taking her to the theatre every week! She told me she had a date, but look who with!

"Goodbye, Mr. Cauldersfield," she said, and put her hand out. Even for

her, his hand was slow to raise itself. "Thank you very much for the play," she said clearly and a little too loudly.

She saw a kind of subterranean struggle going on under his crushed face. The features shook with grief they could not otherwise delineate, and the voice was harsh as Mr. Cauldersfield said, "Have a nice walk in the Park with your friend."

Then the struggle resolved itself into a painful smile that lifted one side of the mouth and dragged at the other. Laura smiled back at him warmly, though she already knew that no more curtains would rise with Mr. Cauldersfield sitting in the next seat, his face half turned away from her.

"Goodbye," she said again, and she and Kenneth left the room and walked, faster and faster, until they were almost running, toward the front door of the apartment, through the shadowiness, past tall candelabra and carved chairs and the mirror that showed greenish, floating images framed in curled gold.

—HAMLEN HUNT

That the A-bomb and the improved H-bomb are dreadful weapons no one denies, including Mr. Lilienthal. Yet the fact remains that all the A-bomb did at Hiroshima was to wipe out a pin-point on the map, and that an H-bomb explosion one hundred thousand times greater would affect but an insignificant part of the earth's surface.—*Ottawa Journal*.

It only seems significant if you happen to live there.

SHOP TALK

THE minute Charles Belden sat down at his desk, he knew something was wrong in the office. A stranger would have noticed nothing unusual, but Belden sensed a quietness, and an expectancy, that hovered in the air like some gigantic, motionless bird. The few people who came in after Belden felt it, too, and they hung up their hats and coats and sat down and looked nervously around, then mechanically began their work, glancing up every now and then to see if anything had happened.

Ralph Granger, Belden's immediate superior, was not at his desk, and after a while Belden got up and went out into the corridor to look for him. He walked past the conference room and the executives' private offices to the water cooler, punched out a paper cup, and let the cold water gurgle into it. As he drank, he looked around the central office, but Granger was not there. Stenographers were impassively clattering away at their machines and office boys drifted idly back and forth; in one corner, three people were talking in low tones, but nowhere was there any visible evidence of trouble. It was just in the air, and it pervaded the whole office. Belden crumpled his cup and threw it away, then went back down the corridor. As he passed the office of Lester Renthic, his department head, he heard the doorknob turn. He paused, and Granger came out, looking tired and worried.

"Hello, Ralph," Belden said. "What cooks?"

"Hello, Charlie," Granger said. He grasped Belden's elbow for a second; then together they walked down the corridor. "I'm afraid I can't tell you," he said. "I was sworn to secrecy." They went back to their desks in silence, and as Belden sat down, Granger added, "You'd better stick around, though."

Belden opened his top desk drawer and stared for a minute at the papers inside it, but a sense of unreality began to creep over him, and his mind took in only unrelated details. He noticed how the corners of some of the papers were folded over; he studied the pattern made by the loose paper clips, and saw the beadlike shine of the ridges on them; then he turned his hands palm up and looked at the glistening lines of sweat in the

creases. He rubbed his hands together and fumbled for a cigarette in his coat pocket, lit it, and gazed around the room. The room was the same as it had been; the people were working automatically and in a detached sort of way. Suddenly a red-faced girl strode into the room, went to her desk, slammed the drawers open and shut as she took out her belongings, then banged the top of the desk closed and left, carrying her hat, purse, and gloves. Everybody looked up—everybody except Granger. Belden tried but was unable to catch his eye. Some people stopped working entirely, and gathered in little groups. A few kept up a pretense of working for a while, but eventually they, too, joined one or another of the groups, and then the small groups merged into one big one, from which one or two people would occasionally go back to their desks and take a brief stab at working. Every so often a telephone would ring, and there would be a pause until the person who answered it either went ahead with the call or else hung up and, with a nervous smile, left the room.

"So it's a *Putsch*," said Belden, who had gone over to a friend's desk across from his own. "A real, honest-to-God, spun-glass *Putsch*."

"It looks that way," said his friend, just as the telephone on Belden's desk rang.

"It's been nice knowing you," said Belden as he slid off the desk and hurried across the room. He picked up the telephone, which became slippery the minute he touched it. "Yes," he said.

"I'm sorry to bother you," came the voice of his wife, Virginia, "but I forgot to tell you that we're due for dinner at seven, instead of seven-thirty. The Marshalls have some kind of cook problem, or something. Will that be too early for you?"

"Honey," said Belden, "I may be

home in an hour. I may be home in twenty minutes—I have a feeling I'm about to be fired."

There was a short silence, then Virginia said, "Do you want me to call off dinner?"

"Of course not," said Belden. "What the hell for?"

"I just wondered," she said. She paused again, then added, "Keep me in touch, will you?"

"You bet." Belden hung up, looked again at Granger, and saw that Granger had been watching him. Absent-mindedly he began to shuffle the papers in his desk drawer.

It was almost noon when Belden's phone rang again. By this time the group had dispersed and many people were again at their desks, but it was as though each desk contained a time bomb, and nobody was able to concentrate on his work. Belden picked up his phone with a strange feeling of detachment, and knew in advance each word as the girl at the other end said, "Mr. Belden, Mr. Renthic would like to see you in his office, please."

"Sure thing," said Belden, trying, for some reason, to sound jaunty about the matter. "Tell him I'll be right there." He hung up, straightened his tie, and left the room without looking at the people who, he knew, were looking at him. He went down the corridor to Renthic's office, opened the door, and smiled briefly at the girl when she said, "Go right on in—he's expecting you." He opened the door to the inner office, and Renthic looked up from his desk but did not rise.

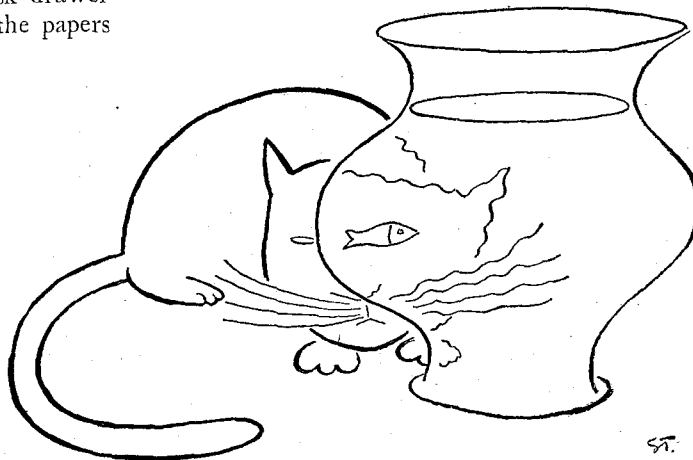
"Hello, Charlie," Renthic said. "Sit down." Belden sat down in a leather armchair. "Cigarette?" Renthic asked, holding out a pack.

Belden took a pack from his pocket. "Thanks, I have my own," he said, and lighted one.

"Charlie," Renthic said slowly, "I... had the pleasure of hiring you." He twirled a pencil in his hands and examined the point. "And now, much as it distresses me, I have to—"

"Fire me," said Belden pleasantly.

Renthic nodded, and examined the point of the pencil even more carefully. Belden looked at Renthic's round, young-looking face, and at the rimless glasses and the carefully tied club tie, and it occurred to him that Renthic was having a miserable time. The hell with any



more prompting him, Belden said to himself. I'll make him sweat this one out on his own. He continued to look at Renthic, and said nothing.

"Let's put it this way," Renthic said, finally. "We, and about every other business, overexpanded after the war. We wanted to take on as many of you veterans as we could"—he paused and looked at Belden, but Belden made no sign of acknowledgment—"and we thought that there would be a . . . Well, what I mean is we just weren't prepared for the way things turned out. Costs have gone way up—way up—and we just find that we've got to cut back on expenses, that's all." He looked at Belden again, and this time Belden smiled.

"I know how it is," Belden said.

"Now," Renthic continued, "we've tried every conceivable way of economizing. And I might say that I was bitterly opposed to this cut in the staff—I fought for you people all the way down the line—but there just wasn't any other way. In your case, seniority was against you. . . ."

Belden half listened as Renthic fumbled through his explanation, and then refocused his attention as Renthic concluded, ". . . and, of course, you'll get severance pay, and if there's anything we can do for you—any letters of recommendation, or the like—we'll be only too glad to help." Renthic stopped, and Belden realized that it was all over. He stood up.

"No, thanks," he said. "I've got several things lined up. To be truthful, I've been thinking of leaving for a long time."

Renthic blinked. "Oh?" he said, and hesitated briefly. "Well, then, best of luck." He stood up and shook hands with Belden, and Belden smiled at him and said, "Good luck to you, too," and left.

Back at his desk, Belden noticed that the room was more than half empty. They can't have fired *that* many people, he thought, then looked at his watch and saw that it was twelve-thirty. Granger was not at his desk, and Belden thought about leaving a note for him, then decided not to. Across the room, a man was putting on his hat and coat; he came over to Belden's desk on his way out.



"Then they fixed the lie detector again, and again I blew the fuse."

"Did they get you?" he asked quietly.

Belden looked up at him and smiled.

"They sure did," he said.

"Jesus, that's tough," said the man.

"How about you?" Belden asked.

"I don't know yet," the man said. "I can't find out." He paused, said "Good luck," and turned and left.

Belden put his hand on the telephone and thought for a minute, then picked it up, asked the operator for an outside line, and dialled the office number of James Allen, a next-door neighbor of his. "Hello, Jim," Belden said when Allen answered. "How about some lunch?"

"Fine," said Allen. "When do you want to go?"

"Any time is all right with me," Belden replied. "I've just been fired."

Allen was silent for a few moments. "Why, the bastards," he said, at last. "They can't do that to us."

"They did," said Belden. "Just this very minute."

"What was the matter?" Allen asked. "Did you set fire to Renthic, or something?"

"No, I just got caught in a *Putsch*. They're retrenching."

"Oh-oh," Allen said. "Well, I'll meet you any time you say. Where do you want to go? Jack's?"

"Sure," said Belden. "I'll see you there in twenty minutes."

He hung up, and opened his desk drawers. Slowly he gathered up his papers and notes and memorandums, stacked them in a pile, and took them across and put them on Granger's desk. He came back and put on his hat and topcoat, looked at the open drawers, and then methodically he began to transfer their remaining contents to his pockets. He scooped up paper clips, several pencils of varying sizes, an art-gum eraser, a memo pad, a rubber stamp marked "Urgent" and the stamp pad to go with it, a dozen rubber bands, four books of matches, a package of pipe cleaners, some mints, one stick of gum, and a small stapling machine. He patted his pockets, buttoned his topcoat, and, after a quick look around the room, turned and walked out.

JACK's, a saloon and restaurant in the West Forties, was quite crowded. People were standing two deep at the bar when Belden arrived, and he forced his way to the back room and asked the headwaiter to reserve a table; then, told that it would be at least fifteen minutes, he hung up his coat and worked back toward the street end of the bar. Many

of the people at the bar were from Belden's office, and they all greeted Belden, and some of them said they were sorry, while others, who had been fired, too, raised their glasses and talked a little too loudly and with a false joviality. Belden's face felt hot, and he realized that he was laughing at remarks that weren't even intended to be funny. He ordered a double Scotch-and-soda, then saw Allen coming through the door and turned back to the bartender and called, "Make that two." The bartender nodded, quickly rinsed another glass, and splashed Scotch into it.

"I'm glad I picked a nice, quiet place," Allen said, unbuttoning his top-coat and pushing his hat back. "Where we can talk without being disturbed."

"The hell with talking," said Belden. "I just ordered you a double Scotch. Is that all right?"

"Sure," said Allen, and reached for his wallet as the bartender handed the drinks to the nearest man to pass on.

"Put it away," said Belden, taking the glasses from the man and giving him a bill for the bartender. "This is on me."

"Don't be silly," Allen said. "You never buy the drinks when you're fired, any more than you do when you have a baby. Other people buy the drinks for you."

"Shut up and take this," said Belden. "You'll have plenty of chance." He gave Allen one glass, then lifted his own and said, "To the revolution."

"Happy severance pay," said Allen, and they drank.

The bartender handed Belden's change to him over the shoulders of the other people, and Belden dropped it in his pocket. He took another swallow of his drink. "There, now," he said. "Things are beginning to come into focus again."

"Do you have anything lined up?" Allen asked. "Any leads, or anything?"

"Not yet," said Belden. "As a matter of fact, it occurs to me that this may be a turning point of some sort. Maybe I've been in the wrong business. Maybe I should try something new—like glass-blowing."

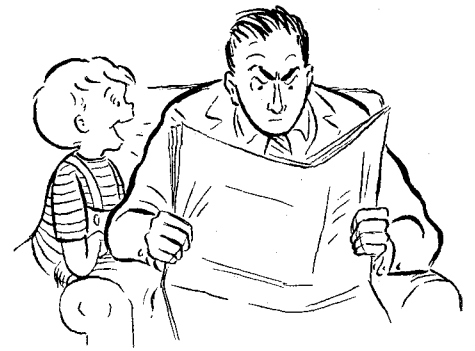
"That's a thought," said Allen, nodding. "Or how about being a test pilot? Fresh air, easy hours, good pay . . ."

Belden shook his head. "Too lonely," he said. "I like to work with people."

"Ah," said Allen. "Well, leave your number with me, and if anything turns up, I'll let you know."



2.



"I'd almost forgotten that," Belden said, smiling. "That and 'Try us again in the fall.' I think I liked that one best of all."

They finished their drinks and ordered another round, and when they were halfway through, the headwaiter came up and told Belden his table was ready.

"We'll be right with you," Belden said. "Couple of minutes." The crowd had thinned slightly, and Allen and Belden were now able to rest their elbows on the bar. "Let's order another," said Belden. "We can take it to the table with us."

"O.K." Allen drained his drink and set the glass down. "Incidentally," he said, "does Virginia know about this?"

"I told her it was probable," Belden said. "I haven't called her since I got the actual word."

"I called Kay," said Allen. "I imagine she's told Virginia by now."

"Oh, sure." Belden looked down the bar at the telephone booth. "I suppose I should call her sometime, though. Just to keep up her morale." He turned back to Allen. "Are you people going to the Marshalls' tonight?" he asked.

"Yes," said Allen. "Are you?"

Belden nodded. "Seven o'clock, I'm told." He looked at his watch, which read a quarter of two. "We have plenty of time."

Allen sipped his new drink and stared at the row of bottles lined up in front of the bar mirror. "I'll bet you don't know how to make a hole in the bottom of a bottle," he announced suddenly.

"How big a hole?" Belden asked.

"A little one," said Allen. "Half inch, like."

Belden thought for a minute. "All right," he said. "How do you?" As an afterthought, he added, "This had better be interesting."

"You take the bottle," said Allen, "and you cover the bottom with yellow soap—cover it, oh, about a quarter of an inch thick. Then you take a soldering

iron, get it good and hot, and press it slowly into the soap, and keep pressing it, and pretty soon it'll go through the glass, too. Leaves a nice, neat hole." He took a swallow of his drink and looked at Belden.

"Who told you that?" Belden asked. "Did you ever try it?"

"I heard it in a bar," said Allen. "There was a dame there who wanted to make what she called 'vanity lamps' out of a couple of rye bottles, and she was telling the bartender how to do it."

"Let's try it later on," Belden said. "I'll bet it doesn't work."

Allen shrugged. "I only know what I hear," he said.

"It's preposterous," said Belden. He finished his drink and rapped the empty glass on the bar. "*Las dos mas*," he said to the bartender.

Allen looked at his watch. "I guess I should call my office," he said. "Tell them I'm going to be tied up with a client."

"You wage slaves," Belden said with a sigh. "Always having to lie to keep from being fired."

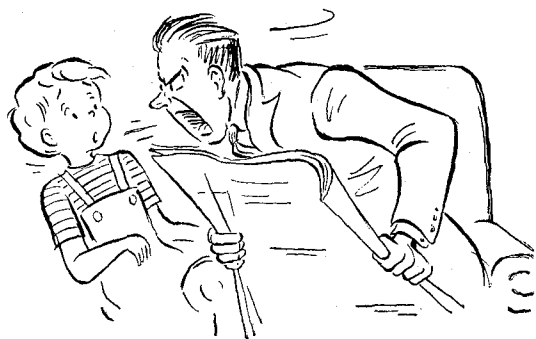
Allen went to the telephone booth, and the headwaiter approached Belden.

"Do you still want that table, Mr. Belden?" he asked.

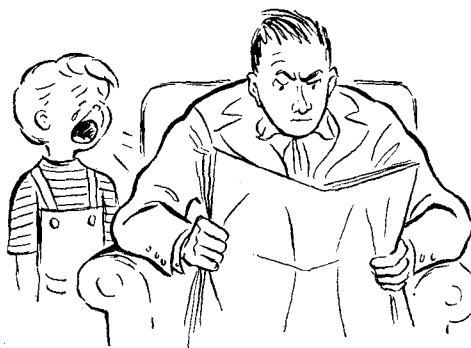
"Just a few minutes, Louis," Belden said. "Soon as Mr. Allen finishes telephoning."

THE headwaiter went away, and Belden looked idly around the place. The back room was noisy and full, but there were now spaces between the people standing at the bar, and the bartender had put the pouring stoppers back in the bottles. Near Belden was a small, portly man in a blue serge suit, who was wearing a gray hat with the brim turned up in front and was toying with a half-full Martini glass. I wonder what *he* does for a living, Belden thought. I wonder if he was ever fired. No, probably not. He's probably had the same job for thirty years. The man

3.



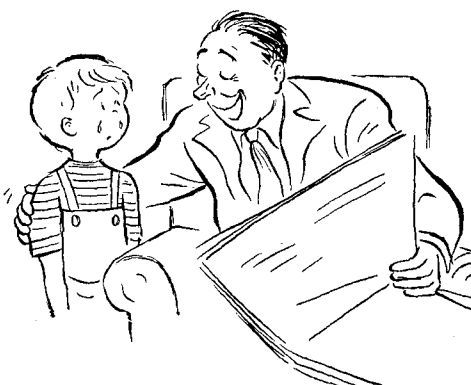
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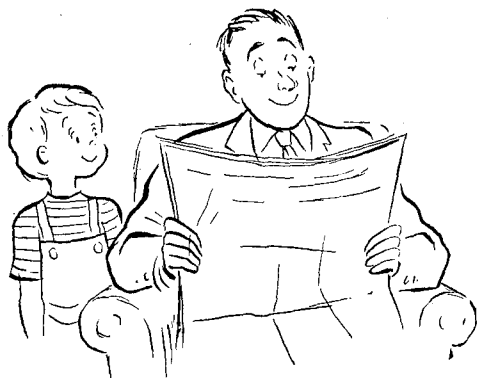
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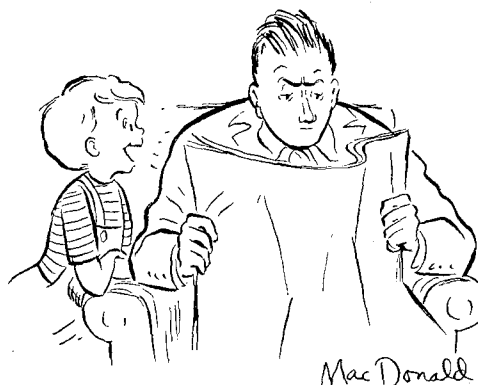
6.



7.



8.



MacDonald

special. It's a racket, that's all it is."

"Have a drink," said Belden. The man nodded, and Belden motioned to the bartender. Allen came back from the telephone, and Belden turned to him. "Do you wear vests?" he asked.

"Only at funerals," said Allen. "Why?"

"Tell my friend what you just told me," Belden said to the man. The man repeated what he had said.

"I'll be damned," said Allen. "It never occurred to me."

"That's just it," the man said. "They're counting on the apathy of the public. As for me, I won't buy a summer suit in a store that doesn't give you a vest with a double-breasted winter suit. I won't patronize the store, even. And I tell them why."

"That's the spirit," Allen said. "I like that."

"Well, *somebody* has to do something," the man said. "That's why I'm taking a survey."

"I'm all for you," said Belden. "And if I wore a vest, I'd even offer to help you in the survey." He drained his glass and signalled to the bartender for another round.

looked at Belden for a while, then edged over closer to him.

"Excuse me," the man said. "I hope you don't mind my asking you this, but I notice that you're wearing a double-breasted suit with no vest. Do you just not care for a vest, or didn't they give you one with the suit?"

Belden looked down at his exposed shirt and automatically buttoned his coat. "I don't use a vest," he said. "But, come to think of it, one didn't come with the suit anyway. I haven't had a suit with a vest for a long time. Why?"

"I'm conducting a survey," the man said. "I'm asking a hundred people if they wear vests and why, and whether

or not a vest came with their suits. Winter suits only, of course. Summer suits don't count."

"Of course," said Belden. "But why—I mean, what's the point of the survey?"

"The manufacturers and the textile people are getting away with murder," the man said. "It used to be that you always got a vest with a double-breasted suit, and everybody took it for granted. Now only a few people give you a vest, and the others sell you a suit without a vest, *but for the same price as it costs to buy a suit with one*. In other words, they're one vest ahead every time they sell you a suit. And it costs you fifteen, twenty dollars to have a vest made up

people wear vests or not," the man said. "I just want to know if they know that they *ought* to have vests if they want them."

"I see what you mean," Belden said.

He turned to Allen. "How can we help him?" he asked. "There must be something we could do. Do you think picketing would help?"

"No," said Allen, just as the headwaiter came up.

"I have a good table for you now, Mr. Belden," the headwaiter said.

"How about it?" Belden asked Allen. "Are you hungry?"

"Not particularly," said Allen.

"I guess we'll wait awhile, Louis," Belden said. "We may just have a

sandwich here at the bar." He turned back to the man and said, "I don't mean to change the subject, but were you ever fired? From a job, I mean?"

The man looked at him, surprised. "No," he said. "Why?"

"No offense," said Belden. "I just wondered."

The man touched his knuckles to the bar. "No," he repeated. "Never."

Belden smiled. "Now, let's run through this vest business again," he said. "Just when did they stop giving you vests with double-breasted suits?"

BY four o'clock, Allen and Belden and the man had covered the vest situation from every possible angle, and Allen and Belden had thought of several ways of bringing the clothing manufacturers to their knees, none of which the man approved of. Belden called a friend of his in the clothing business, and the friend told him that it cost his company three dollars for every vest they *didn't* make, a piece of information that the man at the bar received with scorn.

"It's all a plot," the man said. "A plot against the public."

Belden was quiet, then looked at his watch. "Jesus!" he said. "I ought to call Virginia." He walked slowly to the telephone booth, put a nickel in the slot, and painstakingly dialled his number. "Hello," he said when his wife answered. "I just called to say don't worry. I'm with Jim, at Jack's. With Jack, at Jim's. Jack's gym. You know."

"How are you?" she asked.

"First-rate. Couldn't be better."

"All right, dear," she said. "You're sure you don't want me to call off dinner?"

"Hell, no. Of course not. I'll be there."

"All right. Have a good time."

"I will." He went back to the bar, where Allen was standing alone. "What happened to the vest king?" Belden asked.

"He left," said Allen. "Said he had an appointment."

"I thought I was in tough shape," Belden said, picking up his drink and sipping it. "There's a man with a *real* problem." He laughed. "The poor bastard. Next week he'll be worrying about what became of the Stanley Steamer."

By six o'clock, Allen and Belden had called their respective wives three times to assure them that everything was all right, and Belden was describing to Allen a Shakespeare course he had taken

THE ROOM

The room a dying poet took
at nightfall in a dead hotel
had both directories—the Book
of Heaven and the Book of Bell.

It had a mirror and a chair,
it had a window and a bed,
its ribs let in the darkness where
rain glistened and a shop sign bled.

Not tears, not terror, but a blend
of anonymity and doom,
it seemed, that room, to condescend
to imitate a normal room.

Whenever some automobile
subliminally slit the night,
the walls and ceiling would reveal
a wheeling skeleton of light.

Soon afterward the room was mine.
A similar striped cageling, I
groped for the lamp and found the line
"Alone, unknown, unloved, I die"

And here a life had come apart
in darkness, and the room had grown
a ghostly thorax, with a heart
unknown, unloved—but not alone.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

in pencil, just above the bed.
It had a false quotation air.
Was it a she, wild-eyed, well-read,
or a fat man with thinning hair?

I asked a gentle Negro maid,
I asked a captain and his crew,
I asked the night clerk. Undismayed,
I asked a drunk. Nobody knew.

Perhaps when he had found the switch
he saw the picture on the wall
and cursed the red eruption which
tried to be maples in the fall?

Artistically in the style
of Mr. Churchill at his best,
those maples marched in double file
from Glen Lake to Restricted Rest.

Perhaps my text is incomplete.
A poet's death is, after all,
a question of technique, a neat
enjambment, a melodic fall.

in college. The bar was crowded again, and the noise level had risen.

"Best goddamned course I ever took," Belden said. "For instance, I bet you can't tell me what the words 'bombast circumstance' mean. From 'Othello.'"

Allen thought a minute. "Out of context, I couldn't," he said, at last. "I know what it sounds like, though."

"Yes, but you're probably wrong," Belden said. "'Bombast' comes from 'bombus,' meaning 'cotton,' and 'circumstance' means 'circumlocution,' so the whole thing means 'padded circumlocution.' And the next line, 'horribly stuffed with epithets of war,' just proves it. You see what I mean?"

"You think we ought to eat something?" said Allen, who hadn't un-

derstood a word Belden was saying.

Belden looked at his watch. "Too late," he said. "It would spoil our appetites." He studied his watch closely. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I think we ought to call the girls and tell them we'll meet them there. We haven't time to go home and change and get to dinner by seven." He looked up. "I'll toss you to see who calls."

"Done," said Allen. He picked a coin from the pile of money in front of him on the bar and tossed it, and it fell to the floor and rolled under the feet of the man next to him.

"Tails," said Belden as Allen crouched down and groped around the man's feet.

Allen couldn't find the coin, so he stood up, smiled apologetically at the man, and turned to Belden. "I'll do it," he said. "This tossing could get expensive." He went to the telephone booth, and Belden sang "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" softly to himself while he waited.

When Allen came back, Belden chortled and said, "I can't get over that vest king. That poor, dull little son of a bitch."

They had one more round of drinks, then decided it would be the part of wis-



dom to walk to the Marshalls'. They walked north for fifteen blocks, singing "Betty Co-Ed" in near-unison, and finally hailed a taxi and rode the rest of the way. It was ten minutes past seven when the cab pulled up in front of the Marshalls' large, marble-front house.

"Remember," said Belden as they got out of the cab and together spilled money into the driver's hand, "not a word to anybody about this."

"About what?" Allen asked, after a pause.

Belden rang the doorbell, and squared his shoulders. "I'll tell you later," he said. "There isn't time now."

KAY ALLEN and Virginia Belden looked up nervously as their husbands entered the Marshalls' drawing room. Fred Marshall rose to greet the men, and Belden apologized for being late. Alice Marshall said not to give it a second thought, and then introduced Allen and Belden to the four other guests, a Mr. and Mrs. Northrup and a Mr. and Mrs. Paxton. Allen and Belden bowed formally, and Marshall asked them what they would like to drink. He asked the question quickly, as though hoping they wouldn't hear him.

Belden thought a moment. "Well, I had a Scotch at lunch," he said. "Maybe I ought to stick with it."

"Yes, that sounds good," said Allen, and looked at his wife and smiled. She stared back at him, expressionless.

Marshall made Allen and Belden their drinks; they took them and thanked him, and then gingerly sat down. There was a silence.

"Well, as I was saying," Paxton said, "things don't look too bright." Allen and Belden looked at him with polite, though glassy, interest, and he explained, "I was just talking about the lack of incentive for small business. The taxes, and the labor costs, and all, are going to ruin most of the small businesses before very long."



"I wonder if it's theirs or ours."

"How about the garment industry?" Belden asked. "They've worked out a fine little dodge there, it seems to me." Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a look of wonder creep into Virginia's face, and he smiled. "My wife objects to my talking shop," he said. "But I hope she'll forgive me, just this once."

"What—ah—business are you in, Mr. Belden?" Paxton asked.

"Mr. Allen and I work for an industrial-survey group," Belden said. "Naturally, we have access to a lot of information not generally known by the public." Paxton's mouth formed the word "Oh," but he made no sound. "Now, for instance," Belden went on, "I notice that you are wearing a double-breasted suit with a vest. Would you mind telling me whether or not you had to pay extra for the vest?"

Paxton frowned in thought. "I real-

ly don't remember," he said. "I don't think so. But what—"

"Just a minute," Belden said. "And you, Mr.—Mr. Winthrop, are you wearing a vest? I can't see from here."

"No vest," said Allen, before Northrup could answer. "I can see."

The maid announced dinner, and Alice Marshall stood up quickly. "Let's bring our drinks in with us," she said.

"Of course," said Belden. He rose.

"I still don't understand about the vests," Paxton said as they moved toward the dining room.

"I'll explain it when we're seated," said Belden. "And Mr. Allen has some information about the lighting-fixture business that I think will prove an eye-opener, too. That right, Jim?"

"Lord, yes," said Allen. "I still find it hard to believe."

They stood aside to let the women go into the dining room, and Belden noticed that Kay and Virginia were trying hard to choke back their laughter.

Virginia's eyes shone as she looked at him, and with a secretive air he reached into his pocket and pulled out a paper clip. He pressed it into her hand as she went past.

"A little present from the firm," he whispered. "If you don't like it, they say you can change it."

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

The young leaves stirred faintly in the sweet air. It was as if the world had been freshly kneaded and now lay on a clean board floured with chestnut blooms and dogwood petals, the yeast alive and stirring within, ready for the miracle of the loaf. Daniel closed his eyes, feeling the golden crust of the world's awe and wonder between his teeth, the crumb of knowledge in his mouth. He dozed off.

—From "The Big Secret," by Merle Colby.

No mouth-breathing, now.



ERNEST HEMINGWAY, who may well be the greatest living American novelist and short-story writer, rarely comes to New York. He spends most of his time on a farm, the Finca Vigia, nine miles outside Havana, with his wife, a domestic staff of nine, fifty-two cats, sixteen dogs, a couple of hundred pigeons, and three cows. When he does come to New York, it is only because he has to pass through it on his way somewhere else. Not long ago, on his way to Europe, he stopped in New York for a few days. I had written to him asking if I might see him when he came to town, and he had sent me a typewritten letter saying that would be fine and suggesting that I meet his plane at the airport. "I don't want to see anybody I don't like, nor have publicity, nor be tied up all the time," he went on. "Want to go to the Bronx Zoo, Metropolitan Museum, Museum of Modern Art, ditto of Natural History, and see a fight. Want to see the good Breughel at the Met, the one, no two, fine Goyas and Mr. El Greco's Toledo. Don't want to go to Toots Shor's. Am going to try to get into town and out without having to shoot my mouth off. I want to give the joints a miss. Not seeing news people is not a pose. It is only to have time to see your friends." In pencil, he added, "Time is the least thing we have of."

TIME did not seem to be pressing Hemingway the day he flew in from Havana. He was to arrive at Idlewild late in the afternoon, and I went out to meet him. His plane had landed by the time I got there, and I found him standing at a gate waiting for his luggage and for his wife, who had gone to attend to it. He had one arm around a scuffed, dilapidated briefcase pasted up with travel stickers. He

PROFILES

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT NOW, GENTLEMEN?

had the other around a wiry little man whose forehead was covered with enormous beads of perspiration. Hemingway was wearing a red plaid wool shirt, a figured wool necktie, a tan wool sweater-vest, a brown tweed jacket tight across the back and with sleeves too short for his arms, gray flannel slacks, Argyle socks, and loafers, and he looked bearish, cordial, and constricted. His hair, which was very long in back, was gray, except at the temples, where it was white; his mustache was white, and he had a ragged, half-inch full white beard. There was a bump about the size of a walnut over his left eye. He was wearing steel-rimmed spectacles, with a piece of paper under the nose-piece. He was in no hurry to get into Manhattan. He crooked the arm around the briefcase into a tight hug and said that it contained the unfinished manuscript of his new book, "Across the River and into the Trees." He crooked the arm around the wiry little man into a tight hug and said he had been his seat companion on the flight. The man's name, as I got it in a mumbled introduction, was Myers, and he was returning from a business trip to Cuba. Myers made a slight attempt to dislodge himself from the embrace, but Hemingway held on to him affectionately.

"He read book all way up on plane," Hemingway said. He spoke with a perceptible Midwestern accent, despite the Indian talk. "He like book, I think," he added, giving Myers a little shake and beaming down at him.

"Whew!" said Myers.

"Book too much for him," Hemingway said. "Book start slow, then increase in pace till it becomes impossible to stand. I bring emotion up to where you can't stand it, then we level off, so we won't have to provide oxygen tents for the readers. Book is like engine. We have to slack her off gradually."

"Whew!" said Myers.

Hemingway released him. "Not trying for no-hit game in book," he said. "Going to win maybe twelve to nothing or maybe twelve to eleven."

Myers looked puzzled.

"She's better book than 'Farewell,'" Hemingway said. "I think this is best one, but you are always prejudiced, I guess. Especially if you want to be champion." He shook Myers' hand. "Much thanks for reading book," he said.

"Pleasure," Myers said, and walked off unsteadily.

Hemingway watched him go, and then turned to me. "After you finish a book, you know, you're dead," he said moodily. "But no one knows you're dead. All they see is the irresponsibility that comes in after the terrible responsibility of writing." He said he felt tired but was in good shape physically; he had brought his weight down to two hundred and eight, and his blood pressure was down too. He had considerable rewriting to do on his book, and he was determined to keep at it until he was absolutely satisfied. "They can't yank novelist like they can pitcher," he said. "Novelist has to go the full nine, even if it kills him."

We were joined by Hemingway's wife, Mary, a small, energetic, cheerful woman with close-cropped blond hair, who was wearing a long, belted mink coat. A porter pushing a cart heaped with luggage followed her. "Papa, everything is here," she said to Hemingway. "Now we ought to get going, Papa." He assumed the air of a man who was not going to be rushed. Slowly, he counted the pieces of luggage. There were fourteen, half of them, Mrs. Hemingway told me, extra-large Valpaks designed by her husband and bearing his coat of arms, also designed by him—a geometric design. When Hemingway had finished counting, his wife suggested that he tell the porter where to put the luggage. Hemingway told the porter to stay right there and watch it; then he turned to his wife and said, "Let's not crowd, honey. Order of the day is to have a drink first."

We went into the airport cocktail lounge and stood at the bar. Hemingway put his briefcase down on a chromium stool and pulled it close to him. He ordered bourbon and water. Mrs. Hemingway said she would have the same, and I ordered a cup of coffee. Hemingway told the bartender to bring double bourbons. He waited for the drinks with impatience, holding on to the bar with both hands and humming an unrecognizable tune. Mrs. Hemingway said she hoped it wouldn't be dark by the time they got to New York. Hemingway said it wouldn't make any difference to him, because New York was a rough town, a phony town, a town that was the same in the dark as it



"Notice the little ruffle, which gives it that feminine touch."

was in the light, and he was not exactly overjoyed to be going there anyway. What he was looking forward to, he said, was Venice. "Where I like it is out West in Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho, and I like Cuba and Paris and around Venice," he said. "Westport gives me the horrors." Mrs. Hemingway lit a cigarette and handed me the pack. I passed it along to him, but he said he didn't smoke. Smoking ruins his sense of smell, a sense he finds completely indispensable for hunting. "Cigarettes smell so awful to you when you have a nose that can truly smell," he

said, and laughed, hunching his shoulders and raising the back of his fist to his face, as though he expected somebody to hit him. Then he enumerated elk, deer, possum, and coon as some of the things he can truly smell.

The bartender brought the drinks. Hemingway took several large swallows and said he gets along fine with animals, sometimes better than with human beings. In Montana, once, he lived with a bear, and the bear slept with him, got drunk with him, and was a close friend. He asked me whether there were still bears at the Bronx Zoo, and

I said I didn't know, but I was pretty sure there were bears at the Central Park Zoo. "I always used to go to the Bronx Zoo with Granny Rice," he said. "I love to go to the zoo. But not on Sunday. I don't like to see the people making fun of the animals, when it should be the other way around." Mrs. Hemingway took a small notebook out of her purse and opened it; she told me she had made a list of chores she and her husband had to do before their boat sailed. They included buying a hot-water-bottle cover, an elementary Italian grammar, a short history of Italy,

and, for Hemingway, four woollen undershirts, four cotton underpants, two woollen underpants, bedroom slippers, a belt, and a coat. "Papa has never had a coat," she said. "We've got to buy Papa a coat." Hemingway grunted and leaned against the bar. "A nice, rain-proof coat," Mrs. Hemingway said. "And he's got to get his glasses fixed. He needs some good soft padding for the nosepiece. It cuts him up brutally. He's had that same piece of paper under the nosepiece for weeks. When he really wants to get cleaned up, he changes the paper." Hemingway grunted again.

The bartender came up, and Hemingway asked him to bring another round of drinks. Then he said, "First thing we do, Mary, as soon as we hit hotel, is call up the Kraut." "The Kraut," he told me, with that same fist-to-the-face laugh, is his affectionate term for Marlene Dietrich, an old friend, and is part of a large vocabulary of special code terms and speech mannerisms indigenous to the Finca Vigia. "We have a lot of fun talking a sort of joke language," he said.

"First we call Marlene, and then we order caviar and champagne, Papa," Mrs. Hemingway said. "I've been waiting months for that caviar and champagne."

"The Kraut, caviar, and champagne," Hemingway said slowly, as though he were memorizing a difficult set of military orders. He finished his drink and gave the bartender a repeat

nod, and then he turned to me. "You want to go with me to buy coat?" he asked.

"Buy coat and get glasses fixed," Mrs. Hemingway said.

I said I would be happy to help him do both, and then I reminded him that he had said he wanted to see a fight. The only fight that week, I had learned from a friend who knows all about fights, was at the St. Nicholas Arena that night. I said that my friend had four tickets and would like to take all of us. Hemingway wanted to know who was fighting. When I told him, he said they were bums. Bums, Mrs. Hemingway repeated, and added that they had better fighters in Cuba. Hemingway gave me a long, reproachful look. "Daughter, you've got to learn that a bad fight is worse than no fight," he said. We would all go to a fight when he got back from Europe, he said, because it was absolutely necessary to go to several good fights a year. "If you quit going for too long a time, then you never go near them," he said. "That would be very dangerous." He was interrupted by a brief fit of coughing. "Finally," he concluded, "you end up in one room and won't move."

AFTER dallying at the bar a while longer, the Hemingways asked me to go along with them to their hotel. Hemingway ordered the luggage loaded into one taxi, and the three of us got into another. It was dark now. As we drove along the boulevard, Heming-

way watched the road carefully. Mrs. Hemingway told me that he always watches the road, usually from the front seat. It is a habit he got into during the First World War. I asked them what they planned to do in Europe. They said they were going to stay a week or so in Paris, and then drive to Venice.

"I love to go back to Paris," Hemingway said, his eyes still fixed on the road. "Am going in the back door and have no interviews and no publicity and never get a haircut, like in the old days. Want to go to cafés where I know no one but one waiter and his replacement, see all the new pictures and the old ones, go to the bike races and the fights, and see the new riders and fighters. Find good, cheap restaurants where you can keep your own napkin. Walk over all the town and see where we made our mistakes and where we had our few bright ideas. And learn the form and try and pick winners in the blue, smoky afternoons, and then go out the next day to play them at Auteuil and Enghien."

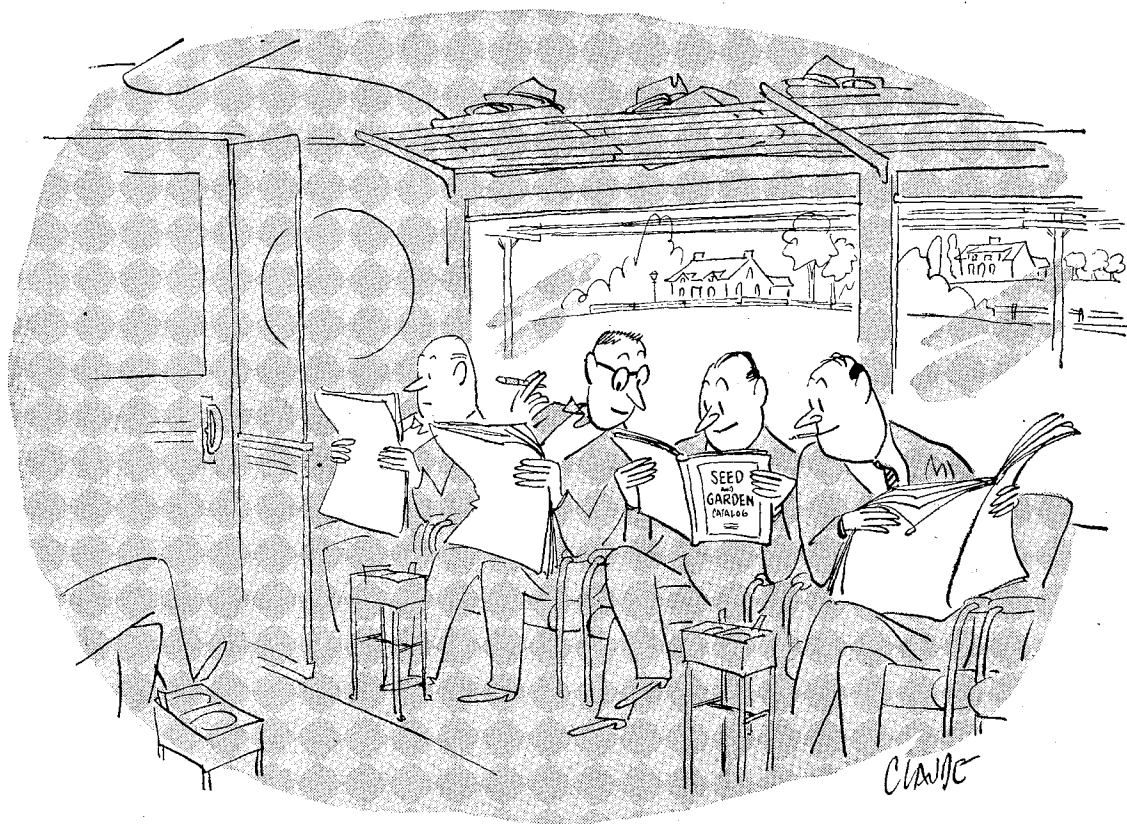
"Papa is a good handicapper," Mrs. Hemingway said.

"When I know the form," he said.

We were crossing the Queensboro Bridge, and we had a good view of the Manhattan skyline. The lights were on in the tall office buildings. Hemingway did not seem to be impressed. "This ain't my town," he said. "It's a town you come to for a short time. It's murder." Paris is like another home to him, he said. "I am as lonesome and as happy

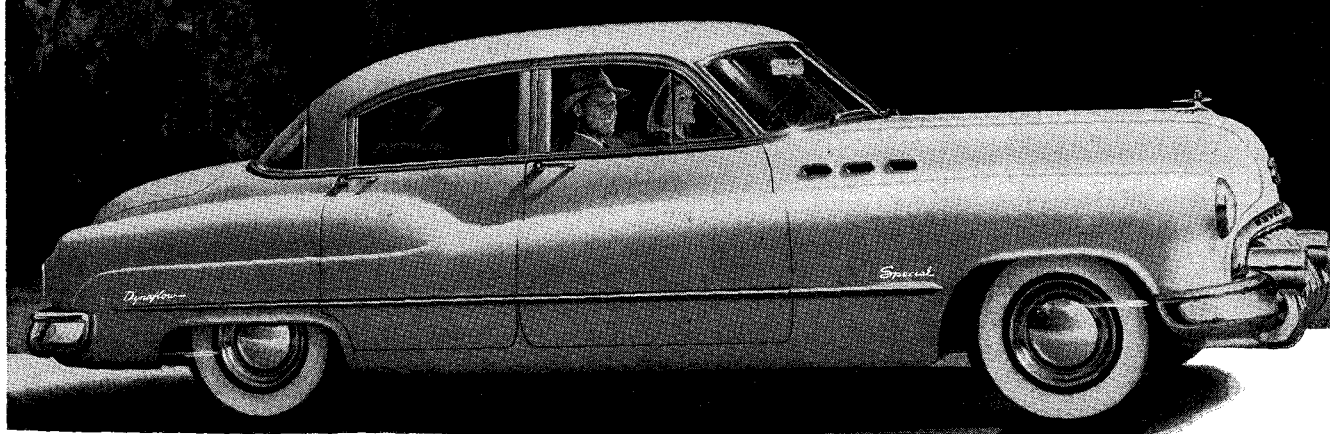
as I can be in that town we lived in and worked and learned and grew up in, and then fought our way back into." Venice is another of his home towns. The last time he and his wife were in Italy, they lived for four months in Venice and the Cortina Valley, and he went hunting, and now he had put the locale and some of the people in the book he was writing. "Italy was so damned wonderful," he said. "It was sort of like having died and gone to Heaven, a place you'd figured never to see."

Mrs. Hemingway said that she had broken her right ankle skiing there but that she planned to go skiing there again. Hemingway was hospitalized in Padua with an eye infection, which developed into erysipelas, but he wanted to go back



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to Italy and wanted to see his many good friends there. He was looking forward to seeing the gondoliers on a windy day, the Gritti Palace hotel, where they stayed during their last visit, and the Locanda Cipriani, an old inn on Torcello, an island in the lagoon northeast of Venice on which some of the original Venetians lived before they built Venice. About seventy people live on Torcello, and the men are professional duck hunters. While there, Hemingway went duck-hunting a lot with the gardener of the old inn. "We'd go around through the canals and jump-shoot, and I'd walk the prairies at low tide for snipe," he said. "It was a big fly route for ducks that came all the way down from the Pripet Marshes. I shot good and thus became a respected local character. They have some sort of little bird that comes through, after eating grapes in the north, on his way to eat grapes in the south. The local characters sometimes shot them sitting, and I occasionally shot them flying. Once, I shot two high doubles, rights and lefts, in a row, and the gardener cried with emotion. Coming home, I shot a high duck against the rising moon and dropped him in the canal. That precipitated an emotional crisis I thought I would never get him out of but did, with about a pint of Chianti. We each took a pint out with us. I drank mine to keep warm coming home. He drank his when overcome by emotion." We were silent for a while, and then Hemingway said, "Venice was lovely."

THE Hemingways were stopping at the Sherry-Netherland. Hemingway registered and told the room clerk that he did not want any announcement made of his arrival and did not want any visitors, or any telephone calls either, except from Miss Dietrich. Then we went up to the suite—living room, bedroom, and serving pantry—that had been reserved for them. Hemingway paused at the entrance and scouted the living room. It was large, decorated in garish colors, and furnished with imitation Chippendale furniture and an imitation fireplace containing imitation coals.

"Joint looks O.K.," he said. "Guess they call this the Chinese Gothic Room." He moved in and took the room.

Mrs. Hemingway went over to a bookcase and held up a sample of its contents. "Look, Papa," she said. "They're phony. They're pasteboard backs, Papa. They're not real books."

Hemingway put his briefcase down

on a bright-red couch and advanced on the bookcase, then slowly, with expression, read the titles aloud—"Elementary Economics," "Government of the United States," "Sweden, the Land and the People," and "Sleep in Peace," by Phyllis Bentley. "I think we are an outfit headed for extinction," he said, starting to take off his necktie.

After getting his necktie off, and then his jacket, Hemingway handed them to his wife, who went into the bedroom, saying she was going to unpack. He unbuttoned his collar and went over to the telephone. "Got to call the Kraut," he said. He telephoned the Plaza and asked for Miss Dietrich. She was out, and he left word for her to come over for supper. Then he called room service and ordered caviar and a couple of bottles of Perrier-Jouët, *brut*.

Hemingway went back to the bookcase and stood there stiffly, as though he could not decide what to do with himself. He looked at the pasteboard backs again and said, "Phony, just like the town." I said that there was a tremendous amount of talk about him these days in literary circles—that the critics seemed to be talking and writing definitively not only about the work he had done but about the work he was going to do. He said that of all the people he did not wish to see in New York, the people he wished least to see were the critics. "They are like those people who go to ball games and can't tell the players without a score card," he said. "I am not worried about what anybody I do not like might do. What the hell! If they can do you harm, let them do it. It is like being a third baseman and protesting because they hit line drives to you. Line drives are regrettable, but to be expected." The closest competitors of the critics among those he wished least to see, he said, were certain writers who wrote books about the war when they had not seen anything of war at first hand. "They are just like an outfielder who will drop a fly on you when you have pitched to have the batter hit a high fly to that outfielder, or when they're pitching they try to strike everybody out." When he pitched, he said, he never struck out anybody, except under extreme necessity. "I knew I had only so many fast balls in that arm," he said. "Would make them pop to short instead, or fly out, or hit it on the ground, bouncing."

A waiter arrived with the caviar and champagne, and Hemingway told him to open one of the bottles. Mrs. Hemingway came in from the bedroom and said she couldn't find his toothbrush. He

said that he didn't know where it was but that he could easily buy another. Mrs. Hemingway said all right, and went back into the bedroom. Hemingway poured two glasses of champagne, gave one to me, and picked up the other one and took a sip. The waiter watched him anxiously. Hemingway hunched his shoulders and said something in Spanish to the waiter. They both laughed, and the waiter left. Hemingway took his glass over to the red couch and sat down, and I sat in a chair opposite him.

"I can remember feeling so awful about the first war that I couldn't write about it for ten years," he said, suddenly very angry. "The wound combat makes in you, as a writer, is a very slow-healing one. I wrote three stories about it in the old days—'In Another Country,' 'A Way You'll Never Be,' and 'Now I Lay Me.' " He mentioned a war writer who, he said, was apparently thinking of himself as Tolstoy, but who'd be able to play Tolstoy only on the Bryn Mawr field-hockey team. "He never hears a shot fired in anger, and he sets out to beat who? Tolstoy, an artillery officer who fought at Sevastopol, who knew his stuff, who was a hell of a man anywhere you put him—bed, bar, in an empty room where he had to think. I started out very quiet and I beat Mr. Turgenev. Then I trained hard and I beat Mr. de Maupassant. I've fought two draws with Mr. Stendhal, and I think I had an edge in the last one. But nobody's going to get me in any ring with Mr. Tolstoy unless I'm crazy or I keep getting better."

He began his new book as a short story. "Then I couldn't stop it. It went straight on into a novel," he said. "That's the way all my novels got started. When I was twenty-five, I read novels by Somersault Maugham and Stephen St. Vixen Benét." He laughed hoarsely. "They had written novels, and I was ashamed because I had not written any novels. So I wrote 'The Sun' when I was twenty-seven, and I wrote it in six weeks, starting on my birthday, July 21st, in Valencia, and finishing it September 6th, in Paris. But it was really lousy and the rewriting took nearly five months. Maybe that will encourage young writers so they won't have to go get advice from their psychoanalysts. Analyst once wrote me, 'What did I learn from psychoanalysts?' I answered, 'Very little but hope they had learned as much as they were able to understand from my published works. You never saw a counter-puncher who was punchy. Never lead against a hitter

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unless you can outhit him. Crowd a boxer, and take everything he has, to get inside. Duck a swing. Block a hook. And counter a jab with everything you own. Papa's delivery of hard-learned facts of life."

Hemingway poured himself another glass of champagne. He always wrote in longhand, he said, but he recently bought a tape recorder and was trying to get up the courage to use it. "I'd like to learn talk machine," he said. "You just tell talk machine anything you want and get secretary to type it out." He writes without facility, except for dialogue. "When the people are talking, I can hardly write it fast enough or keep up with it, but with an almost unbearable high manifold pleasure. I put more inches on than she will take, and then fly her as near as I know to how she should be flown, only flying as crazy as really good pilots fly crazy sometimes. Most of the time flying conservatively but with an awfully fast airplane that makes up for the conservatism. That way, you live longer. I mean your writing lives longer. How do you like it now, gentlemen?" The question seemed to have some special significance for him, but he did not bother to explain it.

I wanted to know whether, in his opinion, the new book was different from his others, and he gave me another long, reproachful look. "What do you think?" he said after a moment. "You don't expect me to write 'The Farewell to Arms Boys in Addis Ababa,' do you? Or 'The Farewell to Arms Boys Take a Gunboat?'" The book is about the command level in the Second World War. "I am not interested in the G.I. who wasn't one," he said, suddenly angry again. "Or the injustices done to me, with a capital 'M.' I am interested in the goddam sad science of war." The new novel has a good deal of profanity in it. "That's because in war they talk profane, although I always try to talk gently," he said, sounding like a man who is trying to believe what he is saying. "I think I've got 'Farewell' beat in this one," he went on. He touched his briefcase. "It hasn't got the youth and the ignorance." Then he asked wearily, "How do you like it now, gentlemen?"

THERE was a knock at the door, and Hemingway got up quickly and opened it. It was Miss Dietrich. Their reunion was a happy one. Mrs. Hemingway came out of the bedroom and greeted the guest enthusiastically. Miss Dietrich stood back from Hemingway and looked at him with ap-

proval. "Papa, you look wonderful," she said slowly.

"I sure missed you, daughter," said Hemingway. He raised his fist to his face, and his shoulders shook as he laughed silently.

Miss Dietrich was wearing a mink coat. She sighed loudly, took off the coat, and handed it to Mrs. Hemingway. Then she sighed again and sat down in an overstuffed chair. Hemingway poured a glass of champagne, brought it to her, and refilled the other glasses.

"The Kraut's the best that ever came into the ring," he said as he handed me my glass. Then he pulled a chair up beside Miss Dietrich's, and they compared notes on friends and on themselves. They talked about theatre and motion-picture people, one of whom, a man, Hemingway referred to as a "sea heel."

Miss Dietrich wanted to know what a "sea heel" was.

"The sea is bigger than the land," he told her.

Mrs. Hemingway went into the serving pantry and came out in a few minutes with caviar spread on toast.

"Mary, I am telling Papa how I have to behave because I am a grandmother," Miss Dietrich said, taking a piece of toast. "I have to think always of the children. You know, Papa?"

Hemingway gave a sympathetic grunt, and Miss Dietrich took from her purse some snapshots of her grandson and passed them around. He was eighteen months old, she told us. Hemingway said he looked like a winner, and that he would be proud to own a piece of him if he ever got into the ring.

Miss Dietrich said that her daughter was going to have another child soon. "I'll be a grandmother again, Papa," she said.

Hemingway gave her a bleak look. "I'm going to be a grandfather in a few months," he said. "My son Bumby's wife."

Mrs. Hemingway told me that Bumby is the nickname of her husband's eldest son, John, an Army captain stationed in Berlin. His two other sons, she said, are Patrick, known as Mouse, who is a twenty-one-year-old sophomore at Harvard, and is planning to get married in June, and Gregory, known as Gigi, who is eighteen and a freshman at St. John's, at Annapolis. In addition to the present Mrs. Hemingway, Patrick is going to invite to his wedding his and Gigi's mother Pauline Pfeiffer, who was Hemingway's second wife. Bumby's mother and Hemingway's first wife was Hadley Richardson, who is

now Mrs. Paul Scott Mowrer, and Hemingway's third wife was Martha Gellhorn.

"Everything you do, you do for the sake of the children," Miss Dietrich said.

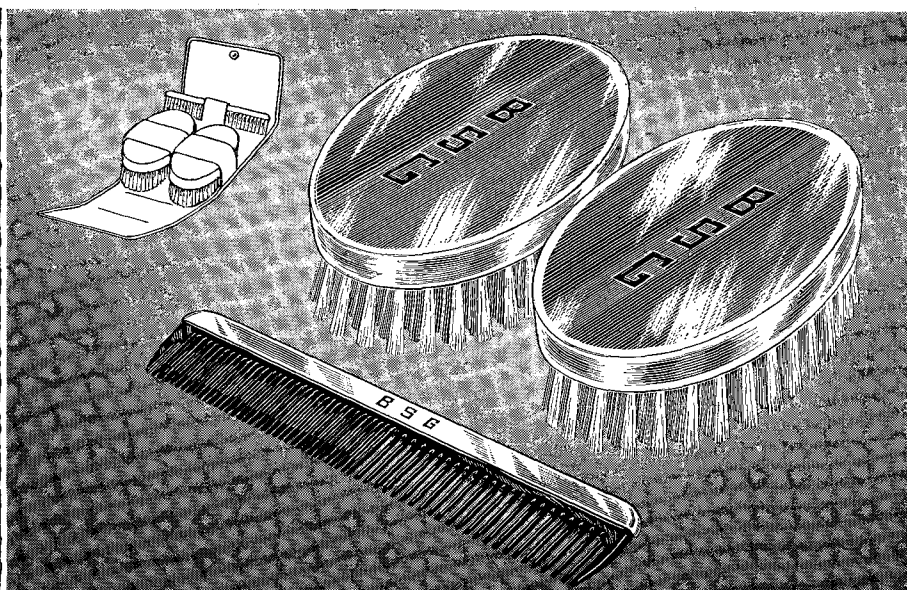
"Everything for the children," Hemingway said. He refilled Miss Dietrich's glass.

"Thank you, Papa," she said, and sighed. She lives at the Plaza, she told him, but spends a good deal of her time at the apartment of her daughter, who lives on Third Avenue. "Papa, you should see me when they go out," she said, and took a sip of champagne. "I'm the baby-sitter. As soon as they leave the house, I go around and look in all the corners and straighten the drawers and clean up. I can't stand a house that isn't neat and clean. I go around in all the corners with towels I bring with me from the Plaza, and I clean up the whole house. Then they come home at one or two in the morning, and I take the dirty towels and some of the baby's things that need washing, and, with my bundle over my shoulder, I go out and get a taxi, and the driver, he thinks I am this old washerwoman from Third Avenue, and he takes me in the taxi and talks to me with sympathy, so I am afraid to let him take me to the Plaza. I get out a block away from the Plaza and I walk home with my bundle and I wash the baby's things, and then I go to sleep."

"Daughter, you're hitting them with the bases loaded," Hemingway said earnestly.

There was a ring at the door, and a bellboy brought in a florist's box. Mrs. Hemingway opened it and took out some green orchids and read the card: "Love from Adeline." "Who the hell is Adeline?" she asked. Nobody knew. Mrs. Hemingway put the flowers in a vase and said it was time to order supper.

As we ate, the Hemingways and Miss Dietrich talked about the war. All three had seen it at first hand. Mrs. Hemingway, who, as Mary Welsh, was a *Time* correspondent in London, met Hemingway there during the war, and both saw a good deal of Miss Dietrich there and, later on, in Paris. Miss Dietrich was a U.S.O. entertainer, and performed on almost every front in the European theatre. She grew a little sad as she talked about the war. She had loved entertaining the troops, and the spirit overseas, she said, was the best she had ever found in people anywhere. "Everybody was the way people should be all the time," she continued. "Not



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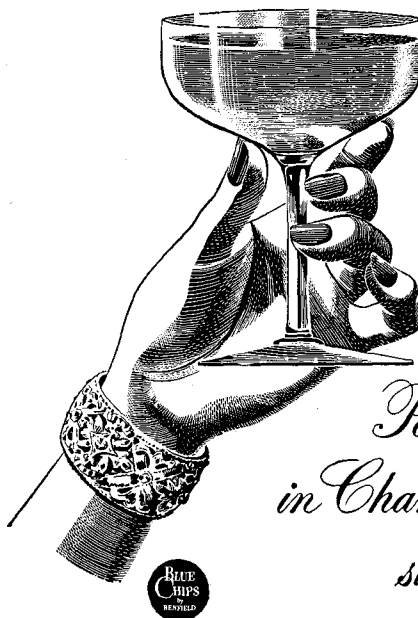
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mean and afraid but good to each other."

Hemingway raised his glass in a toast to her.

"I've finally figured out why Papa sometimes gets mean now that the war is over," Mrs. Hemingway said. "It's because there is no occasion for him to be valorous in peacetime."

"It was different in the war," Miss Dietrich said. "People were not so selfish and they helped each other."

Hemingway asked her about some recordings she had made, during the war, of popular American songs with lyrics translated into German, and said he'd like to have them. "I'll give you manuscript of new book for recordings if you want to trade even, daughter," he told her.

"Papa, I don't trade with you. I love you," said Miss Dietrich.

"You're the best that ever came into the ring," Hemingway said.

Mrs. Hemingway said, "Who the hell is Adeline?"

LATE the next morning, I was awakened by a telephone call from Hemingway, who asked me to come right over to the hotel. He sounded urgent. I had a fast cup of coffee, and when I turned up at the suite, I found the door open and walked in. Hemingway was talking on the telephone. He was wearing an orange plaid bathrobe that looked too small for him and he had a glass of champagne in one hand. His beard looked more scraggly than it had the day before. "My boy Patrick is coming down from Harvard and I'd like to reserve a room for him," he was saying into the telephone. "'P,' as in 'Patrick.'" He paused and took a sip of champagne. "Much obliged. He'll be down from Harvard."

Hemingway hung up, and from his bathrobe pocket took a box of pills. He shook two of them into the palm of his hand, and downed them with a mouthful of champagne. He told me that he had been up since six, that his wife was still asleep, and that he had done enough work for that morning and wanted to talk, an activity he finds relaxing. He always wakes at daybreak, he explained, because his eyelids are especially thin and his eyes especially sensitive to light. "I have seen all the sunrises there have been in my life, and that's half a hundred years," he said. He had done considerable revision that morning on the manuscript. "I wake up in the morning

and my mind starts making sentences, and I have to get rid of them fast—talk them or write them down," he said. "How did you like the Kraut?"

Very much, I said.

"I love the Kraut and I love Ingrid," he said. "If I weren't married to Miss Mary and didn't love Miss Mary, I would try to hook up with either of them. Each one has what the other hasn't. And what each has, I love very much." For a moment, he looked bewildered, and then he said quickly, "Would never marry an actress, on account they have their careers and they work bad hours."

I asked him whether he still wanted to buy a coat, and he said sure but he didn't want to be rushed or crowded and it was cold outside. He went over to the vase of green orchids and looked at the card, which was still attached to them. Adeline, he said, was the name of nobody he knew or ever would know, if he could help it. On a serving table near the couch were two champagne coolers, each containing ice and a bottle. He carried his glass over there and held up one of the bottles and squinted at it. It was empty. He put it back in the cooler, head down. Then he opened the other bottle, and as he poured some champagne into his glass, he sang, "'So feed me am-mu-nition, keep me in the Third Division, your dog-face soldier boy's O.K.'" Breaking off, he said, "Song of the Third Infantry Division. I like this song when I need music inside myself to go on. I love all music, even opera. But I have no talent for it and cannot sing. I have a perfect goddam ear for music, but I can't play any instrument by ear, not even the piano. My mother used to make me play the cello. She took me out of school one year to learn the cello, when I wanted to be out in the fresh air playing football. She wanted to have chamber music in the house."

His briefcase was lying open on a chair near the desk, and the manuscript pages were protruding from it; someone seemed to have stuffed them into the briefcase without much care. Hemingway told me that he had been cutting the manuscript. "The test of a book is how much good stuff you can throw away," he said. "When I'm writing it, I'm just as proud as a goddam lion. I use the oldest words in the English language. People think I'm an ignorant bastard who doesn't know the ten-dollar words. I know the ten-dollar words. There are older and better words which



if you arrange them in the proper combination you make it stick. Remember, anybody who pulls his erudition or education on you hasn't any. Also, daughter, remember that I never carried Teddy bears to bed with me since I was four. Now, with seventy-eight-year-old grandmothers taking advantage of loopholes in the G.I. Bill of Rights whereby a gold-star mother can receive her son's education, I thought of establishing a scholarship and sending myself to Harvard, because my Aunt Arabelle has always felt very bad that I am the only Hemingway boy that never went to college. But I have been so busy I have not got around to it. I only went to high school and a couple of military cram courses, and never took French. I began to learn to read French by reading the A.P. story in the French paper after reading the American A.P. story, and finally learned to read it by reading accounts of things I had seen—*les événements sportifs*—and from that and *les crimes* it was only a jump to Dr. de Maupassant, who wrote about things I had seen or could understand. Dumas, Daudet, Stendhal, who when I read him I knew that was the way I wanted to be able to write. Mr. Flaubert, who always threw them perfectly straight, hard, high, and inside. Then Mr. Baudelaire, that I learned my knuckle ball from, and Mr. Rimbaud, who never threw a fast ball in his life. Mr. Gide and Mr. Valéry I couldn't learn from. I think Mr. Valéry was too smart for me. Like Jack Britton and Benny Leonard."

Jack Britton, he continued, was a fighter he admired very much. "Jack Britton kept on his toes and moved around and never let them hit him solid," he said. "I like to keep on my toes and never let them hit me solid. Never lead against a hitter unless you can outwit him. Crowd a boxer," he said, assuming a boxing stance and holding his right hand, which was grasping the champagne glass, close to his chest. With his left hand, he punched at the air, saying, "Remember. Duck a swing. Block a hook. And counter a jab with everything you own." He straightened up and looked thoughtfully at his glass. Then he said, "One time, I asked Jack, speaking of a fight with Benny Leonard, 'How did you handle Benny so easy, Jack?' 'Ernie,' he said, 'Benny is an awfully smart boxer. All the time he's boxing, he's thinking. All the time he was thinking, I was hitting him.'" Hemingway gave a hoarse laugh, as though he had heard the story for the



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first time. "Jack moved very geometrically pure, never one-hundredth of an inch too much. No one ever got a solid shot at him. Wasn't anybody he couldn't hit any time he wanted to." He laughed again. "All the time he was thinking, I was hitting him." The anecdote, he told me, had been in the original version of his short story "Fifty Grand," but Scott Fitzgerald had persuaded him to take it out. "Scott thought everybody knew about it, when only Jack Britton and I knew about it, because Jack told it to me," he said. "So Scott told me to take it out. I didn't want to, but Scott was a successful writer and a writer I respected, so I listened to him and took it out."

Hemingway sat down on the couch and nodded his head up and down sharply a couple of times to get my attention. "As you get older, it is harder to have heroes, but it is sort of necessary," he said. "I have a cat named Boise, who wants to be a human being," he went on slowly, lowering his voice to a kind of grumble. "So Boise eats everything that human beings eat. He chews Vitamin B Complex capsules, which are as bitter as aloes. He thinks I am holding out on him because I won't give him blood-pressure tablets, and because I let him go to sleep without Seconal." He gave a short, rumbling laugh. "I am a strange old man," he said. "How do you like it now, gentlemen?"

Fifty, Hemingway said, on reconsideration, is not supposed to be old. "It is sort of fun to be fifty and feel you are going to defend the title again," he said. "I won it in the twenties and defended it in the thirties and the forties, and I don't mind at all defending it in the fifties."

After a while, Mrs. Hemingway came into the room. She was wearing gray flannel slacks and a white blouse, and she said she felt wonderful, because she had had her first hot bath in six months. She walked over to the green orchids and looked at the card. "Who is Adeline?" she asked. Then she abandoned the problem and said she was going out to do her errands, and suggested that Hemingway get dressed and go out and do his. He said that it was lunchtime and that if they went out then, they would have to stop someplace for lunch, whereas if they had lunch sent up to the room, they might save time. Mrs. Hemingway said she would order lunch while he got dressed. Still holding his glass, he reluctantly got up from the couch. Then he finished his drink and went into the bedroom. By the time he came out—wearing the same out-

fit as the day before, except for a blue shirt with a button-down collar—a waiter had set the table for our lunch. We couldn't have lunch without a bottle of Tavel, Hemingway said, and we waited until the waiter had brought it before starting to eat.

Hemingway began with oysters, and he chewed each one very thoroughly. "Eat good and digest good," he told us.

"Papa, please get glasses fixed," Mrs. Hemingway said.

He nodded. Then he nodded a few times at me—a repetition of the sign for attention. "What I want to be when I am old is a wise old man who won't bore," he said, then paused while the waiter set a plate of asparagus and an artichoke before him and poured the Tavel. Hemingway tasted the wine and gave the waiter a nod. "I'd like to see all the new fighters, horses, ballets, bike riders, dames, bullfighters, painters, airplanes, sons of bitches, café characters, big international whores, restaurants, years of wine, newsreels, and never have to write a line about any of it," he said. "I'd like to write lots of letters to my friends and get back letters. Would like to be able to make love good until I was eighty-five, the way Clemenceau could. And what I would like to be is not Bernie Baruch. I wouldn't sit on park benches, although I might go around the park once in a while to feed the pigeons, and also I wouldn't have any long beard, so there could be an old man didn't look like Shaw." He stopped and ran the back of his hand along his beard, and looked around the room reflectively. "Have never met Mr. Shaw," he said. "Never been to Niagara Falls, either. Anyway, I would take up harness racing. You aren't up near the top at that until you're over seventy-five. Then I could get me a good young ball club, maybe, like Mr. Mack. Only I wouldn't signal with a program—so as to break the pattern. Haven't figured out yet what I would signal with. And when that's over, I'll make the prettiest corpse since Pretty Boy Floyd. Only suckers worry about saving their souls. Who the hell should care about saving his soul when it is a man's duty to lose it intelligently, the way you would sell a position you were defending, if you could not hold it, as expensively as possible, trying to make it the most expensive position that was ever sold. It isn't hard to die." He opened his mouth and laughed, at first soundlessly and then loudly. "No more worries," he said. With his fingers, he picked up a long spear of asparagus and

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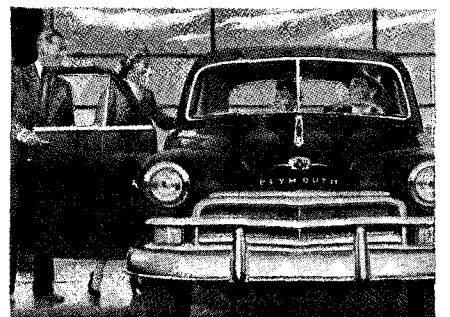
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looked at it without enthusiasm. "It takes a pretty good man to make any sense when he's dying," he said.

Mrs. Hemingway had finished eating, and she quickly finished her wine. Hemingway slowly finished his. I looked at my wristwatch, and found that it was almost three. The waiter started clearing the table, and we all got up. Hemingway stood looking sadly at the bottle of champagne, which was not yet empty. Mrs. Hemingway put on her coat, and I put on mine.

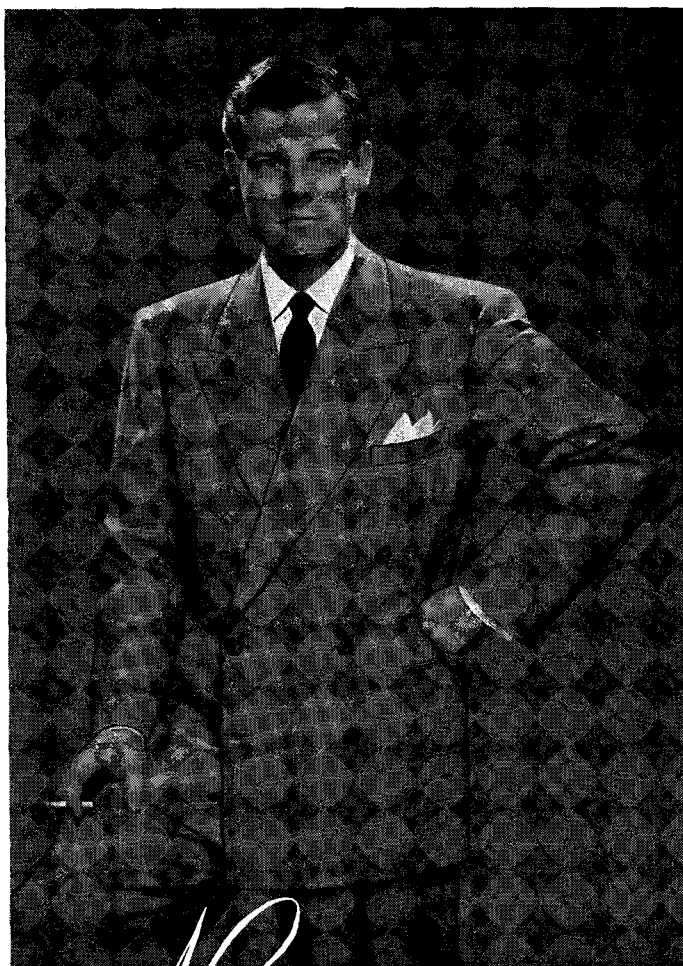
"The half bottle of champagne is the enemy of man," Hemingway said. We all sat down again.

"If I have any money, I can't think of any better way of spending money than on champagne," Hemingway said, pouring some.

When the champagne was gone, we left the suite. Downstairs, Mrs. Hemingway told us to remember to get glasses fixed, and scooted away.

HEMINGWAY balked for a moment in front of the hotel. It was a cool, cloudy day. This was not good weather for him to be out in, he said sulkily, adding that his throat felt kind of sore. I asked him if he wanted to see a doctor. He said no. "I never trust a doctor I have to pay," he said, and started across Fifth Avenue. A flock of pigeons flew by. He stopped, looked up, and aimed an imaginary rifle at them. He pulled the trigger, and then looked disappointed. "Very difficult shot," he said. He turned quickly and pretended to shoot again. "Easy shot," he said. "Look!" He pointed to a spot on the pavement. He seemed to be feeling better, but not much better.

I asked him if he wanted to stop first at his optician's. He said no. I mentioned the coat. He shrugged. Mrs. Hemingway had suggested that he look for a coat at Abercrombie & Fitch, so I mentioned Abercrombie & Fitch. He shrugged again and lumbered slowly over to a taxi, and we started down Fifth Avenue in the afternoon traffic. At the corner of Fifty-fourth, we stopped on a signal from the traffic cop. Hemingway growled. "I love to see an Irish cop being cold," he said. "Give you eight to one he was an M.P. in the war. Very skillful cop. Feints and fakes good. Cops are not like they are in the Hellinger movies. Only once in a while." We started up again, and he showed me where he once walked across Fifth Avenue with Scott Fitzgerald. "Scott wasn't at Princeton any more, but he was still talking football," he said, without animation. "The am-



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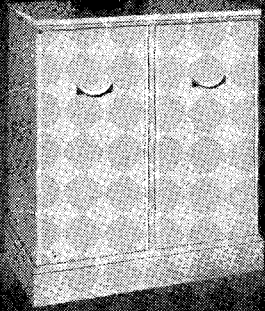
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bition of Scott's life was to be on the football team. I said, 'Scott, why don't you cut out this football?' I said, 'Come on, boy.' He said, 'You're crazy.' That's the end of that story. If you can't get through traffic, how the hell are you gonna get through the line? But I am not Thomas Mann," he added. "Get another opinion."

By the time we reached Abercrombie's, Hemingway was moody again. He got out of the taxi reluctantly and reluctantly entered the store. I asked him whether he wanted to look at a coat first or something else.

"Coat," he said unhappily.

In the elevator, Hemingway looked even bigger and bulkier than he had before, and his face had the expression of a man who is being forcibly subjected to the worst kind of misery. A middle-aged woman standing next to him stared at his scraggly white beard with obvious alarm and disapproval. "Good Christ!" Hemingway said suddenly, in the silence of the elevator, and the middle-aged woman looked down at her feet.

The doors opened at our floor, and we got out and headed for a rack of topcoats. A tall, dapper clerk approached us, and Hemingway shoved his hands into his pants pockets and crouched forward. "I think I still have credit in this joint," he said to the clerk.

The clerk cleared his throat. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Want to see coat," Hemingway said menacingly.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "What kind of coat did you wish to see, sir?"

"That one." He pointed to a straight-hanging, beltless tan gabardine coat on the rack. The clerk helped him into it, and gently drew him over to a full-length mirror. "Hangs like a shroud," Hemingway said, tearing the coat off. "I'm tall on top. Got any other coat?" he asked, as though he expected the answer to be no. He edged impatiently toward the elevators.

"How about this one, sir, with a removable lining, sir?" the clerk said. This one had a belt. Hemingway tried it on, studied himself in the mirror, and then raised his arms as though he were aiming a rifle. "You going to use it for shooting, sir?" the clerk asked. Hemingway grunted, and said he would take the coat. He gave the clerk his name, and the clerk snapped his fingers. "Of course!" he said. "There was something—" Hemingway looked embarrassed and said to send the coat to him at the Sherry-Netherland,

and then said he'd like to look at a belt.

"What kind of belt, Mr. Hemingway?" the clerk asked.

"Guess a brown one," Hemingway said.

We moved over to the belt counter, and another clerk appeared.

"Will you show Mr. Hemingway a belt?" the first clerk said, and stepped back and thoughtfully watched Hemingway.

The second clerk took a tape measure from his pocket, saying he thought Hemingway was a size 44 or 46.

"Wanta bet?" Hemingway asked. He took the clerk's hand and punched himself in the stomach with it.

"Gee, he's got a hard tummy," the belt clerk said. He measured Hemingway's waistline. "Thirty-eight!" he reported. "Small waist for your size. What do you do—a lot of exercise?"

Hemingway hunched his shoulders, fainted, laughed, and looked happy for the first time since we'd left the hotel. He punched himself in the stomach with his own fist.

"Where you going—to Spain again?" the belt clerk asked.

"To Italy," Hemingway said, and punched himself in the stomach again. After Hemingway had decided on a brown calf belt, the clerk asked him whether he wanted a money belt. He said no—he kept his money in a checkbook.

Our next stop was the shoe department, and there Hemingway asked a clerk for some folding bedroom slippers.

"Pullman slippers," the clerk said. "What size?"

"Levens," Hemingway said bashfully. The slippers were produced, and he told the clerk he would take them. "I'll put them in my pocket," he said. "Just mark them, so they won't think I'm a shoplifter."

"You'd be surprised what's taken from the store," said the clerk, who was very small and very old. "Why, the other morning, someone on the first floor went off with a big roulette wheel. Just picked it up and—"

Hemingway was not listening. "Wolfie!" he shouted at a man who seemed almost seven feet tall and whose back was to us.

The man turned around. He had a big, square red face, and at the sight of Hemingway it registered extreme joy. "Papa!" he shouted.

The big man and Hemingway embraced and pounded each other on the back for quite some time. It was Winston Guest. Mr. Guest told us he was

going upstairs to pick up a gun and proposed that we come along. Hemingway asked what kind of gun, and Guest said a ten-gauge magnum.

"Beautiful gun," Hemingway said, taking his bedroom slippers from the clerk and stuffing them into his pocket.

In the elevator, Hemingway and Guest checked with each other on how much weight they had lost. Guest said he was now down to two hundred and thirty-five, after a good deal of galloping around on polo ponies. Hemingway said he was down to two hundred and eight, after shooting ducks in Cuba and working on his book.

"How's the book now, Papa?" Guest asked, as we got out of the elevator.

Hemingway gave his fist-to-the-face laugh and said he was going to defend his title once more. "Wolfie, all of a sudden I found I could write wonderful again, instead of just biting on the nail," he said slowly. "I think it took a while for my head to get rebuilt inside. You should not, ideally, break a writer's head open or give him seven concussions in two years or break six ribs on him when he is forty-seven or push a rear-view-mirror support through the front of his skull opposite the pituitary gland or, really, shoot at him too much. On the other hand, Wolfie, leave the sons of bitches alone and they are liable to start crawling back into the womb or somewhere if you drop a porkpie hat." He exploded into laughter.

Guest's huge frame shook with almost uncontrollable laughter. "God, Papa!" he said. "I still have your shooting clothes out at the island. When are you coming out to shoot, Papa?"

Hemingway laughed again and pounded him on the back. "Wolfie, you're so damn big!" he said.

Guest arranged to have his gun delivered, and then we all got into the elevator, the two of them talking about a man who caught a black marlin last year that weighed a thousand and six pounds.

"How do you like it now, gentlemen?" Hemingway asked.

"God, Papa!" said Guest.

On the ground floor, Guest pointed to a mounted elephant head on the wall. "Pygmy elephant, Papa," he said.

"Miserable elephant," said Hemingway.

Their arms around each other, they went out to the street. I said that I had to leave, and Hemingway told me to be sure to come over to the hotel early the next morning so that I could go with him and Patrick to the Metropolitan Museum. As I walked off, I

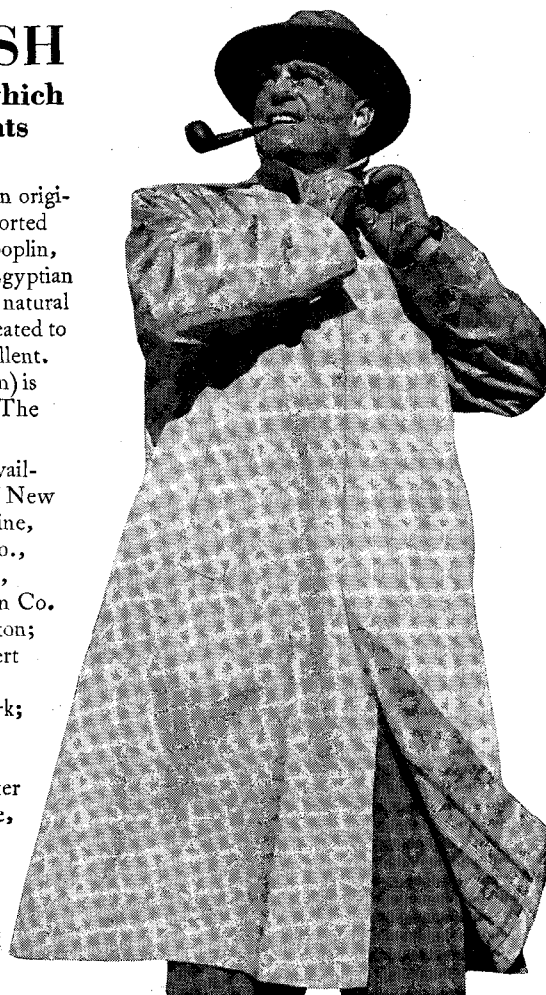
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heard Guest say, "God, Papa, I'm not ashamed of anything I've ever done."

"Nor, oddly enough, am I," said Hemingway.

I looked around. They were punching each other in the stomach and laughing raucously.

THE following morning, the door of the Hemingway suite was opened for me by Patrick, a shy young man of medium height, with large eyes and a sensitive face. He was wearing gray flannel slacks, a white shirt open at the collar, Argyle socks, and loafers. Mrs. Hemingway was writing a letter at the desk. As I came in, she looked up and said, "As soon as Papa has finished dressing, we're going to look at pictures." She went back to her letter.

Patrick told me that he'd just as soon spend the whole day looking at pictures, and that he had done a bit of painting himself. "Papa has to be back here for lunch with Mr. Scribner," he said, and added that he himself was going to stay in town until the next morning, when the Hemingways sailed. The telephone rang and he answered it. "Papa, I think it's Gigi calling you!" he shouted to the bedroom.

Hemingway emerged, in shirtsleeves, and went to the phone. "How are you, kid?" he said into it, then asked Gigi to come down to the Finca for his next vacation. "You're welcome down there, Gigi," he said. "You know that cat you liked? The one you named Smelly? We re-named him Ecstasy. Every one of our cats knows his own name." After hanging up, he told me that Gigi was a wonderful shot—that when he was eleven he had won second place in the shoot championship of Cuba. "Isn't that the true gen, Mouse?" he asked.

"That's right, Papa," said Patrick.

I wanted to know what "true gen" means, and Hemingway explained that it is British slang for "information," from "intelligence." "It's divided into three classes—gen; the true gen, which is as true as you can state it; and the really true gen, which you can operate on," he said. He looked at the green orchids and asked whether anybody had found out who Adeline was.

"I forgot to tell you, Papa," said Mrs. Hemingway. "It's Mother. Adeline is *Mother*." She turned to me and

said that her mother and father are in their late seventies, that they live in Chicago, and that they always remember to do exactly the right thing at the right time.

"My mother never sent me any flowers," Hemingway said. His mother is now about eighty, he said, and lives in River Forest, Illinois. His father, who was a physician, has been dead for many years; he shot himself when Ernest was a boy. "Let's get going if we're going to see the pictures," he said. "I told Charlie Scribner to meet me here at one. Excuse me while I wash. In big city, I guess you wash your neck." He went back into the bedroom. While he was gone, Mrs. Hemingway told me that Ernest was the second of six children—Marcelline, then Ernest, Ursula, Madeline, Carol, and the youngest, his only brother, Leicester. All the sisters were named after saints. Every one of the children is married now; Leicester is living in Bogotá, Colombia, where he is attached to the U. S. Embassy.

Hemingway came out in a little while, wearing his new coat. Mrs. Hemingway and Patrick put on their coats, and we went downstairs. It was raining, and we hurried into a taxi. On the way to the Metropolitan, Hemingway said very little; he just hummed to himself and watched the street. Mrs. Hemingway told me that he was usually unhappy in taxis, because he could not sit in the front seat to watch the road ahead.

He looked out the window and pointed to a flock of birds flying across the sky. "In this town, birds fly, but they're not serious about it," he said. "New York birds don't climb."

When we drew up at the Museum entrance, a line of school children was moving in slowly. Hemingway impatiently led us past them. In the lobby, he paused, pulled a silver flask from one of his coat pockets, unscrewed its top, and took a long drink. Putting the flask back in his pocket, he asked Mrs. Hem-

ingway whether she wanted to see the Goyas first or the Breughels. She said the Breughels.

"I learned to write by looking at paintings in the Luxembourg Museum in Paris," he said. "I never went past high school. When you've got a hungry gut and the museum is free, you go to the museum. Look," he said, stopping before "Portrait of a Man," which has been attributed to both Titian and



Giorgione. "They were old Venice boys, too."

"Here's what I like, Papa," Patrick said, and Hemingway joined his son in front of "Portrait of Federigo Gonzaga (1500-1540)," by Francesco Francia. It shows, against a landscape, a small boy with long hair and a cloak.

"This is what we try to do when we write, Mousie," Hemingway said, pointing to the trees in the background. "We always have this in when we write."

Mrs. Hemingway called to us. She was looking at "Portrait of the Artist," by Van Dyck. Hemingway looked at it, nodded approval, and said, "In Spain, we had a fighter pilot named Whitey Dahl, so Whitey came to me one time and said, 'Mr. Hemingway, is Van Dyck a good painter?' I said, 'Yes, he is.' He said, 'Well, I'm glad, because I have one in my room and I like it very much, and I'm glad he's a good painter because I like him.' The next day, Whitey was shot down."

We all walked over to Rubens' "The Triumph of Christ Over Sin and Death." Christ is shown surrounded by snakes and angels and is being watched by a figure in a cloud. Mrs. Hemingway and Patrick said they thought it didn't look like the usual Rubens.

"Yeah, he did that all right," Hemingway said authoritatively. "You can tell the real just as a bird dog can tell. Smell them. Or from having lived with very poor but very good painters."

That settled that, and we went on to the Breughel room. It was closed, we discovered. The door bore a sign that read, "NOW UNDERTAKING REPAIRS."

"They have our indulgence," Hemingway said, and took another drink from his flask. "I sure miss the good Breughel," he said as we moved along. "It's the great one, of the harvesters. It is a lot of people cutting grain, but he uses the grain geometrically, to make an emotion that is so strong for me that I can hardly take it." We came to El Greco's green "View of Toledo" and stood looking at it a long time. "This is the best picture in the Museum for me, and Christ knows there are some lovely ones," Hemingway said.

Patrick admired several paintings Hemingway didn't approve of. Every time this happened, Hemingway got into an involved, technical discussion with his son about it. Patrick would shake his head and laugh and say he respected Hemingway's opinions. He didn't argue much. "What the hell!"

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Hemingway said suddenly. "I don't want to be an art critic. I just want to look at pictures and be happy with them and learn from them. Now, this for me is a damn good picture." He stood back and peered at a Reynolds entitled "Colonel George Coussmaker," which shows the Colonel leaning against a tree and holding his horse's bridle. "Now, this Colonel is a son of a bitch who was willing to pay money to the best portrait painter of his day just to have himself painted," Hemingway said, and gave a short laugh. "Look at the man's arrogance and the strength in the neck of the horse and the way the man's legs hang. He's so arrogant he can afford to lean against a tree."

We separated for a while and looked at paintings individually, and then Hemingway called us over and pointed to a picture labelled, in large letters, "Catharine Lorillard Wolfe" and, in small ones, "By Cabanel." "This is where I got confused as a kid, in Chicago," he said. "My favorite painters for a long time were Bunte and Ryerson, two of the biggest and wealthiest families in Chicago. I always thought the names in big letters were the painters."

After we reached the Cézannes and Degases and the other Impressionists, Hemingway became more and more excited, and discoursed on what each artist could do and how and what he had learned from each. Patrick listened respectfully and didn't seem to want to talk about painting techniques any more. Hemingway spent several minutes looking at Cézanne's "Rocks—Forest of Fontainebleau." "This is what we try to do in writing, this and this, and the woods, and the rocks we have to climb over," he said. "Cézanne is my painter; after the early painters. Wonder, wonder painter. Degas was another wonder painter. I've never seen a bad Degas. You know what he did with the bad Degases? He burned them."

Hemingway took another long drink from his flask. We came to Manet's pastel portrait of Mlle. Valtresse de la Bigne, a young woman with blond hair coiled on the top of her head. Hemingway was silent for a while, looking at it; finally he turned away. "Manet could show the bloom people have when they're still innocent and before they've been disillusioned," he said.

As we walked along, Hemingway said to me, "I can make a landscape like Mr. Paul Cézanne. I learned how to make a landscape from Mr. Paul Cézanne by walking through the Luxembourg Museum a thousand times with

an empty gut, and I am pretty sure that if Mr. Paul was around, he would like the way I make them and be happy that I learned it from him." He had learned a lot from Mr. Johann Sebastian Bach, too. "In the first paragraphs of 'Farewell,' I used the word 'and' consciously over and over the way Mr. Johann Sebastian Bach used a note in music when he was emitting counterpoint. I can almost write like Mr. Johann sometimes—or, anyway, so he would like it. All such people are easy to deal with, because we all know you have to learn."

"Papa, look at this," Patrick said. He was looking at "Meditation on the Passion," by Carpaccio. Patrick said it had a lot of strange animals in it for a religious painting.

"Huh!" Hemingway said. "Those painters always put the sacred scenes in the part of Italy they liked the best or where they came from or where their girls came from. They made their girls the Madonnas. This is supposed to be Palestine, and Palestine is a long way off, he figures. So he puts in a red parrot, and he puts in deer and a leopard. And then he thinks, 'This is the Far East and it's far away. So he puts in the Moors, the traditional enemy of the Venetians.'" He paused and looked to see what else the painter had put in his picture. "Then he gets hungry, so he puts in rabbits," he said. "Goddam, Mouse, we saw a lot of good pictures. Mouse, don't you think two hours is a long time looking at pictures?"

Everybody agreed that two hours was a long time looking at pictures, so Hemingway said that we would skip the Goyas, and that we would all go to the Museum again when they returned from Europe.

It was still raining when we came out of the Museum. "Goddam, I hate to go out in the rain," Hemingway said. "Goddam, I hate to get wet."

CHARLES SCRIBNER was waiting in the lobby of the hotel. "Ernest," he said, shaking Hemingway's hand. He is a dignified, solemn, slow-speaking gentleman with silvery hair.

"We've been looking at pictures, Charlie," Hemingway said as we went up in the elevator. "They have some pretty good pictures now, Charlie."

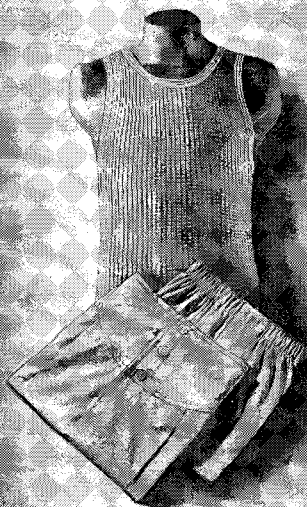
Scribner nodded and said, "Yuh, yuh."

"Was fun for country boy like me," Hemingway said.

"Yuh, yuh," said Scribner.

We went into the suite and took off our coats, and Hemingway said we

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would have lunch right there. He called room service and Mrs. Hemingway sat down at the desk to finish her letter. Hemingway sat down on the couch with Mr. Scribner and began telling him that he had been jamming, like a rider in a six-day bike race, and Patrick sat quietly in a corner and watched his father. The waiter came in and passed out menus. Scribner said he was going to order the most expensive item on the menu, because Hemingway was paying for it. He laughed tentatively, and Patrick laughed to keep him company. The waiter retired with our orders, and Scribner and Hemingway talked business for a while. Scribner wanted to know whether Hemingway had the letters he had written to him.

Hemingway said, "I carry them every place I go, Charlie, together with a copy of the poems of Robert Browning."

Scribner nodded, and from the inner pocket of his jacket took some papers—copies of the contract for the new book, he said. The contract provided for an advance of twenty-five thousand dollars against royalties, beginning at fifteen per cent.

Hemingway signed the contract, and got up from the couch. Then he said, "Never ran as no genius, but I'll defend the title again against all the good young new ones." He lowered his head, put his left foot forward, and jabbed at the air with a left and a right. "Never let them hit you solid," he said.

Scribner wanted to know where Hemingway could be reached in Europe. Care of the Guaranty Trust Company in Paris, Hemingway told him. "When we took Paris, I tried to take that bank and got smacked back," he said, and laughed a shy laugh. "I thought it would be awfully nice if I could take my own bank."

"Yuh, yuh," Scribner said. "What are you planning to do in Italy, Ernest?"

Hemingway said he would work in the mornings and see his Italian friends and go duck-hunting in the afternoons. "We shot three hundred and thirty-one ducks to six guns there one afternoon," he said. "Mary shot good, too."

Mrs. Hemingway looked up. "Any girl who marries Papa has to learn how to carry a gun," she said, and returned to her letter-writing.

"I went hunting once in Suffolk, England," Scribner said. Everyone waited politely for him to continue. "I remember they gave me goose eggs to eat for breakfast in Suffolk. Then we

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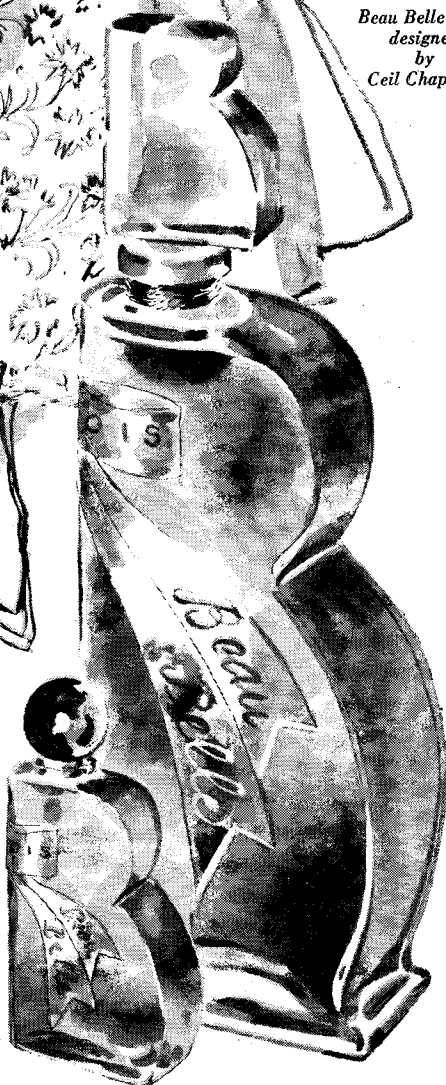
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went out to shoot. I didn't know how to get my gun off safety."

"Hunting is sort of a good life," Hemingway said. "Better than Westport or Bronxville, I think."

"After I learned how to get my gun off safety, I couldn't hit anything," Scribner said.

"I'd like to make the big Monte Carlo shoot and the Championship of the World at San Remo," Hemingway said. "I'm in pretty good shape to shoot either one. It's not a spectator sport at all. But exciting to do and wonderful to manage. I used to handle Wolfie in big shoots. He is a great shot. It was like handling a great horse."

"I finally got one," Scribner said timidly.

"Got what?" asked Hemingway.

"A rabbit," Scribner said. "I shot this rabbit."

"They haven't held the big Monte Carlo shoot since 1939," Hemingway said. "Only two Americans ever won it in seventy-four years. Shooting gives me a good feeling. A lot of it is being together and friendly instead of feeling you are in some place where everybody hates you and wishes you ill. It is faster than baseball, and you are out on one strike."

The telephone rang, and Hemingway picked it up, listened, said a few words, and then turned to us and said that an outfit called Endorsements, Inc., had offered him four thousand dollars to pose as a Man of Distinction. "I told them I wouldn't drink the stuff for four thousand dollars," he said. "I told them I was a champagne man. Am trying to be a good guy, but it's a difficult trade. What you win in Boston, you lose in Chicago."

—LILLIAN ROSS

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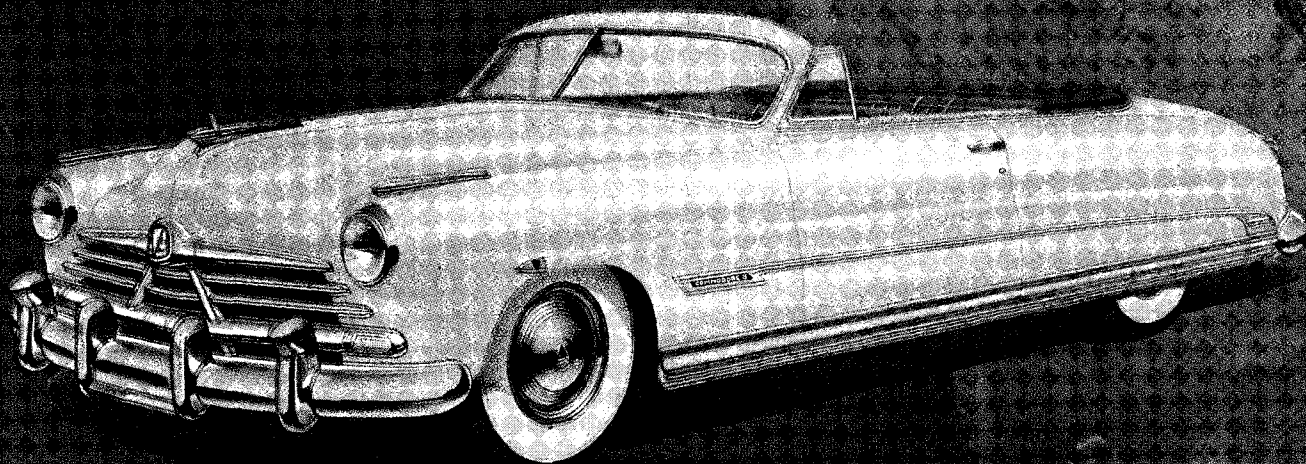
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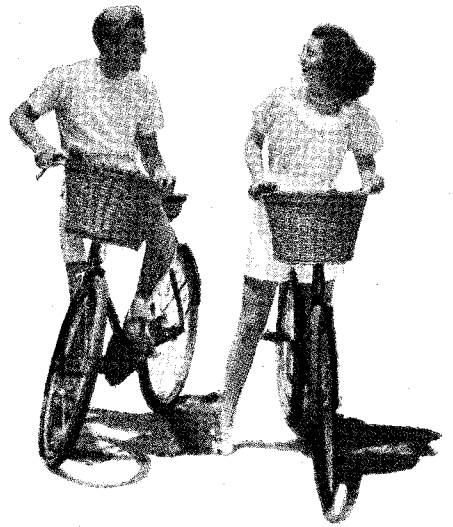
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Middleground, Li'l Darlin'



NOT in a long time has there been as good a race for the Kentucky Derby as there was for its seventy-sixth running, won by Middleground last weekend. And I never heard such cheering from a crowd that somehow didn't seem too cheerful. Almost everybody who put his trust in early speed believed that Your Host, California's wonder colt, would lead all the way, but when Black George, who had won the Derby Trial the week before, led Your Host past the grandstand the first time, nobody was especially worried. Black George was expected to give up quickly, and he did. When Mr. Trouble moved up in the run through the backstretch and took the lead at the far turn, however, much of the fire and dash seemed to go out of Your Host. (It was almost a repetition of the Derby last year, in which Capot cut Olympia down to size.) A moment later, Middleground, who had always been close to the front, took command of the situation. Scarcely anybody noticed Hill Prince, who had had rather a hard time of it working his way up to the leaders. Then, when the field was only a couple of furlongs from home, it looked for a moment as though Hill Prince would come through, but he was bumped by a tiring runner—Your Host, to be specific—and that was that. Middleground won by more than a length from Hill Prince, with Mr. Trouble third, a half length behind Hill Prince, and Your Host, if anyone cares, ninth.

Middleground, as you may have heard, was bred in Texas, on the prodigious King Ranch, and he's all gloss and a yard wide. He's a smallish but stoutly and perfectly made chestnut colt by Bold Venture, who won the Kentucky Derby fourteen years ago. Last season, Middleground was one of the top two-year-olds, but this spring, in his four starts prior to last Saturday's, he was second every time. How much hope his stable had for him in the Derby I wouldn't know. I can tell you, though, that On the Mark, his running mate, carried what are known as first colors, which invariably indicates the preference of the owner. Also, Max Hirsch, who trained the winner, remarked somewhat cryptically at saddling time, "If Middleground can go that far, he'll

run good." He did. I'll go a bit further and say that he was the best horse as the race was run.

I am still, however, an old Hill Prince man. In a way, I'm not alone. Before the Derby, Robert Kleberg, who owns Middleground, said, "Hill Prince is a good colt. If I can't win, I hope he does." Probably the least surprising thing about the Kentucky Derby was the way Hill Prince lost. A number of horsemen had pointed out recently that if Arcaro persisted in keeping him as near the rails as possible, he was liable to finish out of the money, as he did in the second Experimental Handicap. Well, Arcaro stuck to the rails with a determination that amounted to stubbornness, even after he was blocked half a mile from home. Besides, he seemed a mite too eager. Much later in the afternoon, he was quoted as saying, "Hill Prince and I just weren't good enough today." In my book, that doesn't go for the horse. Hill Prince's supporters may take comfort from the fact that Arcaro didn't feel so good about the race himself. He came back to the judges' stand in a pet and, after saluting for permission to dismount and unsaddle, flung his whip on the track, instead of tossing it to an attendant, as is customary. This wasn't the first Derby he lost through poor judgment. Lots of us remember his handling of Phalanx. Perhaps he, too, was remembering that when he threw down his whip, or maybe he was recalling that months ago he was offered the mount on Middleground; he didn't decide whether he'd ride him or Hill Prince till after Hill Prince won the Wood Stakes. And, come to think of it, Arcaro was asked to ride Ari's Mona in the Kentucky Oaks last Friday but replied that he was too busy at Jamaica, so young Boland got the mount, and won. (Incidentally, Boland's ride on Middleground couldn't have been smoother.) Also, Arcaro declined to ride Juliet Nurse, quite the best two-year-old I've seen this spring, in the Debutante Stakes on Saturday, and—you've guessed it—she won, too. The winner's share of the Kentucky Derby was \$92,650, that of the Oaks was \$21,050, and that of the Debutante Stakes was \$10,500. The winning jockey gets ten per cent of the purse, so last weekend Arcaro turned down a lovely dollar.

The other important disappointments in the Derby were Mr. Trouble, who wasn't ridden as well as he might

Who

is he?

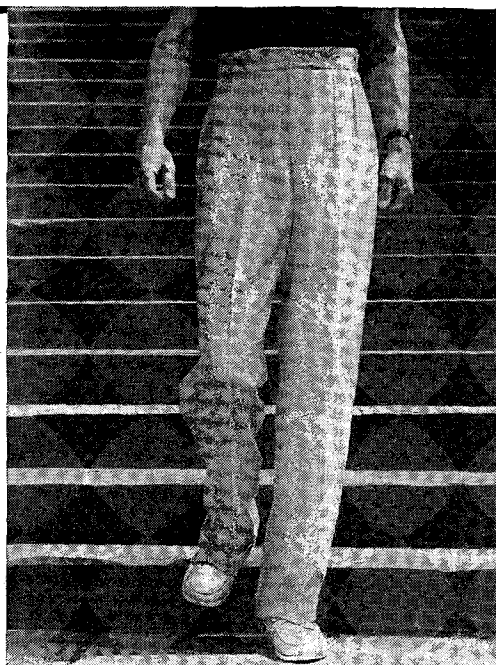


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have been (he's a very nice colt and should do all right in the Preakness a week from Saturday); Oil Capitol, who I'm sure has had too much racing; and Your Host, who must have convinced everyone that a mile and a quarter is quite beyond his powers. For the first time in several years, Calumet Farm didn't have a starter in the Derby. Theory had been the stable's hope, but as Ben Jones, his trainer, put it, "Theory and me got sort of disappointed with each other."

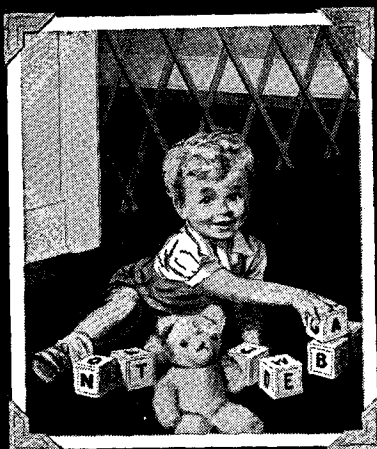
THERE were the usual noise and nonsense that attend every Kentucky Derby. The crowd at Churchill Downs was estimated at a hundred thousand, but then it always is—it's a tradition. I can report, however, that all the racing was lively and interesting, even if the animals in most of the races weren't the best you've ever seen. I venture to say, though, that you're going to hear a lot more of Ari's Mona, who led all the way in the Kentucky Oaks and set a track record of 1:43 $\frac{3}{5}$ for a mile and a sixteenth; she's going to Belmont Park. Old-time horsemen insist that she looks and runs like Black Maria, who will be remembered by the older generation of racegoers. Juliet's Nurse, who right now is a lovely filly, will most likely turn up at Saratoga, if she isn't tired out from campaigning in the Middle West.

FROM all accounts, the Belmont races started off well last weekend. To me, the big surprise was to hear that Piet had won the Toboggan Handicap. Guillotine apparently didn't like the straight course there any better than he liked the turns at Jamaica. It's too bad that Capot, his stablemate, had to be withdrawn; he has a mouth infection. If Capot's training has to be stopped for any length of time, it will keep him out of the Suburban, a race I'd like to see him win. Well, the Withers Mile will be run on Saturday, and Colonel Martingale, the old horse copier, says that if Your Host runs, you'll see some real speed. —AUDAX MINOR

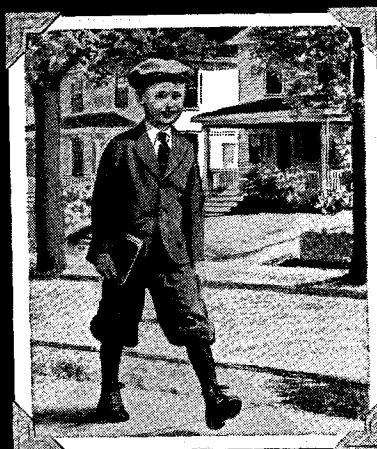
NON-SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[From the Times]

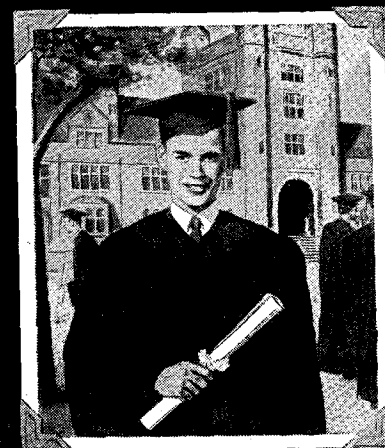
So far as colonial experts in London can recall, there has so far been only one Oxford graduate from all of East Africa while there have been hundreds from the other side of the Continent. In these circumstances, the white people in Kenya hold the candid opinion that it will be many generations before East Africans are capable of ruling themselves.



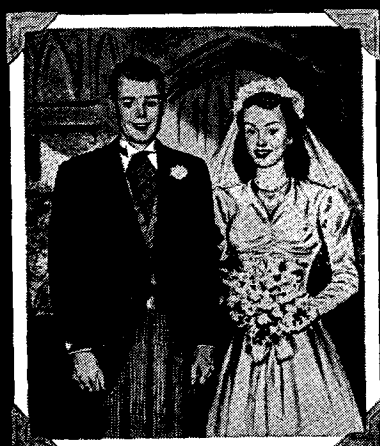
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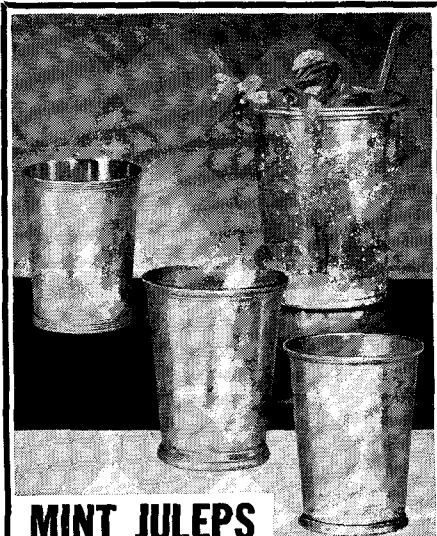
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LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 3



CONSIDERING how unpopular Kremlin Communism is with most Frenchmen, including some French Communists, it is extraordinary that the government's sacking of Party Member Professor Frédéric Joliot-Curie from his post as High Commissioner of Atomic Energy should have produced the effect it did in cafés and at dinner tables. To be sure, the newspaper editorialists were, in general, pleased by the government's firm, if weirdly belated, action. From *Paris-Presse*, one of whose publishers up to recently was Eve Curie, a non-Communizing sister-in-law of the scientist, came one of the clearest, bluntest statements, declaring that there seems to be no practical way for Communists to work with, rather than against, any government not their own, which is in Moscow. But, France being France and not the United States, the private arguments over the dismissal that are still heating Parisians are not about politics or even about neutrons but about old-style logic. Since the citizens of France were brought up on the Aristotelian principle of *la suite dans les idées* and the notion that culture means brains, some Parisians have been wondering whether their government acted logically in firing the most illustrious, most scientifically cultivated brain in the land. Joliot-Curie's last interrogation by Premier Bidault did have a comforting touch of ratiocination. To Bidault, the Professor boldly posited his major premise thus: "Because of my love of peace, I have chosen Stalin." "In order to serve him in complete independence," Bidault, who has also been a pedagogue in his time, instantly deduced, "you must consequently and necessarily renounce your present functions." Joliot-Curie's functions concerned what is known here by the female name of Zoé—the atomic pile he lately created, in which "z" stands for "zero," to indicate that the pile produces no external heat energy, "o" for "oxide of uranium," and "e" for "*eau lourde*," or heavy water. Zoé being too feeble to activate bombs (even if Joliot-Curie had wanted her to, which he said that, as a pacifist, he didn't), the primary questions as to the government's logic have been: Why fire Joliot-Curie for national-security reasons when he was work-

ing on atomic energy only for industrial use, an experimental effort that, with luck, might have made France the leader in a new kind of industrial paradise? And as for his pacifism and his haughty private statement last year that if France ordered him to direct research on atomic bombs he would refuse, plus his statement that it is the social duty of scientists to resist any attempt to exploit them for "selfish and injurious ends," aren't his sentiments just what the terrified globe wishes all scientists would let flower in their strange, cold hearts? Further questions have been: Who will succeed Joliot-Curie? (His distinguished colleagues on the Atomic Energy Commission and the six hundred technical workers employed by it in the Fort de Châtillon Laboratories all quit work at 4 P.M. on April 28th—an indignant protest made as soon as they saw the afternoon papers, which carried the news of his dismissal.) Will the next High Commissioner be, as rumored, the scientist Jean Thibaud, former Vichy Director of the Ecole de Physique? What new job can France give Joliot-Curie that will be worthy of his brain and of France herself? To earn his living, must he ask for a visa to go work in Moscow? Can he decently go back to merely teaching scientist students at the Collège de France, where, when he was only thirty-five, he and his wife were already distinguished as the joint winners of a Nobel Prize? And what about his wife? As her mother's daughter and a Communist to boot, isn't she smart and dangerous enough to be sacked, too, from her present membership on the Atomic Energy Commission? And in that case, what would the illustrious, unemployed Joliot-Curie couple live on? (The French still feel guilty about the poverty amidst which old Mme. Curie and the then assisting young couple worked in her Radium Institute, where the only warmth in winter came from Bunsen burners.) And could a French Communist scientist be as suavely treacherous toward democratic France as the German-born Fuchs was toward Socialist England? (Last year, Joliot-Curie told American and English journalists that a French Communist, like any other Frenchman, would not consider passing to a foreign power any information he gained that belonged to the group he worked in. Since Fuchs, of course, many Parisian café-terrace skeptics have wondered whether this wasn't merely a loyal Party-line lie.)

The real illogicality in the Joliot-Curie affair is that the government took no step against him at the time of the Paris World Partisans' Peace Congress last year, when he said just what he said at the Gennevilliers' Communist Congress last month, for which the government threw him out—that Communist scientists would never contribute even a little of their science toward making war on the Soviet Union. Oddly, the question least often heard here is the following: What would the Kremlin government do to its atomic commissar if he declared that no democratic scientist would give a jot of his science toward making war on the United States? In Russia, this question would probably be considered not logical but merely fatally fanatical.

REMEMBER those popular reproductions of Albrecht Dürer's drawing of praying hands, his precocious silverpoint portrait of himself as a long-haired, Gothic-faced boy of thirteen, and his enchanting small water colors of the squatting rabbit and the dandelion plant in bud? Well, the originals are all in Paris, along with other graphic treasures, in the Bibliothèque Nationale's Exposition called "One Hundred and Fifty Masterpieces from the Albertina Museum of Vienna." It is one of those cultural-relation gestures in art now being made in Western Europe to strengthen ties among former enemies. The Exposition lasts till June 25th, and one shouldn't miss it. The Albertina collection was made by Duke Albert of Sachsen-Teschen, after he came into a fortune for obligingly marrying the daughter of Empress Maria Theresa. With this money, he assembled what is still one of the world's greatest collections of drawings and engravings. Only a small fraction of them are being shown and they are small in size, many of them being the perfect little sketches—on worn fragments of precious, pasted-together pieces of paper—by Raphael, Michelangelo, Breughel, Tiepolo, Grien, Grünewald, Rembrandt, Fragonard, and so on for canvases that became famous. But the Dürers are the cream. Among them is his mystic etching of "The Knight, Death, and the Devil," all meeting by chance among beautiful, leafy bushes in a noble medieval landscape. There are also two early pulls from his celebrated etching of "Adam and Eve in Eden," in which parts of their bodies, un-inked, remain pure white, like clouds of creation left in an unfinished plan.

The etchings, like the sketches, all lit-

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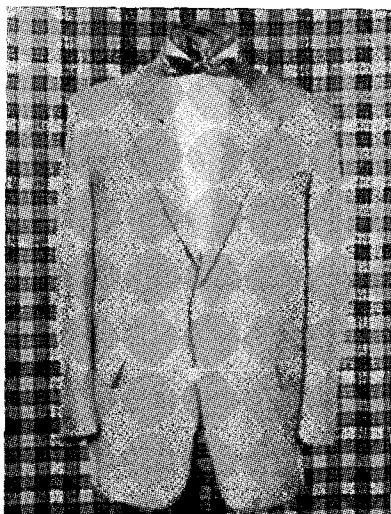
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erally illustrate how the great artists of the Renaissance worked when they were casting their eyes about their stimulating world and when their hands were putting down precisely what they saw, which still looks good and natural to us. Modernist artists in Paris, old and young, have been flocking to the exhibition and rapturously murmuring "Ah, que c'est beau!" Then, ten to one, they have gone home and painted a nude woman and you couldn't tell head from tail. Something deadening and repetitional has been happening to even the best modernist art in Paris. Compared to its own past, it is very minor indeed.

Because in many ways the late Christian Bérard was more an Impressionist than a modernist, more of the school of Manet than of the Ecole de Paris moderns, it is a pity that the retrospective show with which the National Museum of Modern Art recently honored him was so unrepresentative, or, perhaps, too representative. It showed not nearly enough of his best canvases, omitting important pictures belonging to Gabrielle Chanel, Virgil Thomson, and Horst P. Horst. On the other hand, it included scrapings such as every artist leaves behind—the untidy landscapes restlessly started on country weekends and never finished in town—and other unimportant items that could be ranked as memorabilia only by Bérard's friends. Ordinarily, the Tate Gallery of London automatically takes as visiting shows all the Modern Museum exhibitions, and is especially interested in those of French art. It is to be hoped that the report is not true that the Tate has refused the Bérard show, which, on second thought, curiously resembled the way he looked himself—untidy, smudged, ill-assorted in detail and presentation, but limned and lighted in a special chiaroscuro created by the gleam of his gifts and his brilliant imagination.

THERE has been considerable literary talk about, and certainly substantial spiritual refreshment in, the revival of Church faith and practices, which started during the sadness of the Occupation, as if postwar French life offered almost the same melancholy and material discouragement as the war years. Among the major contributors to the reanimated Catholic faith are the posthumous books of a Parisian Jewess, Mlle. Simone Weil, who was converted to a personal, perhaps unorthodox Catholicism. Her first book, which was printed two years back and has since gone through several editions, was called "La Pesanteur et la Grâce"

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("Weight and Grace"), a title that expresses what was her belief—that the weight of original sin is the law of creation and divine grace consists of man's de-creating himself and losing his ego. Her second book, "L'Enracinement" ("The Roots of the Matter"), was published last year, and the third, "L'Attente de Dieu" ("Waiting for God"), is now on the press. The Weil books have touched the lay-religious soul more than any other personal confessional has since Amiel's "Journal," that celibate revelation of Swiss ethics that came out of the last century. The Weil offerings are more apostolic and Pentecostal, though Mlle. Weil's gift of tongues, if fiery, was hasty and not literary. Sure of an early death from semi-starvation and tuberculosis, she didn't bother to leave her report of her "inner purification" in any more polished form than a series of notebooks. She was a Parisian, a pupil of Alain, a University of Paris graduate in philosophy, fantastically erudite in classical languages, and a schoolteacher outside Paris until the Occupation race laws drove her to the Unoccupied Zone; was non-Communist but militant Left; had worked in the Renault factory to detach herself from her intellectualities; and had labored in the fields, where she insisted on living solely on wild blackberries. She followed her parents to New York, then soon afterward went to London to broadcast for the French Resistance, there refused to eat more than her French friends in France got on their meagre ration cards, and there dwindled away, aged thirty-four, in 1943.

Mlle. Weil endlessly talked mysticism in a monotonous voice, and suffered almost uninterruptedly from headaches. She became so Christian that she was once in trouble with the Church for resenting the inclusion of the Jewish Old Testament in the Bible. To the general reader, her first book seems to be her best, and its oddest, most affecting chapter is the one called "Le Moi" ("The Ego"). Her illuminated idea was that the "I," the personality, the ego, must be shed and effaced. (There is also a thought-provoking chapter entitled "Effacement.") She says many strange things that the psychoanalysts, whom she scorned, have rarely said so well, such as: "We really possess nothing on this earth except the power to say 'I.' This is what we must give over to God—that is to say, destroy. Absolutely no other free act is permitted us. Though nothing should be gained from victory, one supports death for a vic-

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torious, not for a defeated, cause. . . . If you help unhappy people and are ill-treated afterward, you are merely carrying a frail part of their unhappiness. . . . Pharisees were people who relied on their own force to be virtuous."

BUSINESS is bad in Paris. Owners make profits, all right, but unexpected new jumps in the prices of materials whittle their profits down. When workmen win their strikes for higher wages, the increase goes into the next new price, and in the end everybody is a consumer, carrying an increasing burden. It will be an aesthetic blow for Paris itself and a tragedy for the myriad workers involved with the *haute couture* if the big dressmakers don't pull out of their current financial doldrums. Skirts are short again, but dressmakers' faces are as long as trains.

Spring has been like leftover winter here, with rain, sleet, and winds until May Day, when the traditional wild lilies of the valley, gathered from neighboring woods, were green, scentless, and very expensive on their stems. But in the forests the chill rain and clouds finally produced some compensating joys. For those willing to trudge among the trees to find them, there has been a wondrous mannalike crop of morel mushrooms, which look like flaccid sponges, are the gourmet's delight, and are considered the finest table gift hereabouts. And the neighborhood nightingales, which had been mute under April tempests, burst, in relief, into great choruses of churring, trilling, and musical pining under the welcome full moon, white and virile, with its man's face showing extra plainly, that brought in the first nights of May. —GENÈT

What was thought quite dreadful thirty years ago is now talked about openly and complacently in the very best drawing-rooms and all those epithets that made Broadway audiences blink in performances of *Tobacco Road* a few years ago now re-appear so frequently in the *New Yorker* editorials that they have become quite matter-of-fact. Even our President uses them occasionally.—*Art News*.

Maybe he's a reader.

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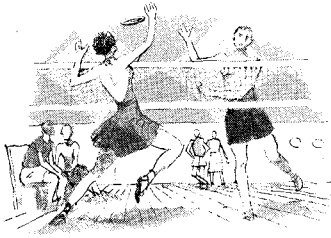
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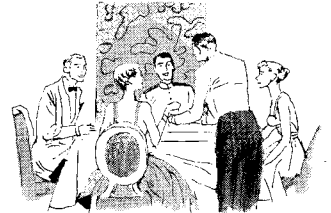
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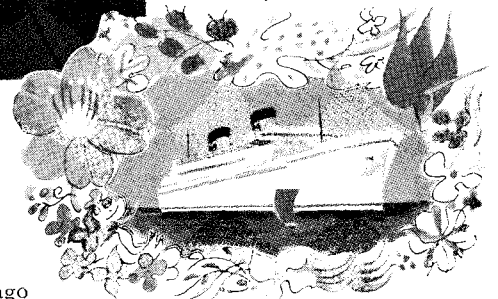


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SUBVERSION IN COLUMBUS CIRCLE

IT occurred to me recently while reading a newspaper account of some luckless person's being denounced in Washington for suspicion of subversive political activity—one of those guilt-by-association indictments—that I would do well to watch my own step. Although I had practically forgotten the incident, I was once photographed in Columbus Circle in the forefront of a band of Italian anarchists. That happened more than a dozen years ago, but now that I know about the zealous methods of our security agents and their informers, who for a couple of decades, apparently, have been quietly digging up and classifying documents, petitions, photographs, and other data against the day when they might come in handy, I can't see how those incendiary pictures of me can have failed to be uncovered. Therefore, I hasten to state my defense, lest, at some future assembly in a Senate investigation chamber, a soft-voiced inquisitor should hand me a photograph and purr disarmingly, "Now, Mr. Hubbell, would you just look over this picture and tell the committee whether or not you recognize anyone in it?" What I would be doing in the witness chair, I am not clear about, but some odd and obscure fish have been caught in the Senatorial nets on occasion, and I am not taking any chances.

I believe the year was 1937; it may have been 1936. I know the day was Columbus Day, because, as I found out, two separate, and hostile, groups of Italians and Italian-Americans had elected to gather in the Circle presumably to honor the discoverer of our country. The larger, better-dressed, and apparently more influential group was composed of admirers of Mussolini's Fascist Italy and, for some reason best known to the Police Department, had been allotted the choice location around a temporary speaker's platform and in front of the column on which the statue of Christopher Columbus stands. The other group, smaller, much older in average age, and very down-at-the-heel in appearance, was made up of anarchists, whose enemies, of course, included the Fascisti. They had been given, for their meeting, a miserable little concrete traffic island

at the edge of the Circle, near the Maine Memorial and the entrance to Central Park. The police had turned out in force—there were cavalry, cycle units, squad cars, and a great deal of motorized high brass—and they were all bent on keeping order because Governor Lehman was scheduled to address the main meeting in the center of the Circle.

THAT morning, I had been up at the Museum of Natural History, at Seventy-ninth Street, on an errand of research for the man I was then employed by—a mural painter who lived and had a studio on Fifty-seventh Street between Fifth and Sixth. Since it was a fine fall day, although quite blowy, I had decided to walk back to the studio, and there report to him before meeting a girl for lunch. As I approached Columbus Circle, walking down the west side of Central Park West, I noticed innocently that large crowds had gathered ahead of me, and I heard band music. I was interested, in a detached way, to see what was up and I was also anxious to take a short cut across the Circle, as it was getting on toward noon. Managing to worm through the crowd at the south end of Central Park West, I came face to face with a solid line of police standing shoulder to shoulder. It looked hopeless, but when a cop turned to chivy somebody about, I stepped quickly off

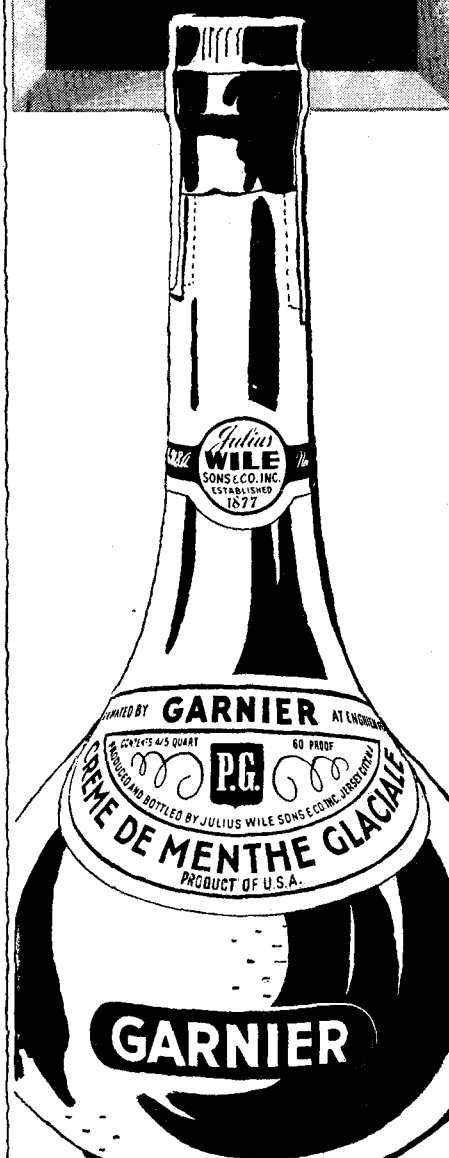
the curb and started toward the middle of the Circle. The police, at least those on foot, now had their backs to me, which explains, I guess, why I was not told to stop. Anyway, I must have been the last unauthorized person to get past their line. Except for the two groups of celebrants congregated in their official places with mounted cops loosely surrounding them, Colum-

bus Circle was deserted, all motor traffic having been routed elsewhere. Feeling uncomfortably conspicuous, I made for the crowded little island near the Maine Memorial, thinking I'd use it as a way station. I reached it and joined the knot of men on it just as a brass band in the middle of the Circle let out a loud blare. The crowd hushed, and the line of mounted police around the island I was on suddenly



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closed in. I tried to leave, but a cop leaned over in his saddle and grabbed me by the shoulder. "Get back up on the curb, you!" he said. "And stay there." I was trapped.

All this tension, it turned out, was engendered by the belief that the Governor was arriving. The alarm, however, proved false. A long black limousine with two motorcycle outriders had, indeed, entered the Circle, but its occupant was Police Commissioner Valentine, not His Excellency the Governor. The Commissioner slowly toured the Circle, and when he got close to my tight little island, he ordered his uniformed driver to stop. For perhaps a minute, he leaned forward in the back seat of the car and coldly looked past the line of cops at the faces of my companions and me, as though committing them to memory. I did not care at all for the ice-blue stare that, for a moment, rested on my pale features.

When he drove on, I felt less uneasy and began to look about me at my associates. Except for a man in the middle of the group who was speaking to them, they were all short, squat, powerfully built fellows in their late fifties and early sixties, poorly dressed, fierce-eyed, raucous-voiced, and packed together on that island like infantry in a truck. The speaker was a large, stout, expensively dressed man with a black Vandyke and a big, floppy black hat. As misfortune would have it, I was also wearing a black hat, my old evening Homburg, because my dog had chewed the band off my everyday brown felt. Although I had never seen the speaker before in the flesh, I recognized him easily from newspaper pictures as Carlo Tresca, the Italian anarchist and publisher, and *bête noire* of the Bomb Squad, who was later killed in New York under still-to-be-explained circumstances.

Signor Tresca was not so much speaking as running a jeering section. "Abbasso Mussolini!" he would cry and his men would enthusiastically respond in unison, "Abbasso Mussolini! Ladrone!" Then there would be an outbreak of fist-shaking at the crowd around the statue of Columbus and shouts of imprecation (my Italian is quite sketchy, but at least they sounded like shouts of imprecation). Again, Tresca would point over the rump of a police horse at the opposition and begin to chant, "Abbasso il prostituto di Roma!" (I knew what that meant), and the old men would vigorously take up the cry. Everybody in my outfit seemed to know everybody else, but

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THE GATEWAY TO STEAK ROW

Editorial

RESTAURANT OPEN SUNDAYS

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they didn't appear to be curious about me, although I was patently not one of them, or so I imagined. The chap on my left, who was practically under my armpit, always managed to knock my hat askew when he flailed his fist about, but I'm sure that was just an excess of political fervor. From around the statue of Columbus there soon came the sound of many voices singing raggedly. The men about me muttered "Giovanezza" and spat, not too carefully, when they said it. I dimly recognized the tune of the Fascist anthem from having heard it in the newsreels. At the song's end, the Fascisti set up a chant of "Evviva il Duce! Duce! Duce! Duce!" which brought forth screams of "Assassini!" from my earnest little band.

AT last, the Governor arrived. As he mounted the stand, and at intervals after he began speaking, my teammates obliged with a regular barnyard chorus of shrieks, groans, curses, and cries of "Assassini! Capitalisti! Ladroni!" They also did a lot of milling about, though why they didn't stand still and yell I couldn't understand. They weren't going anywhere. The affair in the Circle was doubtless most unfortunate from the Governor's point of view. He certainly could not have known when he accepted what must have been an innocent-sounding invitation to speak before some patriotically named society or other—and in front of the statue of Christopher Columbus, at that—that the opportunistic local Fascisti would use the occasion to make political hay. My companions, however, had evidently suspected just this, as had the police.

Around the edges of the other crowd, behind its line of police, were a number of young men in black shirts, tasselled caps, and assorted kinds of knickers (among which were some that looked suspiciously like Boy Scout pants)—obviously improvised Fascist uniforms. These individuals—the hatchet men of their group, apparently—would, at each new insult offered by our faction, yell threateningly and make as though to break through the police cordon and have at the villains around me. Once, they actually did make a feeble rush to get at us, at the same time that three or four of our elderly fellows struggled briefly to get off the island and do battle, but both sides were easily dissuaded by their respective police guardians. Just after Governor Lehman left there was a hiatus in the police lines, and adven-



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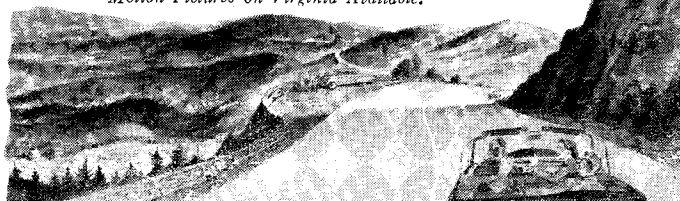
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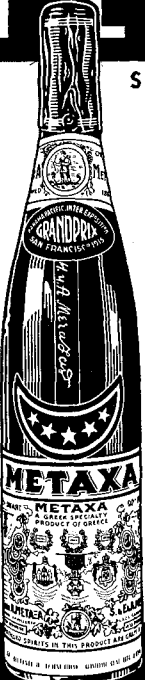


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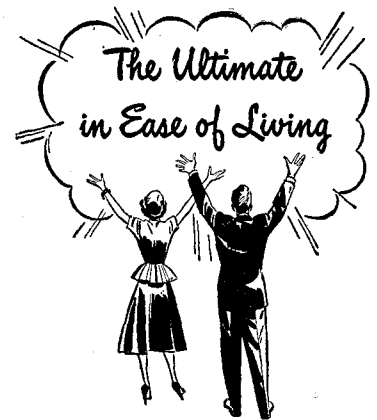
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turers from either side might well have made good a rush for the other. None did, though; they contented themselves with showing their teeth, shaking their fists, and drawing the side of the hand across the throat in the immemorial gesture. After this bit of theatrical temporizing, a red-headed cop, whose horse's rump had been nudging me from time to time throughout the proceedings, said in a disgusted tone to the cop next to him, "Ah, for Christ's sake. One bunch of 'em is scared and the other's glad of it."

Before Governor Lehman had finished speaking, however—from my island I could not make out any of the words because of an imperfect public-address system and the maniacal howls of those around me—photographers with flash bulbs danced in and out of the Circle, snapping everything in sight from every ungainly angle. One of them popped up from between the two police horses nearest me, raised his camera over his head, and took a face-on picture of me and my friends. As I was a head taller than any of them, except for Signor Tresca in the background, I suspect I am the dominant figure in that group shot. I may even appear to be the leader's lieutenant. I never saw the photograph (the newspapers printed only pictures of the other, and perhaps more newsworthy, group, along with one of the Governor reading his speech), nor did I ever see the one taken at the instant I was retrieving my airborne hat on one of the numerous occasions it was knocked off my head—a picture in which, with my hair blowing and my arm outstretched over the heads of my companions, I must undoubtedly seem to be the leading agitator of the group.

AFTER the speech was over and the Governor had departed, the cops herded Mussolini's disciples off in the direction of Eighth Avenue. For my group, they had another, and opposite, plan. We were marched in a tight body, under heavy and vigilant escort, into the Park and along a walk that roughly parallels Fifty-ninth Street, toward Fifth Avenue. I lagged behind the rest when we started off and made two attempts to duck away; both failed. The second one ended when a cop bringing up the rear lowered his head at me in such a formidable way that I hastily got into the middle of the band, resigning myself to being an anarchist indefinitely. At last, the police apparently decided we were far enough away from the Mussolini crowd



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to be no longer a menace, and debouched us, still in a body, at the East Side entrance to the Park, near the General Sherman monument. There the gang broke up in fine spirits, the old men lighting little twisted cigars, grinning at each other, and shouting a farewell "*Abbasso Mussolini!*" I returned, an hour and a half behind schedule, to a rather annoyed employer, and then showed up for my lunch date with the young lady, who seemed to regard my excuse for being late as one of the poorest she had ever heard.

That was the end of the incident, and, as I remarked, it had about passed from my mind until recently. But the more I think about it and all those cameramen, the more I'm afraid those pictures are in some security agent's file. And I just want to say that if anyone is curious about the pale, harassed-looking agitator in the black Homburg—why, it's just like I told you, Mr. Senator.

—ALBERT HUBBELL

TO MY MOTHER

Hooray for Whitman's Sampler box,
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And cards with pink-and-silver doves!
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For Warner's satin uplift bra,
And for Al Jolson and his Mammy,
All ballad singers, good or hammy!
Three cheers for Mr. Eddie Guest,
For Willie Hearst and all the rest
Who during May our ears assail
With platitudes on Mother! Hail
To thee, blithe spirit. Even though
The din of press and radio
May maunder on with shrill insistence,
It cannot break down my resistance.
In spite of everything they say,
I love you, even on Mother's Day.

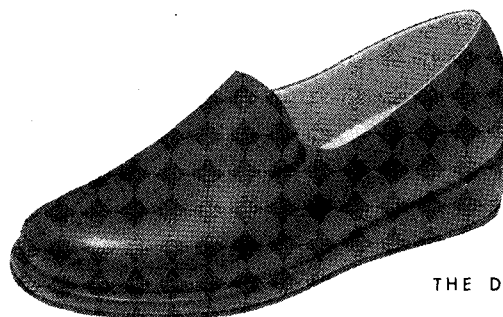
—LOUISE STOLL

The statutes setting up the national corporation pay due regard to the necessity of the need for flexibility of commercial operation. These are not state concerns of the old type, but a new type of enterprise resembling a joint-stock company, all of whose capital is in the hands of the state. These national enterprises carry on their economic activities independently and on their own account as separate legal entities, the state taking no responsibility for their losses.—"*Czechoslovak Economy in a Nutshell*," a handbook published by the Czechoslovak Ministry of Foreign Trade, Prague, 1948.

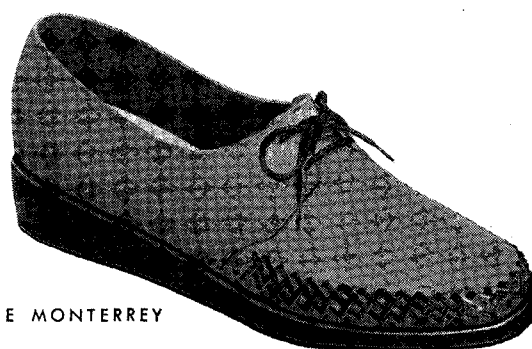
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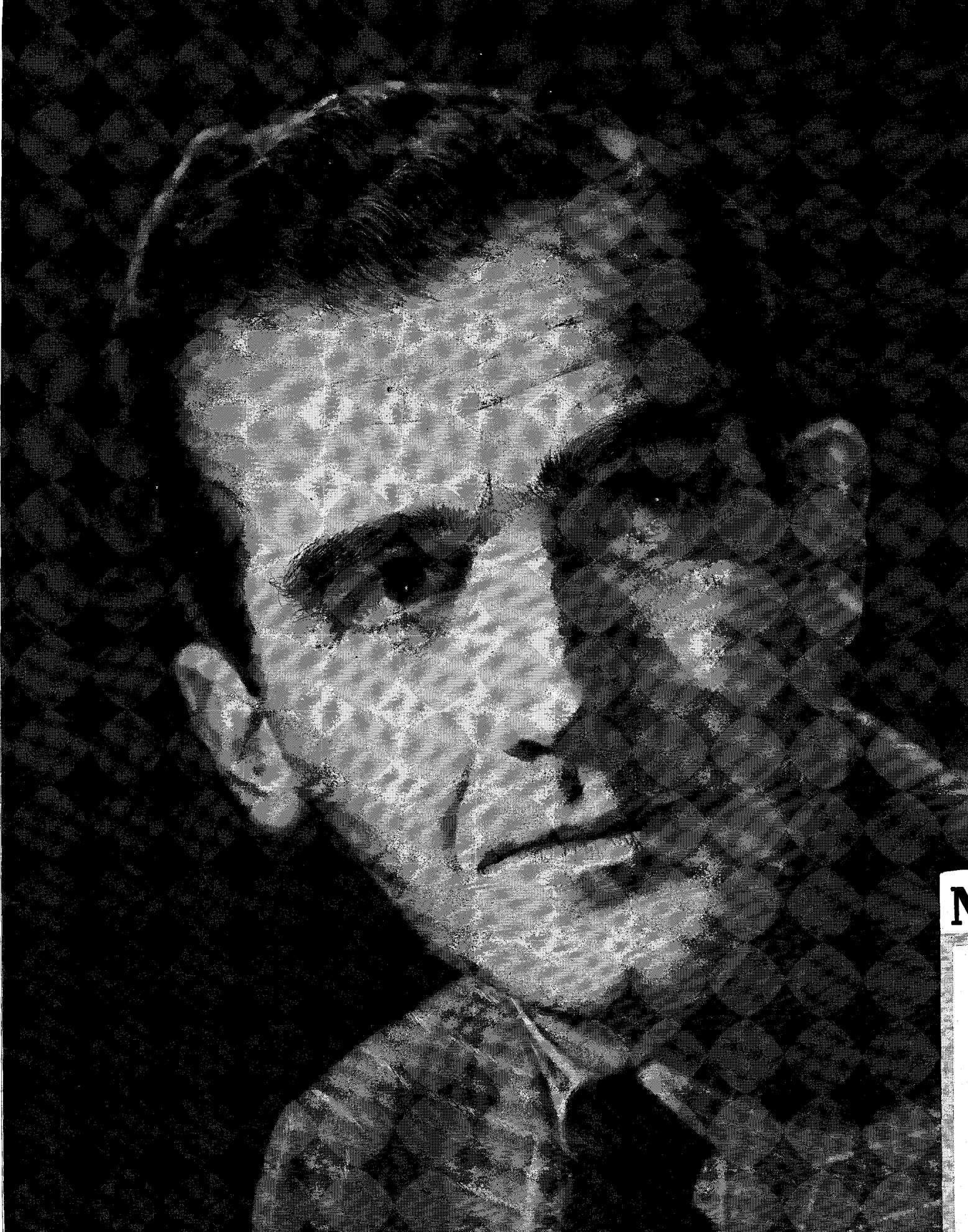
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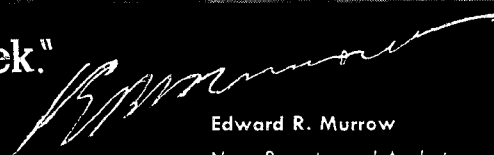


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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



OPERATING on the logical assumption that since we sizzled last summer and the summer before, we'll sizzle again this year, the shops are ready with their cotton collections, all of which seem to specialize in the things you'll be yearning for in August, when they'll be sold out.

The warm-weather exhibit in Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room is nothing short of splendid. A sleeveless white dimity, sprigged with pink or blue rosebuds and tied about the middle with a moss-green rayon velvet sash, looks as cool and fresh as anybody could ask. A two-piece dress, in blue-and-white checked tissue gingham, has a V neck, tiny cuffed sleeves, and a skirt stitched crisscross, so that it looks quilted without being hot. Another two-piece, in pale striped voile, has a rather open oval décolletage, but a matching brassière preserves your modesty intact. The skirt is gathered, which, after all, is the best kind of summer skirt. If you look further, you'll find, in pink or black, enormous voile skirts with tiny matching linen jackets—a nice contrast of textures. For evening, a narrow and novel sheath dress of slippery black alpaca, belted in black straw, is meant to be worn under a gauzy three-quarter-length organza coat, which has those immense ballooning sleeves that have always made the feminine arm look slim and romantic. This coat, in pink-and-white or gray-and-white stripes, would be a fine evening wrap over almost any solid-color dress on nights when you would rather leave the black alpaca sheath on the hanger. The prices of these clothes range from \$35 to \$75, but those who want to can go higher—quite a bit higher.

FOR late afternoon, dinner, or an evening that could use a little bit of dressing up, the chiffon separates at Gunther Jaeckel should make anybody look well turned out even in mid-July. There are pleated skirts, halfway between severely straight and amply full, in black or navy chiffon or in white with dark polka dots, and there are camisole or sweater blouses to match. The sweater blouses have wool ribbing at the waistband and high or V necks, and they resemble the handsome chiffon

sweaters that have been coming over from Paris. They're \$12.95 to \$35.

THE new Young Sophisticates Shop, on the second floor of Jay Thorpe, is devoted to junior-size clothes, 7 to 15, which are the pets of a lot of small women as well as of the younger set. A daytime dress has a black cotton bodice and a circular skirt of black-and-white checked cotton. There's a brief, cape-like jacket in the check. The outfit is \$14.95. For after twilight, a frankly flirtatious dress of cotton lace has a skintight bodice and a wayward hemline that dips unevenly toward the back. This appears in light blue, navy, or white, and it has a completely practical jacket, long-sleeved and waist-length, for evenings when it seems politic to cover yourself up; \$69.95.

On the other side of Jay Thorpe's second floor is the lair of the Younger Sophisticates, full of dresses in teen sizes,

10 to 16. A likable one-piece dress in a cotton that looks like piqué has as its sole ornament patch pockets just above the waistline; \$8.95, in yellow or pale blue. In voile, which is clearly enjoying a boom, there's a long-sleeved shirtwaist dress in rose or chartreuse, printed with tiny black leaves and tucked across the bosom; \$14.95. A rayon dress in a rose or blue tie-silk print has minute cap sleeves, a small standing collar, and a fitted jacket of navy rayon linen; \$17.95.

DARK linens, hard to find when it's warm enough to wear them, are now around Bendel's Young-Timers shop. A two-piece black or navy tailored dress has a perfectly straight fly-front skirt and a short-sleeved top that is fitted at the waist and equipped with a small rolled collar. Another tailored dress, with a round, collarless neckline surrounded by a sunburst of tiny tucks, has imitation snail-shell buttons and one



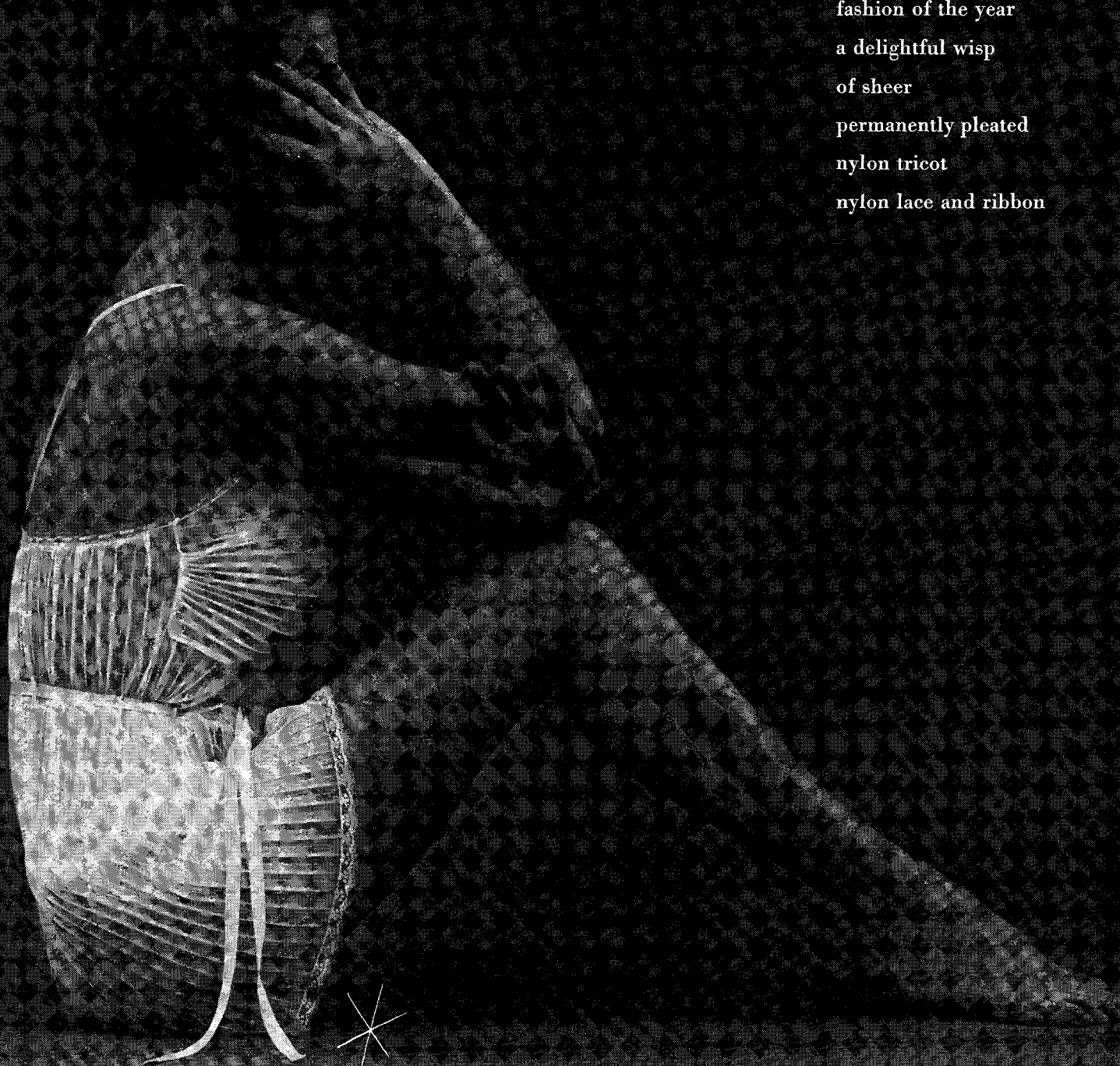
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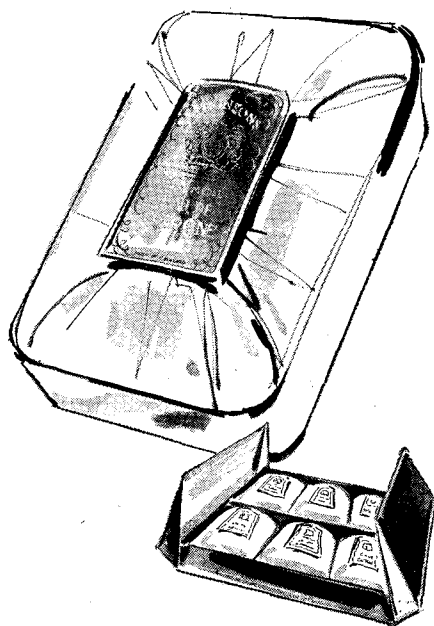
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long, unpressed pleat down the front of the skirt. A third, slightly more dressy, has a deep, round décolletage, almost no sleeves, and a graceful gored skirt. The last two dresses are done in pale colors as well as navy and black. Prices go from \$17.95 to \$49.95.

Those so devoted to tweed that they can't give it up for the summer might visit Bendel's sportswear department, whose jackets and jerkins are made of solid-color cotton tweeds that are light and cool. There are also shorts and pleated skirts in a harmonizing cotton tartan. Prices are \$9.95 and \$12.95. In the same department, Howard Greer's bathing suits are on view. One, in blue cotton, is printed with white floor plans and specifications, so that it looks as much like an architect's working papers as the planes of your figure allow. The one-piece version is \$22.95; the two-piece one is \$17.95. A stole to match, lined in white terry cloth, has two great pockets that can cope with all the junk usually consigned to a beach bag; when the pockets are empty, it makes a beach mat. It's \$10.95. Scant bathing suits of elasticized nylon-and-seersucker, in proper underwater colors, such as mauve, sand, and sea foam (well, that's what the man said), are \$16.95.

DE PINNA is openly infatuated with tartan gingham. An impeccably tailored dress with an orange background (best on vivid brunettes) has long raglan sleeves, a standing collar, and a pleated bosom; \$39.95. For fair-haired women, there's a pink-and-aqua-marine tartan, with a deeply pointed collar and square rhinestone buttons; \$14.95. A black, white, and gray tartan has cuffs and a collar of white piqué; \$25. The beach tartans are considerably less decorous. A halter-neck bathing suit with a wide boned cummerbund to keep the midriff within bounds is \$14.95. A strapless bathing suit with a short separate kilt, just long enough to cover a couple of inches of the legs, may make Highlanders wonder what the clans are coming to; \$15.95. Tartan shorts with an attached sash wide enough to be draped into a bodice are \$9.95. Matching tartan skirts are \$12.95.

COTTON lace, which has been evident lately in all the day and evening collections, has finally made its way to the beach. In Best's Beach Shop, on the third floor, there are one- and two-piece bathing suits of white cotton lace over red or green cotton, intended

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An old Italian recipe Ready to serve

for the very young in shape and spirit, at \$19.95 and \$25. Decision reserved. An elegant princesse bathing suit, of black, blue, aquamarine, or coral nylon lined with nylon jersey, should dry the minute its owner rises from the waves; \$15. At the same price, there are printed-cotton bathing suits, with boned tops, tiny tiered skirts, and matching jackets. In the dry-land summer division, also on this floor, Best presents a collection of denim shirts, skirts, shorts, and slacks, in such undenim shades as lilac, shrimp, and lime; \$3 to \$5. Another assortment of such clothes appears in a crinkly cotton that needs no ironing; \$3 to \$7.95. The skirts have bands of white embroidery sweeping around them, imparting a Guatemalan air, and instead of slacks there are nicely cut pedal-pushers.

JANE ENGEL, up at 1025 Madison Avenue (79th), has an admirable mélange of summery black piqués. One dress, double-breasted, has wide lapels and V-shaped hip pockets fore and aft of both hips. Another has a lowish neckline edged at the base with black rayon velvet, and a sleeveless and square-necked number is the coolest and therefore the most alluring of the bunch. Prices \$22.95 to \$39.95. A thin, pretty maize cotton, printed with small brown flowers, makes a dress that's \$12.95. This is shown in other color combinations—pink and red, light blue and royal blue. Tailored white surah dresses, printed with red and blue spools or with orange or chartreuse ferns, are \$29.95 and \$39.95.

THE Clothes Horse, a sprawling upstairs shop at 64 East 56th Street, has cottons for any occasion in a normal summer. For \$10.95, there are play dresses in yellow or pale-blue broadcloth, with street-length skirts and waist-length jackets. There are wonderful golf dresses, in self-striped men's shirtings, with buttoned-down collars and an air of calm and collected charm, for the same money. They'd look as effective pushing the pram or piloting the family car as on a fairway. Dark dimities—very blowy, very feminine, and equally fitting in the hot country and the hot city—have plunging necklines, wide revers, and flaring skirts; \$25. Of the evening dresses, the best is of chalky-white piqué, with wide shoulder straps. It ought to be electrifying against a tanned skin, once you get a tanned skin. A short fitted jacket with frog fastenings goes with

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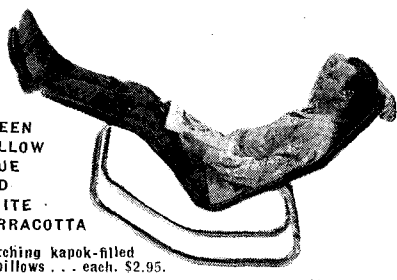
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Jane engel

Madison at 79th, New York 21

it. This outfit also comes in turquoise and other colors.

BITS AND PIECES: Brooks Brothers, who have just dug their way out of last year's pink-shirt landslide, are now copying their boys' gray flannel shorts, stitch for stitch, for women; \$12.50. Such concessions only whet the female appetite; women are in Brooks every day buying men's shirts to wear over bathing suits or with slacks. The favorites are the cotton necktie prints, at \$11, and the madras slipovers, at \$13.50. The madras ones come in tartans or stripes, faded or blinding bright. . . J. & J. Slater are turning panama straw into shoes, handbags, wallets, eyeglass cases, caps, and, in fact, almost anything but a man's panama hat. The shoes, in twenty-four designs, from low-heeled ghillies to high, open sandals, are \$8.95 to \$27.95. . . The tendency toward shorter skirts and shell shoes is having an effect on nylon stockings. Dior's new nylons are so hazy that they blend right into the skin. His 60-gauge ones, which are not reinforced at all, are meant for the very naked shells and sandals; his 51-gauge ones are reinforced, but in a most shadowy fashion. These are \$2.95 and \$2.25, at Bergdorf Goodman, among others. The new 66-gauge Bryan stockings are delicate as a bee's wing but somewhat tougher, and their colors are warm but not glaring; \$2.50, at Bonwit Teller. A giddy innovation is the Zebrette, a stocking that's striped in navy, black, or brown across the heel and toe; \$1.95, at Lord & Taylor, Altman, and Saks Fifth Avenue. Gotham has turned out a closely knit mesh that looks at first, second, or third glance like a sheer stocking, but Gotham promises it won't run, no matter how cruelly it is snagged. It's 51-gauge and \$1.95. All the stockings in this roundup are, by the way, 15-denier. . . Finally, for the trip to the country or the beach, a laudable object called the Shoo, for driving away mosquitoes and our other unmannerly winged friends. The Shoo, an odd and antiseptic caricature of the feather duster, is a long bamboo rod tipped with foam-rubber fronds. The motive power is supplied by you. It's \$1.95 at Lord & Taylor and Hammacher Schlemmer.

—G. J.

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—Headline in the University of Texas
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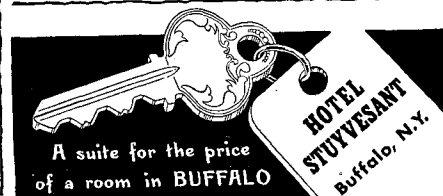
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THE ART GALLERIES

Combinations and Permutations



A NUMBER of the new shows come in clusters. There are a couple of Paul Klee exhibitions—one at the New Art Circle and the other at the Buchholz Gallery—while the Sydney Janis, the Paul Rosenberg, and the Perls are all featuring groups of French and other European moderns. Klee, of course, had a thorough going-over in the Museum of Modern Art's big memorial to him last winter, and the new exhibits can hardly be expected to reveal anything about him and his work that wasn't set forth in that handsome and monumental affair. Klee, however, was a man of unerring taste and nearly inexhaustible inventiveness; he was capable of endless variety, and the current collections, though they may add nothing to our knowledge of him, are well worth seeing in their own right.

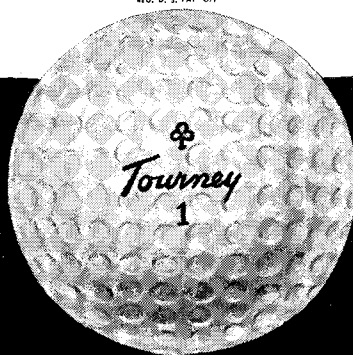
The majority of the pieces in the assemblage at the New Art Circle are early ones, dating from the nineteen-twenties or before, when Klee was still rather close to Kandinsky and the others of the Blaue Reiter group in Berlin, and the work in general is less bold in color and smaller and more intricately patterned than his later paintings. I liked especially his "Treeless Forest," a whirl of pinks and yellows and black zigzagging branches that suggests his earlier Fauvist interest; the little drawing called "Circus Stables," almost Oriental in its delicacy of line; and the small, blocky study of a mountain village, "Evening in Bel," as well as the whimsical green "Couple in the Twilight" and the larger and more abstract oil called "The Fruit," a sort of spiral still life that I'd judge to be one of his later paintings.

The collection at the Buchholz is bigger and more carefully selected, to give a succinct but fairly comprehensive survey of Klee's mature development. Forty paintings, in both oil and water color, are included, in addition to some twenty drawings, and the range in dates among the paintings is from a fanciful small gouache, "Awakening," of 1920, to a group of four pieces done just before his death, in 1940. Among the earlier items, there's a water color, "Leading Scene from the Ballet 'The

False Oath'" (apparently intended as no more than a sketch for scenic or costume design but which is nevertheless notable for the lovely suffusions of pale pinks and blues that make its coloration), an adroitly sketchy and effective study of a flotilla of little boats, called "Armada," and "House on High," a kind of skeletonized landscape, which is reminiscent of another, called "House Steps," in the New Art Circle collection. The later pictures, those dating from 1930 or thereabouts, are simpler and more massive in design, larger, frequently, and usually deeper and more sonorous in tonality. This show has none of the big pieces, so blooming with color, that enriched the Modern Museum's show and that till then, unfortunately, had hardly been known in this country. But a number of the paintings, though smaller, have almost as much authority, and among these I'd mention "Lady and Fashion," done in bold black outlines on a many-toned marbled background; the lively "Bal Champêtre;" and the study of a woman's head called "German Dryad," with its odd suggestion of the double-imaged faces that Picasso was later to experiment with. I liked, too, the dark-green-and-blue "Little Sea-Port" and the somewhat earlier, rather Japanese "New Settlements." The drawings should not be overlooked, for Klee was one of the few great contemporary masters of black-and-white. Note the "Pointed Word and Fists," with its brilliant implication of rage and frenzy; the swooping designed "Catastrophe J. Four;" and the marvellously monstrous "Sisters from the Clan of Gorgo."

THE three European group shows I spoke of are, happily, so selected that they neatly complement one another. The one at the Rosenberg might be said to be of the "standard" variety. That is, it's made up of the by now accepted older French modern masters, from the Impressionists Sisley, Monet, and Pissarro (there are the fine "The Seine at Argenteuil" by the first and an equally handsome "Tuileries Gardens" by the last) on, through Renoir and Rouault, to Picasso and Braque. A few of the pieces, notably the Bonnard "Winter Scene" and Berthe Morisot's little view of the *banlieue* called "Landscape," seem a bit trivial. But to make up for these

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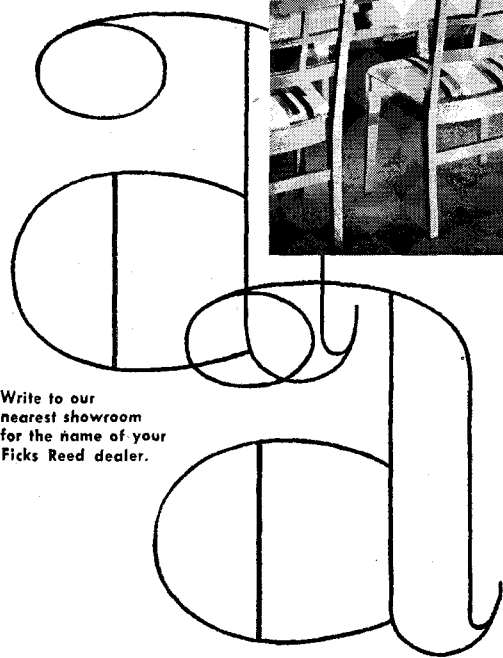
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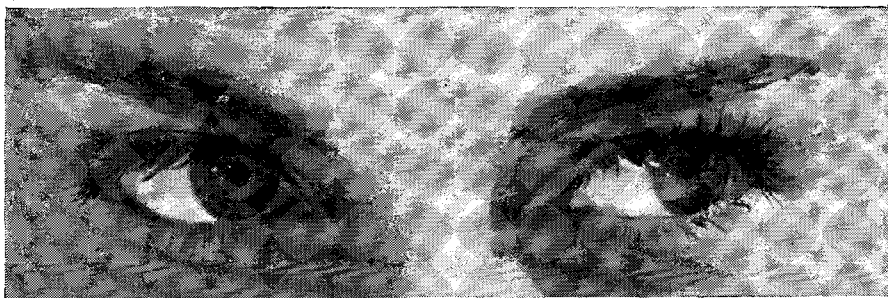
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Le Ruban Bleu

there are the excellent Vuillard "The Luncheon," almost breathing bourgeois comfort; a big Picasso "Bathers," from the classical period; and a handsome, dark, and fairly late "Compote Dish, Bottle, and Mandolin," by Braque.

The Janis and Perls exhibitions are focussed more on the younger men, and the Perls has put a certain emphasis on the Paris primitives. You'll find there a charming, careful self-portrait by Camille Bombois, for instance, and the wonderfully naïve and quite attractive "La Chasse aux Canards," by André Bauchant. In addition, there are an interesting early Derain, "Paysage au Lac," a smoothly painted and gravely distinguished "Nature Morte à la Serviette," by Braque; and a fluent and animated landscape called "Paris: Montmartre," by Soutine. At the Janis, I liked particularly the Miró "Femme dans la Nuit" and the large and very impressive Max Ernst "La Forêt" (which was painted around 1932 but was lost during the war and only recently recovered, and is now being shown here for the first time), as well as the subtly *trompe-l'œil* "La Folie des Grandeurs," by René Magritte, and the mysterious and dreamlike "Le Village des Sirènes," by Delvaux.

AT the Pierre Matisse, there is an exhibition of new oils by the Cuban abstractionist Wifredo Lam, and it seems to me to mark a signal advance in strength and assurance over any of his earlier work that I've seen. Lam, who uses African and Afro-Cuban images as the basis of his work, has always had a certain wild and almost ferocious power. But the new canvases, while losing none of his savage evocation, have a dignity that adds greatly to their authority. The design is cleaner, too, and the color, though still a trifle monotonous, is better integrated. I liked best his "Umbral," with its three white-robed, stylized figures; the ritualistically garbed "Maid of Kiquina," and the large and extremely vivid "Point de Départ."

—ROBERT M. COATES

WHAT PAGE OF THE "WORLD-TELEGRAM & SUN" D'YA READ?

When detectives burst into the steamy atmosphere, they found the missing Negro baby sleeping peacefully in a carriage lined with hot water bottles.—April 25th issue, page 1.

Detectives took over from there and within a few hours the infant was found wailing lustily in the homemade incubator.

—Same issue, page 3.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 4

THE attention of most people here is still fastened on the bizarre proceedings before the Tydings subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The hearings are not the only thing that has been talked about or thought about in Washington lately, but they have certainly been the thing most talked about, and they have colored practically everyone's view of practically everything. For several weeks now, the question of what Stalin would do next has had a good deal less bearing on American politics than the question of what Joseph R. McCarthy would do next. Whether, in the light of the past few days' developments in the Lattimore case, this will continue to be true, no one dares to guess. One great lesson learned in recent months is never to sell McCarthy short. Three weeks ago, it was taken for granted that the work of the Tydings subcommittee would be finished or in its final stages by this time and that people in search of further grotesqueries would have to look to the investigation of aberrant sexuality in the government being undertaken by Senator Wherry, of Nebraska, an undertaker by profession. It shortly became apparent that this sanguine view of events rested upon a naïve estimate of McCarthy, who has shown himself to be a far more adroit performer than anyone had supposed him to be. Just when his prospects seemed dimmest, he turned up with the ineffable Mr. Budenz, and the atmosphere here became even more peculiar than before. Now, once again, McCarthy's stock is down, but no one is giving tempting odds against a comeback. He has repeatedly told reporters that he intends to keep the hearings going at least for the duration of the Eighty-first Congress—approximately three months more—so that they will be fresh in the minds of the voters when the campaigns get under way, in the late summer. If logic played any part in life here, what looks to be his complete defeat in the Lattimore case, on which he said he would stand or fall, would call for an early end to the hearings. But it will surprise no one here if he and his subcommittee proconsul, Senator Hickel, succeed in getting the subcommittee to continue the investigation, in order to take in some more of the



two hundred persons whose names he claims to have turned over to it.

Whether or not McCarthy is now going into eclipse, Washington will probably keep on regarding him as a figure who is not to be dealt with lightly. When he was just starting the noise he has been making all spring, a few people here remarked that his tactics reminded them of Huey Long. It was felt by most people at the time, however, that the comparison was entirely too flattering to McCarthy, who appeared to be merely a man who had got himself a bum steer somewhere and was attempting to brazen it out rather than admit his error. But within the last month or so a general conviction has developed that the comparison with Huey Long was fairly sound, after all. No other congressman in many years has shown as much inventiveness and originality of technique as McCarthy. His device of confounding, scattering, and overwhelming the opposition by the sheer multiplicity of his accusations is by no means his only contribution to demagogic practice. One of the cleverest tricks he has worked up is the interruption and consequent prolonging of the subcommittee's job by means of well-timed speeches on the Senate floor. On several occasions, McCarthy, taking the floor while the Tydings subcommittee was in executive session, has told the Senate what dreadful things were going on behind its closed doors. He couldn't have had the faintest notion, of course, of what was going on, since he had been barred from the sessions, but by saying whatever came into his mind he forced the closed doors open and brought the members of the subcommittee to the Senate floor to answer his accusations and sometimes to reveal what *had* been happening at the sessions.

Another stunt certain to be emulated by other politicians in search of headlines is the calling of a press conference in order to announce the calling of another press conference. McCarthy will bring in the reporters in the morning by notifying their offices that he has something important to disclose. When they arrive, he will disclose that he has called them together to alert them for an afternoon press conference, at which he will have something breathtaking to reveal. This announcement of forthcoming announcements makes the



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BY

LUCIUS

BEEBE



Greatest of all champagne salesmen during the Edwardian age, although he wasn't on the payroll of any agency, was the monarch who gave his name to the era, Edward VII of England. Edward, the personification of royal gourmet, viveur and sporting gentleman, was a fabulous consumer of champagne or, as he liked to call it, "The Boy." His yachts, private trains, castles, hunting lodges, palaces and country residences boasted magnificent wine cellars and, because of its versatility, champagne was the most important item in them. Edward was the beau ideal of English and continental fashion and whatever he drank was imitated by a vast following of loyal subjects and admirers. Probably nobody in history has done so much as Edward to promote the service of champagne as one of the good things of life.



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afternoon papers. The breathtaking revelations, if there are any, make the newspapers of the following morning. If, as is often the case, he has nothing of news value to announce, he has at least profited by the afternoon headlines. For a few days earlier this week, thanks to the ailing sinuses that sent him to Arizona, neither his Senate-floor nor his press-conference trick was on display, but he did reasonably well as a voice in the desert, and he is now back, rested and once more at the top of his form.

IF it were only the subcommittee whose work had been delayed by McCarthy, no one here would grieve. So far, its sole accomplishment has been to undo a fraction of the harm that has been done in its open hearings, and, except for Senator Hickenlooper, not one of its members believes that it is possible for it to produce any useful results as long as it is accountable to McCarthy. The fact is, though, that not just the subcommittee but very nearly all the most pressing business of the United States government has been awaiting McCarthy's pleasure. In the last two weeks, the Senate has managed to sandwich a few hours of debate on Marshall Plan funds and military organization in between speeches by and about McCarthy, but action on everything is far behind schedule and it is difficult for anyone to say how long it will be before any more foreign-policy legislation is enacted. Almost nothing in this field can reach the Senate floor without action by the Foreign Relations Committee. Since mid-February, five of the thirteen members of that committee have given most of their time to investigating McCarthy's charges of Communism in the State Department, the most time-consuming of which has concerned Owen Lattimore, who has never in his life been employed by the Department. According to one member of the Foreign Relations Committee, the group has this year been able to devote to regular business only about one-fifth of the amount of time that it devoted to it in the same period last year. The few matters bearing directly on foreign policy that don't go through the Foreign Relations Committee go through the Armed Services Committee or the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. The chairman of the first is Senator Tydings; the chairman of the second is Senator MacMahon. Both these men are members of the Foreign Relations subcommittee; Tydings is, of course, its chairman. The State Department official most con-

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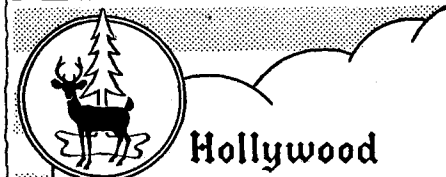
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cerned with the legal and technical aspects of foreign-policy legislation is the legal adviser to the Department, Adrian Fisher. Since early March, Mr. Fisher has had to give his entire time to the legal and technical aspects of McCarthy's charges.

But the harm done to our foreign relations by the McCarthy affair is probably far greater. The extent to which it has damaged and complicated our relations with Western European nations will probably not be known until Secretary Acheson returns from the London and Paris conferences, but there is little doubt here that it has caused some damage and complications. As Walter Lippmann has said, "No American official who has represented this government abroad in great affairs, not even Wilson in 1918, has ever been so gravely injured at home." One immediately measurable achievement that, in the opinion of many people here, Senator McCarthy can claim as his own is the almost total paralysis of American policy in the Orient. Even if the administration were to undergo a last-minute conversion and decide that the wisest course was to extend full military and diplomatic aid to the remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's government on Formosa, it could not easily do so. A reversal of policy, even if it were fully justified by some turn of events, would appear to the whole world a craven surrender of the administration to its critics and a tacit admission of McCarthy's claim that our Far Eastern policy was made by Communists. He has maneuvered the country into such a position that it could not do what he recommends in Asia without a serious loss of prestige in Europe. If, on the other hand, the government were to decide that there was nothing to be lost and a possible Titoist government to be gained by recognition of the Communist conquest of China, it would be unable to carry out a policy based on that interpretation of the national interest. The fact that a number of Republicans—among them John Foster Dulles, who in his recent book, "War or Peace," argues persuasively for eventual recognition of Mao Tze-tung's government and admission of it to the United Nations—are privately in favor of this policy (and all the more since a hundred and fifty thousand Nationalist troops on Hainan showed themselves incapable of containing one-tenth as many Communists) counts for nothing. In the appalling atmosphere of McCarthy's and Hickenlooper's Washington, no one who depends upon the public favor



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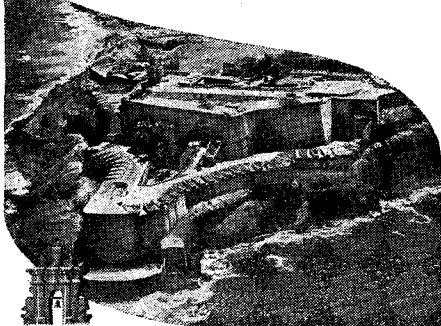
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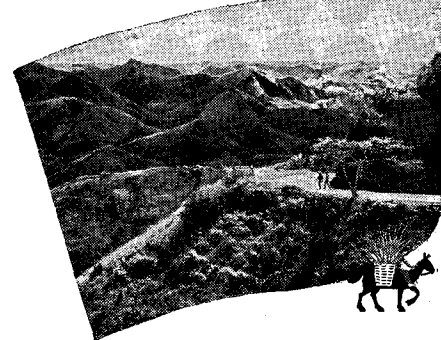
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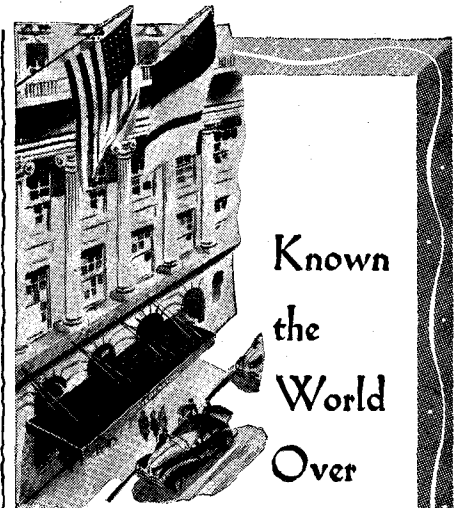
PUERTO RICO VISITORS BUREAU

could possibly advocate the recognition of Communist China, even though this would be merely recognition of a state of affairs that exists in the real world. One-third of the Senate—or just one short of the number that could prevent any change of course in foreign affairs—faces reelection this year, and it is unthinkable that anyone running for office would be foolish enough to brave the clamor that would be raised against even the suggestion of recognition. For this season, anyway, the architect of our Far Eastern policy is Senator McCarthy.

IN an affair with as many sorrowful aspects as this one, some things are likely to go unnoticed for quite a while. One of the things that seem most lamentable to those who have attended the hearings is the elaborate and degrading apology for their own existence that many of McCarthy's victims have felt called upon to make in their testimony before the subcommittee. McCarthy accused them of being spies and Communists; if McCarthy was in error, it was their job simply to inform the subcommittee of this fact and to offer evidence that they were not. Instead, many witnesses have responded with gratuitous evidence intended, apparently, to show that they are men in possession of virtues of the sort McCarthy would approve. It was not enough for anyone to say that he wasn't a card-holding Communist; most felt impelled to show that they were card-holding Redmen or Epworth Leaguers or Lions. Haldore Hanson, an official of the State Department's Office of Technical Cooperation and Development, made public this chapter of his biography in his prepared statement before the subcommittee.

I was active in the YMCA from the age of ten. I went to YMCA summer camps and was President of the Hi-Y Club during my high-school years. From the age of twelve, I was a Boy Scout. I became an Eagle Scout, a Boy Scout Camp Counsellor, and served as Scoutmaster during my first year of college. I was active in the Presbyterian Church, of which all my immediate family were members. My father was a Sunday-school superintendent. During my senior year in high school, I was awarded a summer in Europe as a result of an essay contest sponsored by a boys' magazine. ... By means of scholarships, a job waiting on table, and loans I was able to finish my college education during the depression. ... I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. ... I was a debater and on the track squad.

Several other witnesses have supported their attestations of purity with similar citations, and Secretary Acheson,



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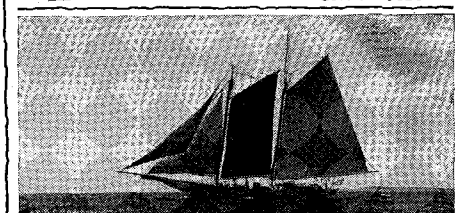
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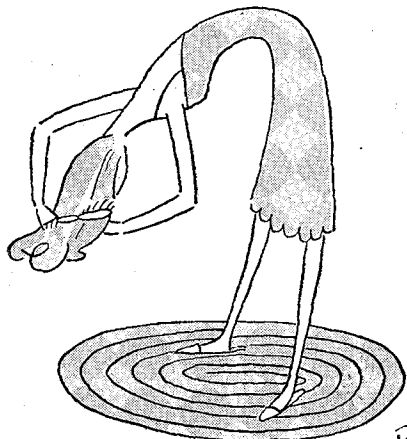
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in his speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors a couple of weeks ago, made a mass defense of some of his subordinates by pointing to their excellent business standing and social connections. "There is no need for anyone to be defensive about the Department of State," he said, but he then went on to commend to his listeners "George McGhee, of Texas, a former oil man . . . Willard Thorp, a former partner of Dun & Bradstreet . . . Paul Nitze of Massachusetts, former partner of Dillon, Read," and so on. Not only is such a defense humiliating to those who employ it and irrelevant to the issue, but it raises the delicate question of what such large sections of the population as the non-Eagle Scouts, the non-Hi-Y men, the non-Presbyterians, and those who have never been with Dun & Bradstreet and who may even have incurred its disapproval could do for themselves if they were attacked by Senator McCarthy. Moreover—and this is the real joker—some of these defenses could be used to establish guilt by association. The Communists have always found excellent pickings among Eagle Scouts, college debaters, and Sunday-school superintendents. They have also done tolerably well among persons with impeccable family and business connections. Frederick Vanderbilt Field, who has never denied his Communist sympathies and who testified before the subcommittee, is both a Vanderbilt and a Field, and Alger Hiss, a real Hi-Y type, was a track man, a Phi Beta Kappa, and a debater. He was voted the "best hand-shaker" in his class.

In the end, these hearings may turn out to be the cause of one salutary reform. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, who has sat on the Tydings subcommittee with unconcealed revulsion but with great forbearance, urged a few weeks ago that the subcom-



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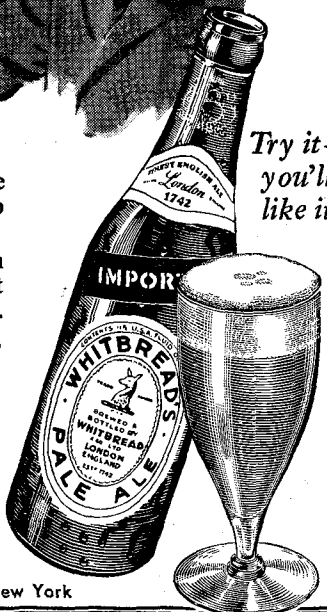
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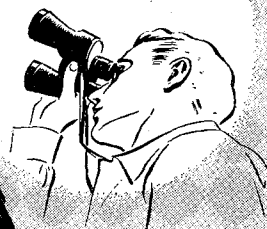
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mittee be disbanded and its work continued in closed sessions by an impartial investigating commission. For political reasons, this was an impossible solution of the problem at hand, but the idea of having future inquiries of a politically explosive nature conducted by people outside Congress has been making a good deal of headway. Senator Ives, of New York, recently read into the *Congressional Record* a report by Professor Lindsay Rogers, of Columbia, urging upon Congress a new investigation procedure. Dr. Rogers suggests that a law, modelled on the British Tribunals of Inquiry Act of 1921, be passed authorizing Congress to establish an independent investigating commission by a joint resolution and without the approval of the President. Such a commission would have the same authority to subpoena witnesses that a Congressional committee has, and it could be empowered to bring contempt proceedings against any witness who unreasonably refused to answer questions or produce documents. The rub would come, of course, in making the decision as to who would be on the commission. Dr. Rogers recommends that its members be appointed by the Chief Justice of the United States, but, as the *Washington Post* argued, in an editorial approving the idea, this would be inadvisable, on the ground that the Supreme Court might be drawn into whatever political disputes the investigating commission was investigating. The Court might also subsequently have to pass upon legislation enacted as a result of inquiries conducted by the commission. Appointment of the commission by the President would be equally undesirable, since, as in the present case, the objects of most investigations are departments under the President's supervision.

However, to many people here the obstacles appear to be minor ones compared with the possibility of putting an end to the immense public indignities and vulgarities that have been associated with so many Congressional investigations of recent years. The *Post* suggested that the commissioners be appointed by the Speaker of the House, the president pro tempore of the Senate, and the chairmen and ranking minority members of the committees chiefly concerned in each House. It also suggested that the committee duties be limited to investigations undertaken with a view not to remedial legislation but simply to exposure, and that congressmen continue to conduct the hearings relevant to pending bills and resolutions. In that



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field, Congressional investigations have generally been highly useful. In the field of exposure, they have generally been atrocious. The sum total of fifteen years of Congressional investigation of Communism is one conviction for perjury and a certain amount of public education on the subject, the education being wildly scrambled up with mis-education. In Canada, where these matters are handled along the lines Dr. Rogers suggests, one Royal Commission bagged nine Communist spies in five months. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY MARRIAGE

(WITH A CURTSY TO MR. BURNS)

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I had a fault or so, John,
And you were less than saint.
But once we'd said a brave "I do"
And paid the parson's fee,
I set about reforming you
And you reforming me.

John Anderson my jo, John,
Our years have journeyed fair;
I think, as couples go, John,
We've made a pleasant pair.
(Though all was not clear sailing, John,
We neither would deny—
You clung to every failing, John;
As stubbornly clung I.)

No wings I'll ever own, John,
Nor are you saint as yet.
Still, Darby had his Joan, John,
And sweet it is we met.
For us, contented man and wife,
The marriage bond endures,
Since you have changed my way of life
And I have altered yours.

Let captious people say, John,
There's poison in that cup.
We found a simple way, John,
To clear each difference up.
We could not swap our virtues, John,
So this was our design:
All your bad habits I took on,
While you adopted mine.
Until the final lightnings strike,
It's comfortable to know
Our faults we share and share alike,
John Anderson my jo.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

It is said that the ordinary high school runner does not reach his peak in a two mile race until he is twenty-five years old.
—Michigan Daily.

By that time he ought to be through Cicero, anyway.

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THE CURRENT
CINEMA

Only a Bird



IF you want to know the cold facts about Mary Anne Fitzherbert, the commoner who secretly married that rounder George IV of England when he was Prince of Wales and who caused all kinds of confusion in the old country, you'd do well to dip into the tenth volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Certainly you'll find more rewarding information there than you will in the British picture called "Mrs. Fitzherbert," which purports to be an account of the lady's career. As this film has it, Mrs. Fitzherbert was a woman who talked rather in the style of the prose that accompanies the fold-outs in *Flair*, and insisted, after surviving a pair of husbands, on behaving like an ingénue. "He humiliated me," she announces to a couple of blue-blooded pals while the Prince is breathing hard from his pursuit of her, "with a notoriety I never desire." Needless to say, this sort of chatter gets her nowhere, since the Prince is bound he will have her. "I shall still make her my own," he says flatly. "Nothing is impossible to one who has made up his mind." The Prince was a friend of the playwright Richard Brinsley Sheridan, but you'd never guess it from the way he gabbles along in this movie.

Having determined, evidently, to shoot the works on "Mrs. Fitzherbert," the producers have given it the full Hollywood treatment, with reconstructions of Georgian mansions, formal gardens, matched grays, minuets, and all the usual paraphernalia of an expensive period piece thrown into the hopper, as well as a cast impressive in numbers, if not in talent. Playing the Prince of Wales, Peter Graves postures handsomely all over the premises, but it's hard to imagine that his interest in the heroine is quite as profound as his determination to swing his lace cuffs with the elegance demanded by eighteenth-century custom. In the part of his beloved, Joyce Howard acts as if her emotional span was no greater than the distance between a pout and a titter. Considering that Miss Howard is supposed to represent the devout Catholic whose union with the Prince might possibly have

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forced him to renounce his claim to the succession, it seems a pity that she conducts herself in the manner of somebody about to embark on the sea of matrimony with Tommy Manville. I suppose that the others in the cast do as well as anybody could expect with the material on hand, and at least one of them rises above the circumstances into which the picture puts her. She is an actress named Wanda Rotha, who plays the role of Princess Caroline, the eventual queen of George IV, as if she really enjoyed the business. There is a nice bow on the Prince's part in the direction of the American Revolutionists, since he was sympathetic toward their cause, and also another nice bow, possibly in the direction of Henry Wallace. "The common people of the world have a right to security and prosperity," the Prince declares at one point. Just to tangle this matter up a bit more with fairly current events, he talks of clearing out with his beloved much as Edward VIII did a century and a half later, describing his brother William as a better man than himself to handle the affairs of Empire.

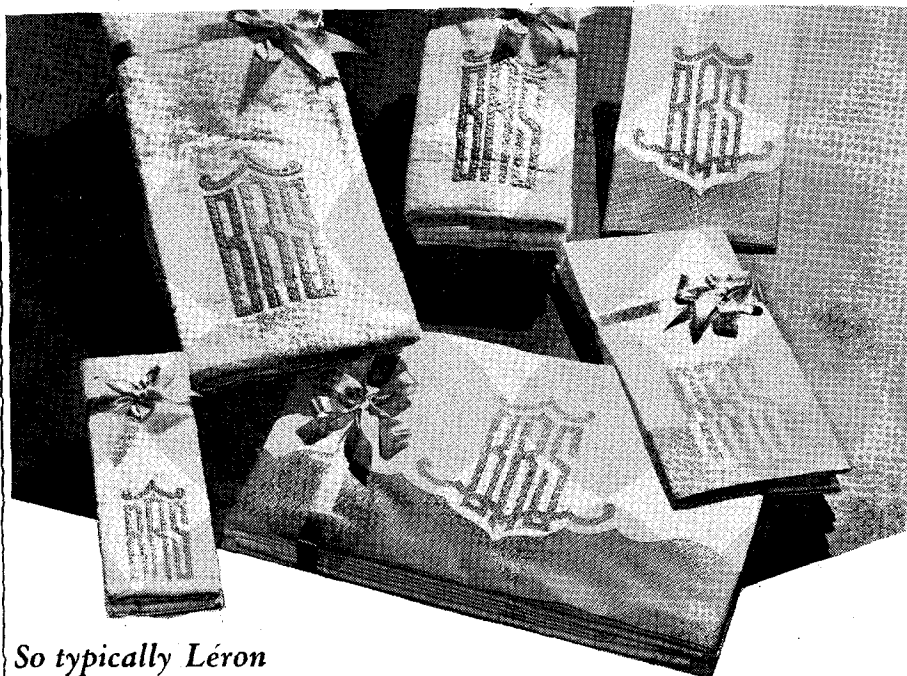
BARBARA STANWYCK, in "No Man of Her Own," is once again a very naughty girl. This time she's pregnant by a cad who won't marry her. Fortunately, she happens to be aboard a train with a young matron and her husband when a wreck eliminates the pair. Miss Stanwyck thereupon pretends to be the young matron and is accepted as such by the rich Middle Western parents of the dead man. She's making good time with her alleged brother-in-law—the son and heir of this ménage—when who shows up but the bounder who got her in trouble in the first place. From here on, you ought to be able to write your own script. John Lund, Henry O'Neill, and Jane Cowl have been plunged into this one with Miss Stanwyck. —JOHN MCCARTEN

American authorities adopted their own frequency schedule for their broadcasts from the German frontier in the cold war.

"This means we roamed around found the frequencies which would best be used without too much interference with other countries," one official explained. "But there will be a howl from some of these countries since undoubtedly there will be some interference."

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ACTION IN THE DESERT

A COUPLE of weeks ago, writing in this publication about Reno, Nevada, I remarked that I had never been in Las Vegas, Nevada, a city that is referred to by the president of its Chamber of Commerce, Vern Willis, whom I have met since, as Cinderella Town or the Magic City of the West. I little thought, when I made this remark, that by the time it was printed, I would be in Las Vegas, but I was. The occasion was the opening of a moderately gigantic temple of chance called Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, to which I was unexpectedly invited. As Las Vegas in April has a perfect summer climate and I like to play roulette for small sums, I went.

Most Easterners, including myself, have a tendency to link cities in their minds according to the states they are in, and when we think in terms of states like Connecticut or New Jersey, this has some validity; there are bound to be more similarities than differences between, say, Hartford and New Haven. But when one gets out among the big-area states, this no longer holds. Las Vegas has more in common economically and temperamentally with Los Angeles and Hollywood, three hundred miles southwest, than with Reno, four hundred and fifty miles northwest. There is not even a direct railroad connection between the two Nevada cities; a rail passenger from one to the other has to go all the way east to Salt Lake City and back. Las Vegas is what biologists would call a commensal of Los Angeles County; Southern Californians whiz out there in their automobiles to gamble. In fact, nothing foreseeable can endanger Las Vegas's growth except an acute national depression or the legalization of gambling in California.

The latter possibility is so awful that Las Vegas people don't like to think about it. While I was there, the *Review-Journal*, the one local newspaper, carried a story concerning what it called a rumor that a Nevadan anti-gambling lobby is active in Sacramento. I wondered whether it was a rumor or a veiled suggestion. Las Vegas are betting three to one, I was told, that if, as has been predicted in some quarters, a referendum is held in California, legal

gambling will be voted down. John F. Cahlan, the *Review-Journal's* editor, on whom I called during my stay, was indignant because, he said, Walter Winchell had written in a column that the odds were six to five there *would* be legal gambling in California. "Reports like that undermine the prosperity of this city," Mr. Cahlan told me. "If people believed them, they might quit building new hotels here. But they seem to have confidence. The Inn is the fifth big place to open since 1940, and there are two more coming along." Cahlan is the regent of the University of Nevada whom I mentioned when I was writing about Reno. A couple of months ago he accepted a thousand-dollar check from a gambler named Benny Binion to finance the trip of the university's basketball team to a tournament in Kansas City. This led to a contretemps. The tournament people said they wouldn't have anything to do with a team that was financed by gambling money. "Back there," Mr. Cahlan said, meaning east of the Nevada-Utah line, "they don't understand that a gambler is just as good as any other advertiser—say, a fellow who runs a meat market." Binion, a former Texan, is highly esteemed by the business community, I learned from another Las Vegan, because he has coaxed a lot of Texas money into action in Las Vegas. Texas money is particularly high-strung. Texans craving action arrive for the most part by private plane.

They are the frosting on the Las Vegas cake, the dough and jam for which are supplied by California.



THE traveller arriving by air finds the airport waiting room full of slot machines and is apprised of their status by a sign reading, "Persons slugging these machines are under arrest according to Nevada

State Law." This puts the machines on the ethical level of subway turnstiles. The airport slot machines, played largely by outbound passengers with leftover silver money, return about as much as silent butlers.

The lush Las Vegas resorts are scattered along the highway leading from the airport into town, a distance of eight miles. This is known as the Strip. There are five major hotel-casinos on the

Strip—the Flamingo, the Desert Inn, the Last Frontier, El Rancho, and the Thunderbird—and a couple, like the Bingo Club, that from the road look hardly smaller. All are made up of wide-flung low buildings centering on great outdoor swimming pools, and all are surrounded by the vivid green that lavish employment of artesian-well water can produce in the desert. Some desolate, Tunisian-looking mountains, the Charleston Range, stand off to one side, and in the interstices between the great hotels there are motels, pizza joints, and wedding chapels. The chapels, with names like Gretna Green and the Chapel in the Heather, are open twenty-four hours a day and will do you up a *prix-fixe* wedding, with license, witnesses, clergyman of preferred denomination, and, if you select the deluxe special, flowers and music. The Gretna Green's sign reads, "A Wedding Free to Any Bride Who Is Smaller Than Mee." A taxi-driver whom I asked to riddle me this riddle said that it beat him, because the woman who runs the place is good-sized, but that that second vowel made him think "Mee" might be a Pekinese. "Anyway," he went on, "it says, 'to any bride.' It don't say free to the bridegroom." One place advertises a complete wedding for ten dollars. My driver said that his wedding had cost him two hundred dollars, with all the trimmings, and that when it was over, he went on to a casino and lost two hundred dollars more that he had saved up for his honeymoon. "She wanted to divorce me," he said, "but I talked her out of it. Now she makes twice as much money as I do, and I don't know that I like that." I asked him what his wife did, and he replied that she is a cocktail waitress in a casino. You might say that gambling had taken the young couple's savings, but the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce would answer that gambling is now providing both of them with jobs. There is a fiction that people who live in legalized-gambling states don't gamble, but most of them do, which may explain their generally equable spirits. People who gamble every day probably learn not to expect too much of life.

At one point along the Strip, a sign announces the Las Vegas race track. The sign is a symbol of faith in the city's future, for it explains, when you get close to it, that it just means the place where the track is going to be. Las Vegas proper, at the end of the Strip, is known as Downtown,

*Kay. Sorry about the mix-up
for the prom. But I wrote you it was
on the 3rd, not the 5th of May.
Why did you get off at South Station?
I also wrote to meet the Merchants at Back Bay.
Ted* *

Why Kay missed the Senior Prom!

The young man who invited her and who wrote the note above should have used a typewriter.

Then—there would have been no chance for confusion. For, the performance any senior, or anyone else for that matter, can turn out on the new Gray Magic Royal Portable is wonderfully clear and legible.

In fact, easy, fast, clear writing now is everyone's dish—whether he is a student, professional man, writer, salesman, newspaperman, doctor, or merchant.

Here are a few of the features of the new Gray Magic Royal Portable which make for speedier, effortless typing:



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See the new Air-flight carrying case; see how simply, securely it holds this truly portable typewriter. Learn how easy it is to own one—at your department store or dealer's today.

[†]T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**Translation: Kay—Sorry about the mix-up for the prom. But I wrote you it was on the 3rd, not the 5th, of May. Why did you get off at South Station? I also wrote I'd meet the Merchants at Back Bay. Ted.*

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Lightest of all vermouth is Lejon. That's why it gives you the driest and smoothest cocktail you ever enjoyed. Blend with Lejon and see the difference, taste the difference!



LEJON
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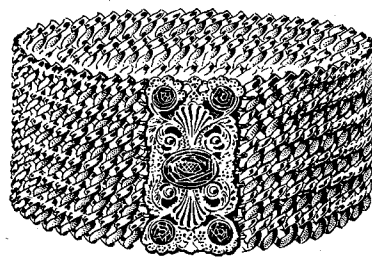
DRY OR SWEET • A PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
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New York, N. Y.

and consists of a fair-to-middling collection of movie houses and stores and a cluster of big gambling clubs without hotel accommodations, swimming pools, or palmettos—the Golden Nugget, the Pioneer, the Eldorado, the Boulder, the Las Vegas, and a lot I can't remember. These draw their customers from the motels, the small hotels along the railroad tracks, and the approximately twenty thousand inhabitants of Las Vegas.

The Golden Nugget, the most elaborate of the Downtown places, is not old, but it contains some of the most beautiful old barroom wood and furnishings I have ever seen. Mahogany has to be wiped with beer for a century to look and smell so good. The establishment cost a million to furnish, according to Las Vegas legend, and paid for itself in eight months. (Noteworthy projects in a gambling town invariably cost a million. The listener must decide for himself what denomination of chips the speaker means.) The Nugget also has a fine restaurant, with solicitous waitresses. I heard one say to an elderly woman tourist who was apparently essaying her first Stinger, "You have to cultivate a taste for it, honey. I had to cultivate a taste for Coca-Cola."

IN the early thirties, during Las Vegas's first boom, which coincided with the building of Boulder Dam, Downtown, which was all there was then, flourished mightily on the construction workers' pay checks. The dam is thirty-two miles from Las Vegas and only ten from Boulder City, which the government built to house the workers, but the United States senators from Nevada fought as hard and as successfully to bar gambling from this particular piece of federal property as they had previously fought to get the dam built. That guaranteed Downtown's income. After the major work on the dam was finished, in 1935, tourists came to have a look at it and to gamble a bit on the way. Then the war, with another vigorous assist from the Nevada senators, brought a magnesium plant and an airbase, each complete with payroll. A senator from Nevada is like a college president; his job is to get things.

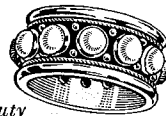
When the war ended, the plant and the airbase sharply curtailed operations. But automobiles became available once more and air-conditioning was greatly improved. The automobiles brought Las Vegas within easy reach of many again (six hundred miles, by Western standards, is a nice weekend drive, but calls



Let this old English cuff bracelet grace the wrist of a lady in a short-sleeved jacket. The links are pinchbeck, intricately woven, the clasp inset with coral, \$42.70.

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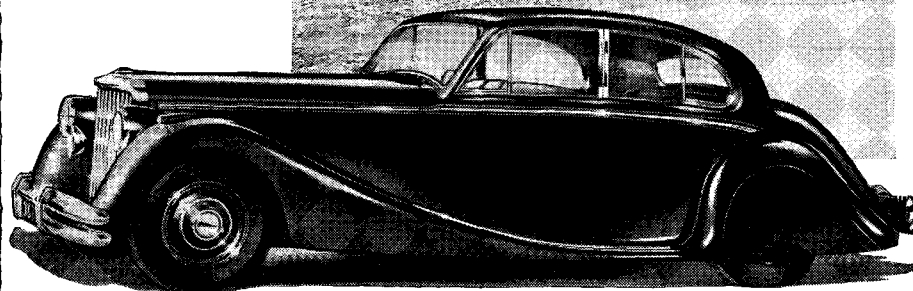
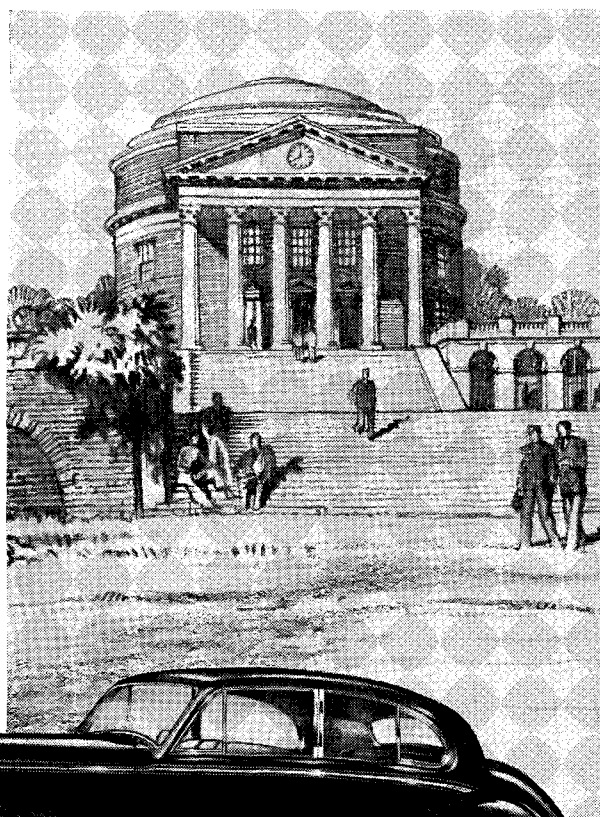
NEW YORK'S
CELEBRATED CHINESE
RESTAURANT
Luncheon a la Carte Dinner
HOUSE OF CHAN
7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET

for some objective, like a sight to see), and air-conditioning solved the problem of the Las Vegas summer, when the temperature gets up to a hundred and twenty or thirty degrees during the day. (It was eighty-five at midday and sixty at night two weeks ago, when I was there.) At first, only the gambling rooms were air-conditioned, but the town soon realized the necessity of rooms in which tourists could stay between bouts of air-conditioned action at the tables, and since it seemed clear that the place with the best rooms would get the guests with the most money to lose, the race to luxury began.

A Los Angeles man named Hull built El Rancho, the first of the big places along the Strip, in 1940, but he was a bit ahead of his time and lost it. After the war, it began making money for its new owners. A Texas crowd put up the Last Frontier in 1945. They still have it; the crap dealers wear cowboy suits and steer horns sprout from the walls. The Flamingo, done in warm tones that slug it out with the air-conditioning, opened under auspices that Las Vegas deprecated; the lamented Bugsy Siegel was in charge, representing undisclosed investors. Mr. Siegel was not popular in Las Vegas—there was no Cameo Kirby in his personality—but his biggest mistake was leaving. "He left on a Friday morning and he got killed Friday night," a sagacious Las Vegas told me. "If he had stayed here, he would still be alive, making nothing but money."

LAS VEGAS is a kind of wildlife sanctuary. There are only four highways out of town, all of them across deserts. One leads to San Bernardino, California; another to Kingman, Arizona; the third to Reno; and the fourth to Salt Lake City. Any or all of them can be blocked by the state police within a few minutes after the departure of a suspect car from Las Vegas. The city, like all gambling towns, has a disproportionately large and tough police force, to protect the vast quantity of cash in twenty-four-hour-a-day circulation. (Play never stops.) Every casino is guarded by Nevada deputy sheriffs, who are paid by the house; the Desert Inn has fourteen, and the total Downtown and on the Strip must be around a couple of hundred. The local authorities don't much care who enters the city, and it is a hard place to extradite a man from, but, once in Las Vegas, the boys observe the major amenities. There hasn't been even an attempt at armed robbery there

The Library, University of Virginia, designed by Thomas Jefferson, 1817.



Everything about it has distinction

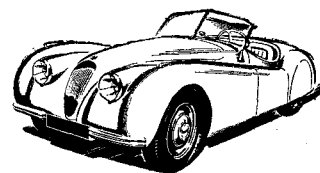
Writing of the Mark V Jaguar, Courtenay Edwards, famous motoring authority, says:—"Everything about it, the feel of it, the way it goes, the way it sounds and the way it looks has distinction! Its engine is as docile in city streets as it is impatiently fast on the open road . . . I particularly liked the new steering which is light and positive. It corners like a racing car yet the springing with extra long torsion bars for the independent front suspension gives a delightfully smooth ride."

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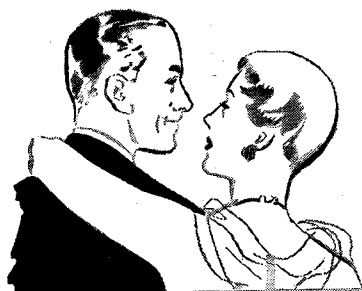
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MESSENGER

since 1941, if the acting chief of police is to be believed. Taximen, however, never seem to carry change for more than a five-dollar bill at night, and one of them told me that this is because late customers so often stick them up. "It's just a form of panhandling," he said.

In the course of my stay in Las Vegas, I met not one adult who had been born there, although I did meet a man who said he was married to a native. Wilbur Clark, the president of the Desert Inn, rates as an old Las Vegas. He first saw the town around 1938, some time after his gambling debut, as a crap dealer in the Bank Club, in Reno. He went on to southern California, where he hopped bells, tended bars, and for a while ran two gambling ships, and returned to Las Vegas in 1940, as a partner in El Rancho, where he became director of gambling. In 1946, he sold his interest there for a million and a half dollars, he says, and set out to build a place that would eclipse both it and the Last Frontier. (The Thunderbird and the Flamingo weren't yet in existence.) He had plans drawn, built one wing—spending about half a million, he says—and then ran out of money. A couple of years later, he got some more money, built another wing, and again went broke. By then, the success of every hotel-casino that had come along had convinced sporting capitalists that Las Vegas could stand an indefinite number of them. (It apparently can stand more than it has now, for I made a tour of the Strip on the last Saturday night in April and found every one of the big casinos packed, with no restaurant tables available at their dinner shows, and every motel along the route flashing a "No Vacancy" sign. The Flamingo, now operated by a Phoenix, Arizona, man, seemed particularly gemütlich, like Reuben's early Sunday morning.) So Clark found backing, which, I was informed by fellow-guests, came from Cleveland and Cincinnati, and the Desert Inn floated to its opening on a tidal wave of nothing but money.

I talked to one of the new-money representatives among the listed stockholders of the Desert Inn—Robert Kaye, of Cleveland, who is in tactical charge of the *salle des jeux*, a post he keenly relishes. The kind of money that goes into Las Vegas places, if one can judge by this representative, is very energetic, and not at all like the languid sort that trickles through the veins of large corporations or congeals in the capillaries of trust companies. "The great thing about Las Vegas," Mr. Kaye told me, "is that you have action

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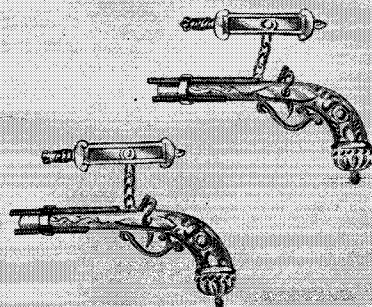
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all the time—three shifts. In the East, you work one shift, at night, and even at that people go to dinner and shows, so you're lucky to have five hours' action. This is almost like *four* clubs in the East, so we can afford to give the customer a good percentage. Plenty of layouts, plenty of time, plenty of action—but nice." In a place as big as the Inn, Mr. Kaye told me, the management has to put a limit on play, "because if you let one fellow bet five hundred without odds—our limit on the crap table—he can also have two hundred on any proposition, and you have to let everybody have it that wants it. How many players that might be, you couldn't guess, even." I asked him about roulette, and he said the house would take only twenty-five straight up on a number, at thirty-five to one. "But you can cover all four corners and all four sides," he went on, fancying, perhaps, that I looked disappointed, "and five hundred on the red or black. In a couple of hours, that gives you nice action."

Clark is especially qualified to be president of the Desert Inn corporation because he has made such an intensive study of goodness. A small man with a pink, young face and gray hair, he has looked into many thousands of other faces in the Far West, always with benevolence. Some faces, he knows, are good for fifty thousand dollars, some are good for only five hundred dollars, and some, even of the fairest, are good for nothing at all. It is hard to turn down a stranger who is asking for credit if an acknowledged good face identifies him. Even though the identification doesn't commit the good face financially, Clark hates to offend a man who can afford to bet large sums of money, so he will often initial a check for a face in which his confidence is minimal. "Say you let him have five



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A great sherry in its own right, you will serve Harvey's *Bristol Milk* proudly.

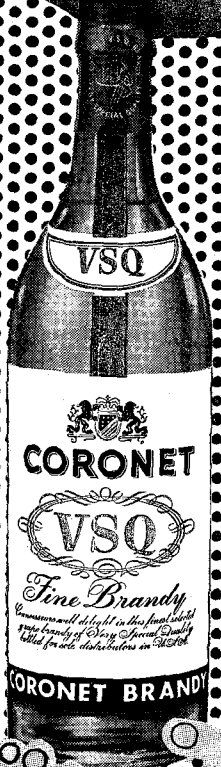


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hundred," he explained to me. "He plays your cash on your layout, and if he gets a couple hundred ahead, he picks up his check, but you still don't know what gives. If he loses, he goes along to the other places on the Strip and does the same thing. He has five chances, and if he has one good run, it is still all right. Sometimes, when one of those birds picks up a check, I think I would rather lose the money and *know* he was making a sucker of me. If the check is bad, we're in a jam, because you can't be sure of collecting a gambling debt, even in Nevada. But if he is foolish enough to cash it at the hotel end of the building instead of the casino end, and we catch him, we can put him in jail. 'Son,' the judge will say, 'you got no right to beat an innkeeper. You spent some of this money on food and drink. That was wrong.'" Clark smiled happily. "Of course," he added, "you only get that kind of a judge in Nevada."

I HAD been afraid that I might find Las Vegas depressed, because I had been reading in the newspapers that Congress was contemplating a law to bar the interstate shipment of slot machines. (The Inn, although not primarily a machine house, has seventy-five.) On the contrary, the residents were unworried, and with reason. "The way we hear it, the bill forbids shipment, *except* to states where slot machines are legal," another new-money man told me. "That means Nevada, Idaho, and Montana. [I could see that the Rocky Mountain senators had not been idle.] If they pass the bill, which they won't, and knocked that clause out, which they wouldn't, we'd have to have some kind of factory here, or in Idaho or Montana. We have a border with Idaho and Idaho has one with Montana."

A visiting gambler, a paternal old fellow who had been listening to our conversation, spoke up. "Slot machines are to keep the women busy while their husbands get trimmed at craps," he said. "If you want to draw automobile trade, you have to provide something for the women to do."

Going one step further in the effort to encourage the family trade, the Desert Inn has installed a children's playhouse and garden, a rather more pretentious setup than any that a wealthy private school could afford, supervised by a kindergarten teacher who is a child psychologist. This will keep the children occupied while the mothers play the slot machines while the fathers shoot craps. The pool, a turquoise-blue, key-

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hole-shaped triumph, with a deep diving basin at one end and a wide wading area for the kiddies at the other, has a lifeguard—a pretty Texas girl who used to be the national amateur free-style champion at a hundred yards. The Inn's floor show the first week it was open was headed by Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, who seemed lost without commercials to brighten their act. Victor Mature and Nick the Greek were guests, contributing their disparate grandeurs. The Greek, however, showed himself in the casino only briefly, preferring to play Hollywood gin rummy at three dollars a point in his or his friends' rooms.

The invitation I received mentioned fishing and horseback riding as attractions of the Desert Inn. Although I have only a feeble interest in either variety of beast, I was curious enough to ask Mr. Clark where they were. He said the fish were in Lake Mead (twenty-eight miles away), transportation furnished on request, and the horses were in a livery stable over behind the Last Frontier. He also said I was the first guest to inquire about them.

—A. J. LIEBLING

RIPOSTE DEPARTMENT

[From the Lamar (Mo.) Democrat]

A REPLY TO EMMA MAE
DUNAWAY ARTICLE IN
LAST NITE DEMOCRAT

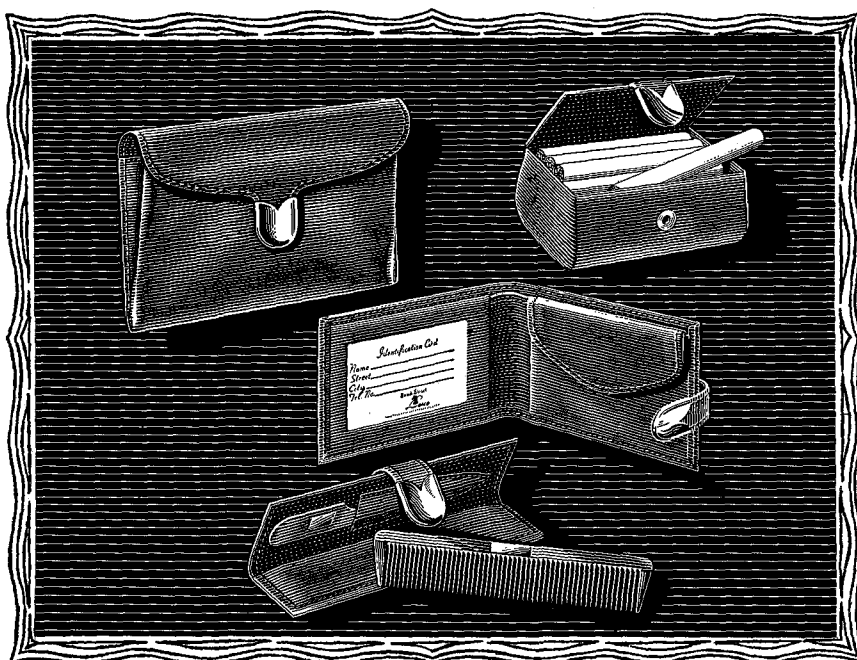
And to the readers of Lamar Democrat, and to the people of Lamar who do not know me, and of the Johnson's Grocery:

We started this grocery store something over 2½ years ago. Started at that time on what was bare land built our building and put what money I had and borrowed the rest to start in this business. We started our business on this policy. Be honest with our customers treat them as we would have them treat us we feel we have maintained this policy to date. We aim to make our home here in Lamar as we have done in and around Lamar for past 20 years. We are tax payers and try to help our city and the people not to make them out as cheats and liars.

We have several good customers that has run weekly accounts with us from start of business. They would not stay and trade with us if they weren't satisfied with our dealings.

Now as to Mrs. Dunaway I feel that she let her temper get out of control, as up till then she seemed very nice we thought a lot of them not only as a customer but also good citizens of our town of which we are very proud.

Now Mrs. Dunaway did send her boy over to have her account figured up which we did as the boy wanted, also added tax so as to have total account figured as he said his mother would come over and pay. His mother come over later saying she could not pay at that time as she intended paying same out of rent



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money from property at Fort Scott Kan That was O.K. as we had never at no time asked them for money as they had always been good payers So we went on from there adding some to the account until Sat. nite when boy come over and again wanted account figured up which we did never thinking anything would come up as did later that night. The boy said his mother did not think account would be over \$4.00. But totaled only \$10.33. He said he would go home and tell his mother, we told him to have her bring her bills, which we always make duplicates and we would compare them. But she would not produce her duplicates at no time. When ever any one pays their account we always give them the original bills then we have no account of transaction.

We could not reason at all with her. She called us names such as cheäts, liars & thieves that is to much to take from anyone especially when you have tried to be of service to them. And as far as my wife giving her the tickets, she reached over counter and grabbed bills out of her hand. And tore the bills which she claimed she had paid throwing back ones she said she still owed saying she would pay only what she wanted to of the account. She left at that time saying she would go home and get her purse, which she had then in her hand. Coming back later saying she would only pay part of account. I told her then that her account was \$10.33 and would not accept part payment as final it would half to be \$10.33 or would have her arrested for disturbing peace which she invited me to do.

And Dear readers you know no one is lawfully guilty until proven guilty. I don't know what a business man who works early & late spends his money for supplies sells them to his customers than later to be told by some customer that she will pay only what she feels she wants to pay. Now if Mrs. Dunaway feels she has been mistreated am sorry, but I can't stay in business and have customers pay in that respect. Now Mrs. Dunaway remarked about the printing on back of sales tickets we have that is absolutely right. But one mistake we can't correct is people we trust that fails us.

Now I want to thank the Democrat very much for the space which I have taken up which to my disgust I think is very childish and silly.

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The public hue and cry would cramp his style—

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OF ALL THINGS

OUR Commander-in-Chief is engaged in a thorough inspection of the nation's Western outposts. He feels that it is his Constitutional duty to strengthen our defenses against the Republican Party.

National and state governments are making thoughtful studies of organized gambling. They will probably learn that the root of the trouble lies in the continuing high American birth rate of suckers.

Secretary Acheson has gone to Europe in search of peace. It is earnestly hoped that he will find more there than he has found in Washington.

The Long Island Railroad was recently plagued by a sudden epidemic of illness among the engineers. Diagnosis indicated that the afflicted men were sick of working for the Long Island.

The Census Bureau estimates that the population of New York will turn out to be 7,750,000, which is about a quarter of a million under the figure that city authorities anticipated. There is a suspicion that the 250,000 missing persons will be found living in ranch-houses in the Wild Westchester.

The Senate did fairly well by the E.C.A. bill, but we shall now have several weeks of debate about the F.E.P.C. This is a quaint tribal ceremony during which everybody talks and nobody listens.

The Boston Red Sox seem resolved to make good the prediction that they will win the American League pennant. The future looks pretty bright for Joe McCarthy—the baseball one, that is.

The suggestion that Germans in Berlin be permitted to hold a free election to determine their future has met with a stony silence in the Eastern zone. Communists do not care for the old-style, reactionary elections, in which everybody votes as he pleases.

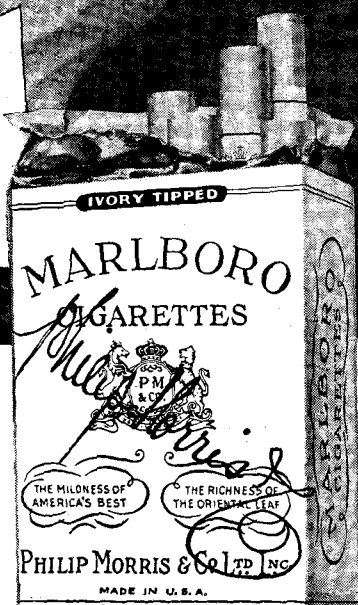
Unemployment figures are disquieting, but there is good news from Detroit. The Chrysler Corporation is going into the business of manufacturing motorcars. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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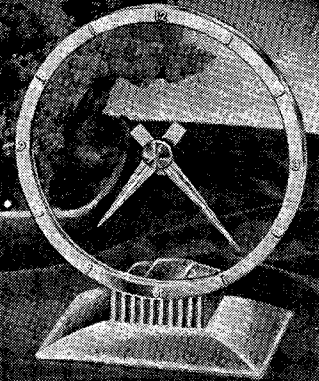
NEW YORK CITY,
MAY 6, 1950

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

I WAS sorry to learn, on reading "The Parker Brothers at Antipolo," in your April 22nd issue, that Gordon Cotler's fellow Intelligence officers finally came to blows over Monopoly, but I was glad that they had had the game to while away the weary, endless nights. On those same nights, in the fall of 1945, I was depending on Monopoly to get me, several other Red Cross girls, and four courageous infantrymen through a similar barren stretch of time. Like Cotler, I was nostalgically "building" houses on New York Avenue, though I was halfway across the world from him, in another staging area, on the plains of France. Unlike Cotler's experience with Monopoly, mine had a happy ending.

The normal state of a staging area was one of chaos. I was attempting to run a Red Cross club in such an area, a redeployment camp twenty miles south of Reims, where the population might be ten thousand men in the morning, twenty-five thousand men by night-fall, and five thousand the next morning. G.I.s streamed in from the east, passed on to other areas, or, as ships became available to take them home, moved out to the western and southern ports of France. From above, the camp probably would have looked like one of those bags that anesthetists use to keep track of a patient's breathing: swelling and collapsing, swelling and collapsing. Camp commanders came and went, pausing only long enough to issue a complete new set of orders countermanding everything promulgated by their predecessors. One of the most zealous of these commanders was a buck general whose name I have forgotten but who was unaffectionately known throughout the camp as Ben Hur. He toured his domain all day and half the night, standing up in the front of a jeep, gripping the windshield, and bellowing to his executive officer, who rode in the back seat with a notebook, diligently writing down each order. The general was of the Engineers, and wanted to tear down everything and rebuild with concrete—apparently on the theory that our forces were going to stay in France forever. Unfortunately for us girls, the general stopped his jeep one night in front

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of the Red Cross club just as we were leaving, shortly after ten o'clock. He demanded to know why we closed so early. I told him that ten o'clock was the usual closing hour for Red Cross clubs, and explained that as a rule the club was empty before that time. Days at the redeployment camp were nothing that anybody wanted to prolong, and the boys were usually asleep in their tents by ten, grateful for oblivion. "I want this club kept open every night until midnight!" he shouted, and roared off into the dark. Next evening, he dropped in about eleven o'clock to see whether his order had been obeyed. One other Red Cross girl and I were taking turns winding up the phonograph and playing V-Discs. German P.W.s assigned to the club were keeping busy—some sweeping up, some clearing off tables and washing cups, some stirring coffee in the giant garbage cans that were all we had to make it in, some arranging doughnuts attractively on G.I. trays. But no G.I.s. Not a one. The general was unmoved. "The boys'll be here when they know you're staying open," he declared, and it was clear that we were stuck as long as Ben Hur remained in his chariot.

Throughout his reign, we stayed open until midnight, while the boys, except for four heroic members of the 75th Inf., persisted in preferring sleep. These four vowed that we should not stay up alone, and night after night they bravely kept us company. Since we reported to the club at 10 A.M., we were barely dragging along by 10 P.M., and I don't think the other girls and I—our number varied—could have got through the next two hours without the four boys and Monopoly. We fixed on Monopoly as our life raft simply because one game of it lasted so long. Grimly, every night at ten o'clock, one of the boys got out the Monopoly board, dealt the imitation money, and, with weary determination on all sides, we began. Mostly, we had nothing but more coffee and doughnuts for refreshments. Occasionally, the boys would forage up a bottle of "conyac," and then things were less grim. Out in the kitchen, the P.W.s idled and complained about the late hours. Except for them and us, and various guards dotted around, the whole camp was comfortably lost in sleep—even the rest of the P.W.s, in the stockade. Monopoly kept us going until midnight.

ONE morning, the other girls and I were completely stunned when three of our loyal boys burst into the



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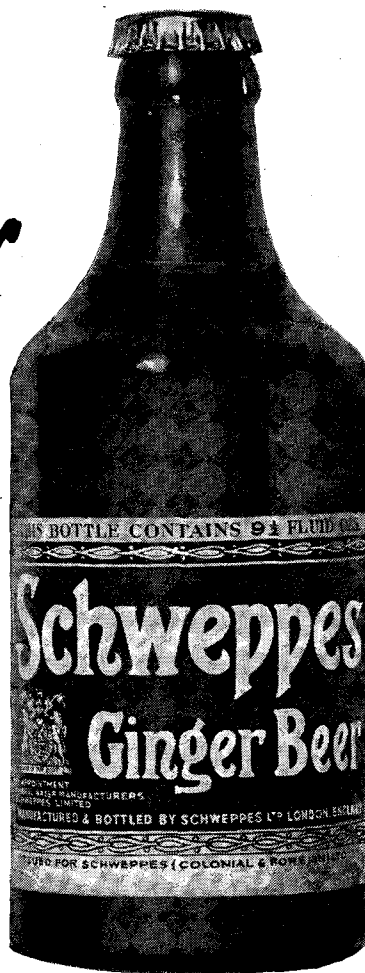
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club and announced that the fourth had been arrested by the M.P.s for rape, said rape allegedly having occurred somewhere or other at eleven-forty the previous night. With twenty thousand men to choose from, it was outrageous that the charge had been pinned on one of our faithful Monopoly boys. At M.P. headquarters, we vouched for our friend's innocence; nevertheless he was ordered to face a court-martial, which, unfortunately, was held in Reims, and we were not called to testify. His defense, that he had been at the Red Cross club playing Monopoly with the Red Cross girls at the time in question, was considered fantastic. The prosecution averred that the military and the Red Cross—in fact, the whole world—knew that Red Crosses close at ten. Lest there be any doubt, one of the prosecutors telephoned Red Cross headquarters in Reims, and was duly assured that no club *ever* remained open after ten. Like any headquarters of anything, they were not in very close touch with what was happening in the provinces, and though I had repeatedly petitioned them to do something about this ridiculous midnight closing, my pleas had (to put it charitably) not reached them.

A mere soldier's court-martial was, of course, nothing in the life of Ben Hur, who was concerned with empire-building and an average of twenty thousand restless troops under his command. But we managed to bludgeon our way through to him and to explain the plight of our friend, and how easily he could clear him. With all the weighty authority of a one-star general, he put in a telephone call to Reims, and astounded the court with the intelligence that the club had been open, at his orders, and that the boy had indeed been playing Monopoly with "my girls." I suppose it was inevitable that he should consider the incident as proof that he had been right in ordering the club to stay open.

Our friend was back in camp the next day, exonerated, and the Monopoly games were resumed. Less than a week later, the general received his orders to return to the States. Red Cross headquarters in Reims, by this time scandalized to learn that "their girls" had been working till midnight, took only three more weeks to get around to issuing a directive that the practice must cease. But we were way ahead of them, having reverted to the ten-o'clock closing hour on the day Ben Hur left.

Sincerely yours,
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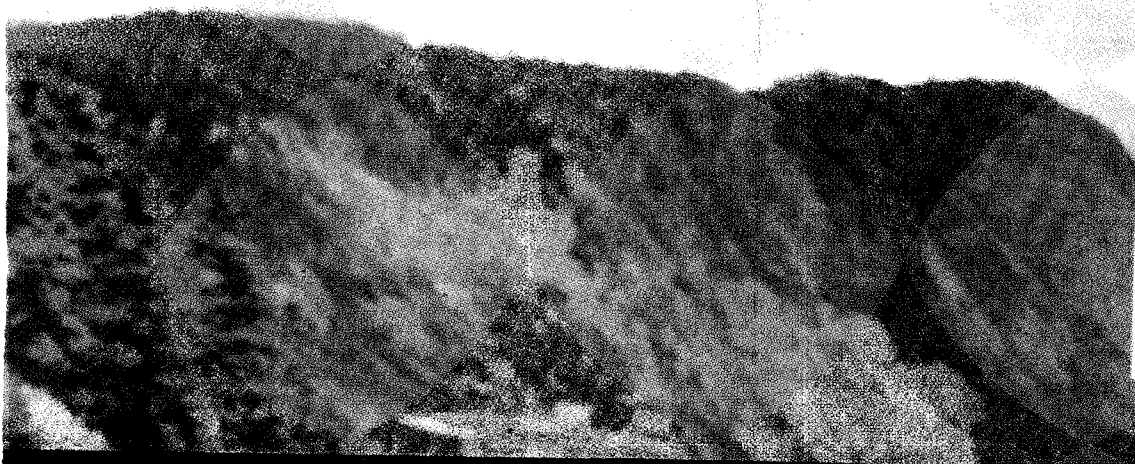
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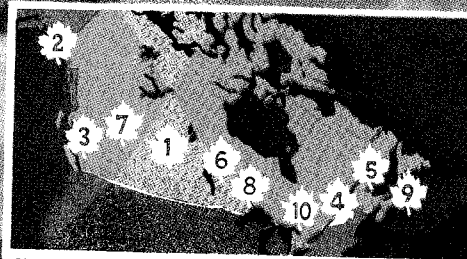


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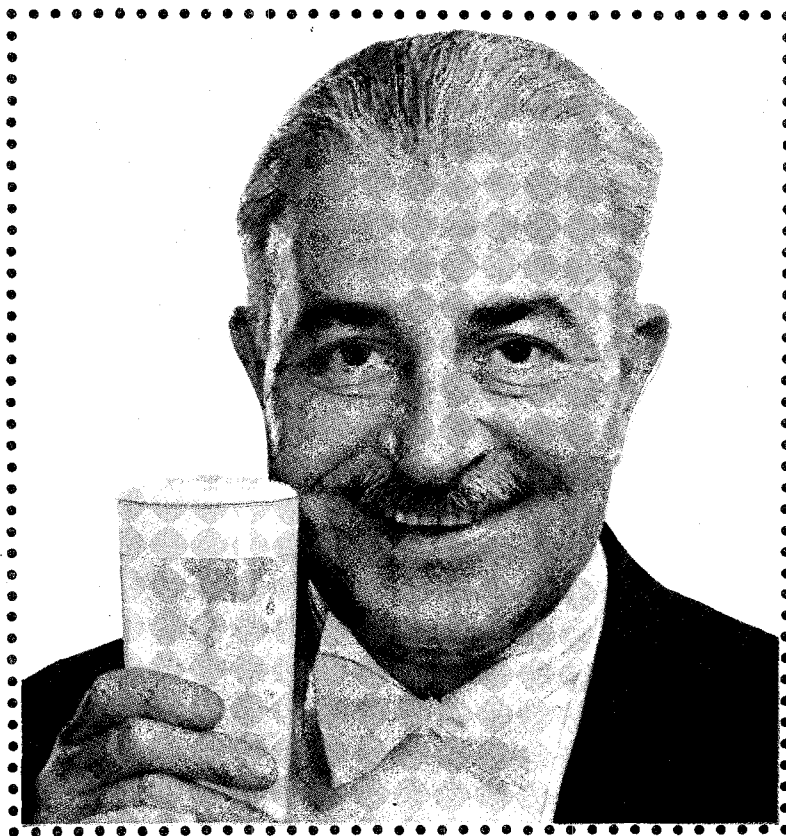
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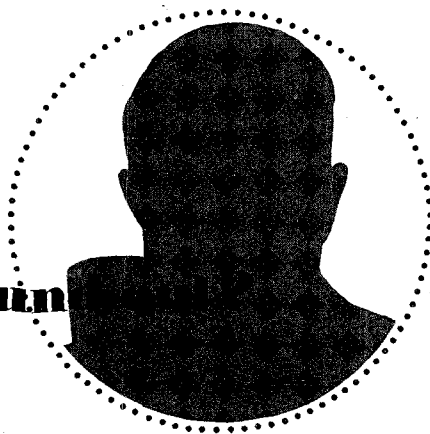
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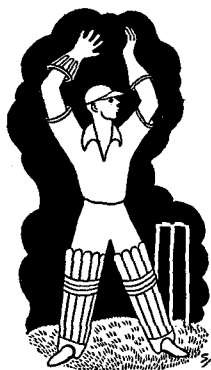


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LETTER FROM LONDON



MAY 4
THE Government seemed rather pleased last week when in two votes involving the much disliked budget taxes affecting gasoline and road transport, issues that might well have put Mr. Attlee out of office, it scraped home both times by a majority of five, but an increasing number of ordinary citizens seem somewhat less pleased over what is becoming a fidgety situation of government by clinical thermometer. Before the voting, so many members of the House of Commons were ailing that the newspapers amused themselves by taking inventory of the Labour and Opposition benches to see which were upright, which were prostrate, and which, though feverish, could be counted on to hobble along to Westminster and cast their vital votes. Those invalids who were ambulatory were photographed draped in rugs and smiling wanly as they left their homes on the way to help their party stay in power or to try to get the other party out of power.

Whatever the Government's feelings about those two tests, it cannot have considered the subsequent May Day vote, in which it had the narrowest of escapes from defeat, an occasion entirely composed of sweetness and light. The matter involved was hardly of sufficient consequence to threaten a dissolution and a new election, but, coupled with the events of the preceding week, the tie vote that was broken only when the presiding officer cast the deciding ballot made it clear that the status quo in which the Government finds itself is one that could be shattered at any moment by a sneeze. People are now saying that there must be a new election this summer, although, short of what Mr. Churchill the other day called "a blinding emergency," it doesn't look as though it would result in a Parliamentary body any more healthily balanced. No important challenge to the Government is expected during the next few weeks. There is now little doubt, however, that challenged the Government will be on all issues, big and small. The Tories are said to be divided on this point, some of them being lined up behind Mr. Eden, who leans toward playing a waiting game until things change

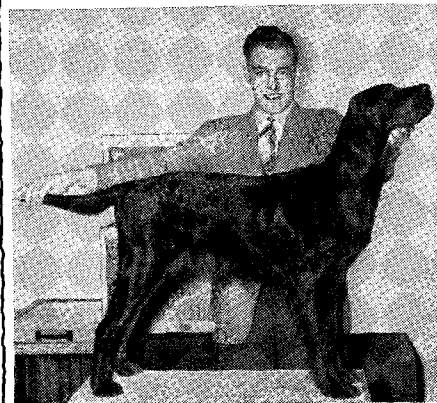
more obviously in the Opposition's favor, and others behind the Conservatives' leader, who, for self-evident reasons, does not wish to wait.

Mr. Churchill's hints at the possibility of a coalition were perhaps in the nature of trailing an experimental cape to test the temper of Labour's adherents, who reacted by lowering their heads with a snort and tearing right into it. All the same, quite a number of Britons appear to be taking the fed-up position that anything might be better than the Gilbert and Sullivan state of affairs now existing.

THERE is much nervous talk about where and when the new costs of motor transport are likely to hit pocket-books. (Taxi rides, as a beginning, are up threepence, which is modest, considering that the drivers haven't even asked for an increase in years.) Lots of people find the cost of living too painful as it is. In buying food, for instance, they have discovered that although the unrestricted stylish extras provided to augment the cheap, subsidized rations are readily available in the shops, it's the cash in one's pocket that now does the rationing. Housewives have lately been embroiled in a war over fish, which began when price control was removed from that commodity, whereupon prices soared (just as the Whitehall planners had always said they would), at which point the ladies determinedly didn't buy, and prices meekly got back into line (just as the advocates of a freer economy had always said they would). The rebellion probably called for no great sacrifice on the housewives' part, because the majority of the seagirt British now hate fish at any price with such a deadly loathing that there would be intense popular enthusiasm if news came that some piscine Black Death had cleared all the cod out of the ocean.

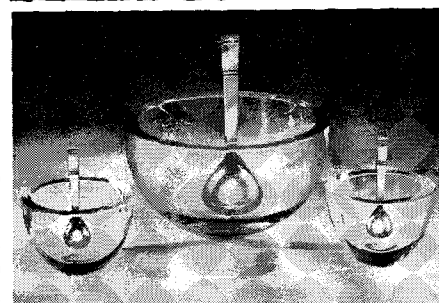
It had been hoped that Mr. Maurice Webb, the recently appointed Minister of Food, would act as a cheerful new broom to sweep some staple foods completely off the ration, but his promising preliminary observation that a little of what you fancy is good for you turned out to mean little indeed—an ounce more butter weekly, to be exact, balanced by an ounce less bacon. His one encouraging act was to knock off the five-bob limit on meals (with its consequent limitations on the kind of meal a restaurant could afford to serve), but, as it has been pointed out, this was done less to jolly the British along than to

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make things look more tempting to the precious tourists arriving this summer.

LONDON has blossomed out with shows of all kinds for the entertainment of those, native and otherwise, already here. This year, for a change, the Royal Academy is exhibiting some interesting pictures to counterbalance its usual quota of painstaking paintings of aldermen's robes, English pub scenes, and the features of royalty. Perhaps the most dubious picture in the lot, which on Private View Day was almost obscured by the mesmerized crowds rooted before it, is a startling work by Dame Laura Knight, who evidently set out to paint a modern primitive. In it, Princess Elizabeth, looking like a cardboard doll, is shown officiating at some ceremony connected with the rebuilding of Coventry by daintily snipping a ceremonial tape while gaped at by an angular, medieval citizenry, which appears to have been struck all of a heap by the exalted visitation. As a relief from this sort of thing, there are some canvases by Augustus John, among them the fine portrait of the painter Matthew Smith, which has been bought by the Chantry Bequest, and a number by Stanley Spencer on his favorite subject, the Resurrection, a display that marks his return to the Academy after a lively resignation fifteen years ago. Spencer's compositions, the nearest thing to modern painting to appear on the Academy's mossy walls, combine Pre-Raphaelite meticulousness and Cubist distortion to portray the dead, all dressed in clean summer prints of wallpaper design, scrambling out of neat catafalques.

The loveliest show in town at the moment is the exhibition, at the National Book League, in Albemarle Street, of flower books—from medieval herbals to illustrated modern botanical works—arranged by Wilfrid Blunt, art master at Eton College. A mixed crowd of bibliophiles and tweedy gardening enthusiasts (lamenting the recent freak blizzard that smashed southern gardens and telephone lines last week) turned up for its opening. The more valuable exhibits include the famous eighteenth-century "Temple of Flora," by Robert John Thornton; a volume from Pierre-Joseph Redouté's exquisite eight-volume work "Les Liliacées," in the King's collection; and the most celebrated of all florilegia, the charming "Guirlande de Julie"—a sort of nosegay of verses and fabulously brilliant flower paintings by Nicolas Robert, which was commissioned by a seventeenth-century French

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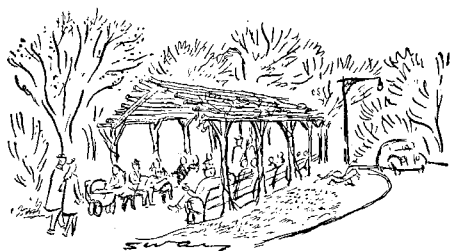
147 East 55th St. New York 22
Murray Hill 8-4455



nobleman as a parting gift to his girl when he went off to the wars.

A very different crowd—mostly female, giddily hatted and all atwitter—jammed into the Savoy Hotel the other day for the three sessions of the much publicized showing of the greater part of Christian Dior's spring collection. Two-guinea tickets for this gala event were being black-marketed at eight, so keen was the elegant jostle to view M. Dior's fine clothes, which were imported for one day only, under the eagle eye of H. M. Customs. M. Dior came over with his dresses and mannequins, and was generally credited with having made a very amiable Anglo-French gesture, as the takings from the event are to go toward founding a museum of costume in London, which has never had anything of the kind. This project, which is backed by the Arts Council, is really the baby of the indefatigable Mrs. Doris Langley Moore, who through the years has collected several hundred dresses, dating from about 1800 onward, not to mention shoes, muffs, tippets, and every other sort of period accessories, down, or up, to hatpins. Pending the establishment of a permanent home for these furbelows, there is talk of placing them temporarily on view somewhere next year, as an appropriate adjunct to the Festival of Britain, England's centenary echo of the Great Exhibition of Victorian times.

THE most talked-about theatrical event of the week, of course, has been the opening of "The Cocktail Party," brought to its native heath by Henry Sherek. The first-night audience had to battle its way into the New Theatre through crowds, flash bulbs, and policemen. Some of those who had seen the original production, at the Edinburgh Festival, were inclined to draw nostalgic comparisons between the performance of Alec Guinness and that of Rex Harrison, whose crisp, natty playing of the part seemed just right for fashionable Harley Street but rather less successful in suggesting a practice along any Via Dolorosa of the spirit. At the end, T. S. Eliot appeared on the stage, like a wise child brought down, blink-



THE Minneapolis Star and Tribune

COLUMN



by **CEDRIC ADAMS**

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT, but I saw it with my own little eyes. Remember those bow ties the kids sported for awhile where you pushed a button that was ducked in the pocket and the tie lit up with a couple of flashing bulbs? A Hollywood outfit has come out now with the same idea for a brassiere . . . The description of a movie theater by a four-year-old: A popcorn store with a show . . . At last I've discovered a form of exercise to which I willingly subscribe. Shivering is a step taken by the body to acquire warmth through exercise. That I'll go for . . . The justices of the United States Supreme Court have to buy their own robes and the black silk kimonos set the jurists back \$150 apiece . . . If the grocery bill seems staggering, consider the plight of the wren. Baby wrens consume from one-half to their full weight in food every day. One wren under observation fed its young 1,217 times in 15 hours and 45 minutes. One good reason why we should have wrens around is because, later on in the season, their diet consists largely of mosquitoes.



THE AVERAGE WIFE talks 20 per cent faster than her husband—listens . . . Life grows more complex: Advice is out now to eat owners that it's the smart thing to take your cat to the vet for a teeth-cleaning job at least twice a year . . . Chicago has recently elected Miss Sweet Pickle of 1950. And she's exactly that . . . Startling statistic: Only half the people in the world wear shoes . . . Chris Craft, boat builders, are out with a "package boat"—an 18-foot plywood row boat that comes ready to assemble. The boat has a wide V bottom, seats six, is easily portable and sells for \$45 . . . Children's clothes are being made, too, in pre-cut fashion. The buyer does her own sewing.



I'VE NEVER BEEN EXACTLY A SARTORIAL EXPERT, but this is the first time I've met my necktie coming and going on several hundred other guys. That's the case out here in Minneapolis where a good many of us at the Star and Tribune are sporting maroon ties carrying the numerals 600,000 in a design. These ties honor a great milestone, believe me: a Sunday Tribune circulation now in excess of 600,000. I think that ever-climbing circulation figure, better than any words I can use, drives home the fact that the best-liked, best-read, most respected newspapers in America's Upper Midwest are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 600,000).



LATEST IN TAVERN SIGNS: "No television yet, but a fight every night." . . . Just 80 years ago the word for falsies was palptators . . . Richard Crooks, the famed tenor, has named his Hollywood home "Sing Sing—The Home of the Crooks."



NEXT TIME A GROUP gathers at your house and the conversation lags, toss this question out for general discussion: How many wives do you know who have grown or expanded culturally, socially, personality-wise as rapidly as their husbands have during the course of their marriage career? In other words, while the husbands have been progressively carving out careers, have the wives been making strides accordingly? What a battle hymn that will sound off . . . Ain't nature grand? Katydid's hear with their front legs; bees have baskets on their back legs which they fill with pollen. And butterflies taste with their legs . . . Maybe it's just as well spring was retarded. Automobile tires pick up nails more readily on rainy days. There's always a bright side, dearie . . . If you have a southern exposure in your home, there is now available a coating for windows which will protect your rugs, furniture and drapes against fading from a strong sun . . . Definition of a perfume salesman: A guy who makes his living sticking his business into other people's noses.



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28 SHERATON HOTELS

ing, out of bed into the grownups' get-together, to receive enthusiastic but not rapturous applause. The critics next morning, with one or two notably unimpressed exceptions, were respectfully admiring. It remains to be seen whether Londoners, some of whom had been complaining because they were not invited to Mr. Eliot's party sooner, will make head or tail, or anyhow a good smash hit, of it now that they are there.

The Covent Garden ballet season is proving to be the usual sellout success. Recently, the Sadler's Wells company added the much acclaimed George Balanchine "Ballet Imperial," which has already been seen in a shorter version in New York, to its repertoire. This work was enormously praised by the critics, who hailed it as the most beautiful spectacle seen in London for years. The leading role is currently being danced with brittle and dazzling technique by Moira Shearer, now considered by some experts to equal or even to surpass Sadler's Wells' flower of the flock—Margot Fonteyn, who created the role at the first two performances. Another new presentation this season is Ninette de Valois's "Don Quixote," a visually beautiful ballet that a few of the critics found too long on miming and too short on pure dancing. Miss Fonteyn, in the role of Dulcinea, sometimes the taunting slut and sometimes the lady of the knight's visions, has the most exquisite little dance of the whole ballet—a series of slow and lovely movements with which she dedicates his chivalrous lance. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

Mr. Richards also will show a Geiger counter and demonstrate how an atomic bomb is exploded. Refreshments will be served following his talk.—*Evanston (Ill.) Review*.

They'll come in nicely.

Mrs. Harrison's daughter, Miss Nancy Mills Luke, of Finch College, had with her as house guests, Raymond E. Humiston, Jr. of Dairy Anne, Conn.—*Leesburg (Va.) Loudoun Times-Mirror*.

Don't you mean Raymond E. Humiston, Jr., and Dairy Anne?

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(LOVER, COME BACK TO ME DIVISION)
[Louella O. Parsons in the
Journal-American]

Craig Rice long distanced from Tucson to say she is on her way to Chihuahua to get a divorce. Then she hopes Paul Bishop, whom she had thrown in jail, will marry her.

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BOOKS

American Political Prisoners—Victorian Photographs



IN the course of the recent war, there were sent to prison in the United States about fifty-five hundred violators of the Selective Service law who, on moral or religious grounds, had refused to take part in the war, as well as about as many again who had neglected or refused to register for other miscellaneous reasons. These last included Puerto Rican Nationalists, Negroes who were taking a stand against the Jim Crow arrangements in the Army, Japanese-Americans and other aliens or sons of aliens who did not want to fight their countries of origin, Indians (such as the Hopis) who claimed exemption on the basis of treaties with the United States, and about five thousand persons who did not defend themselves on grounds of principle. All of these men have by now either served out their terms of from one to five years or been freed by the President's pardons of 1945 and 1947. What had happened to some of them in the meantime may be learned from two recently published books: "Prison Etiquette," a miscellany of memoirs, poems, and sketches, edited, with an introduction, by Holley Cantine and Dachine Rainer (Retort Press, Bearsville, New York), and "A Field of Broken Stones," by Lowell Naeve, in collaboration with David Wieck (Libertarian Press, Glen Gardner, New Jersey). Mr. Naeve, an excerpt from whose book appears in "Prison Etiquette," has illustrated both these volumes with eloquent satirical drawings.

"Prison Etiquette" has a preface by Christopher Isherwood and "A Field of Broken Stones" one by Paul Goodman. Both these writers call attention to the importance of the political-moral problems that the conscientious objectors raise, but these problems are only implicit in most of these writings of the ex-prisoners themselves, which are not pacifist propaganda but simply records of personal experience. The editors of "Prison Etiquette" make a point of even disclaiming any intention of prison reform, since "the existing prison system in the United States is," they tell us, "in many ways, the most thoroughly reformed in the world." This does not, however, mean, they insist, that all our reforms might not be quickly abolished by a triumph of totalitarian-

ism in the United States, just as the German and Russian prisons, which they say were less severe on political prisoners "under the relative utopias of the Czar and Kaiser," at the time when our own had been brutal, were turned at once into exterminatory bastilles on the advent of Hitler and Stalin. They believe that there are signs that the United States is in danger of developing in this direction, and they present their symposium on prison life as "a convicts' compendium of useful information," which may prove helpful in a coming era when a good many of us may have to go to jail. The contributors discuss in detail the "methods by which one's stay in prison can be alleviated as much as possible."

These books, though, like all books on prison life, they make rather oppressive reading, are thus livelier and more cheerful than most. The authors have not entirely escaped the self-consciousness inevitably inflicted by the humiliation of prison, which, in the case of the conscientious objectors, has the character of a pseudo-shame mechanically imposed upon them, but they are quite free from feelings of guilt and can enjoy the moral satisfaction of having earned their fidelity to principle. They are most of them political anarchists who deny the authority of government, or ministers or students for the

ministry who believe that killing one's fellow-men is forbidden by the Christian religion. What you get is a series of candid reports on the inside of American jails by young men with clear minds and good consciences who are well informed and highly articulate, and who can describe the human relations between political and non-political prisoners, between prisoners and prison authorities, and between the prison and the outside world, with an insight and a detachment not often brought to this subject. Their accounts make such interesting reading that it seems—with the many documents that have recently got into print about Soviet and Nazi concentration camps—rather a pity that they should not have been published and distributed in the regular way. ("Prison Etiquette" was set up by hand by the editors themselves.) Whether one takes them as reassuring evidence of the relative liberality of our prison system and our clemency toward crimes of opinion or as proof of the irreducible badness of the penalty of imprisonment itself and of its futility when applied to such crimes—these men seem to have come out of jail with their original convictions strengthened—they are a part of the contemporary story that ought not to be neglected.

These conscientious objectors, of course, represent a variety of types with



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Death AND Letters

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RINEHART & CO., N. Y. 16

a variety of points of view. Mr. Naeve, who tells his story at length in "A Field of Broken Stones," is an example of the extreme intransigent. A boy from an Iowa farm, who wanted to be an artist and who had decided from his childhood experience of squirrel and rabbit hunting that he could never kill human beings, he not only went to prison for this disinclination but carried on a relentless campaign of recalcitrance against the prison authorities, subjecting them, by his ceaseless resistance, as Mr. Isherwood suggests in his preface, to an "exquisite form of mental torture." He instigated or participated in constant strikes against Negro segregation in prison, against bad food, against every act of cruelty or injustice to others, not hesitating to incur the penalty of solitary confinement and the loss of his painting materials. When, exasperated by his nuisance activities, the authorities transferred him to another prison, he barricaded his cell and had to be dragged away. When they offered him parole, he refused, on the ground that the state had no right to impose on him the restrictions involved. The energy and obstinate will that he put into these negative efforts, sustained through two prison terms, were evidently formidable, since the strikes led by him and his comrades not infrequently achieved their objects. You get the impression of a man of unusual conviction and character operating completely in reverse and to the point of masochistic perversity—for it does seem injudicious of him, when he had been freed after serving his first sentence for draft evasion, to have asked, on a hike to the West, to sleep in a village jail when he had no registration card. As a result, he was sent back to New York and tried a second time, before a judge who did not want to sentence him but who, at the instance of the federal prosecutor, with Naeve's too despairing acquiescence, allowed him to be sent to Bellevue for observation. There he went on a hunger strike and caused himself to be forcibly fed—one of the worst of his unpleasant ordeals, which, however, he faced again and again. He was eventually sent back to prison.

Passing twice through the West Street jail, he made the acquaintance of Lepke, the boss of Murder, Incorporated, who had killed something like a hundred men for pay and was now confined in a cage on his way to the electric chair. "In a curious, soft-spoken, considerate manner, he asked, 'You're one of those fellows who's going to object to the war when it

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—N. Y. Herald Tribune

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HARPER

comes?" Naevie explained that he refused to kill. "It don't seem to me," said his companion, "to make much sense that they put a man in jail for that."

LEWIS CARROLL and Edward Lear, so famous as writers for children but little remembered for their other activities, are more and more coming to be recognized as remarkable personalities, whose nonsense was only one manifestation of versatile and original minds. Edward Lear, the creator of the Jumbies and the popularizer of the limerick, was the first truly accurate practitioner of ornithological drawing in England; an able and not uninteresting landscape painter, who accomplished an immense amount of work; the author and illustrator of unique books on regions of Albania and Italy which were then hardly known to travelers; and an entertaining letter-writer, the two volumes of whose correspondence with a single one of his friends suggest that his letters should be preserved on a more extensive scale. Lewis Carroll, the author of the "Alice" books and "The Hunting of the Snark," was a logician and mathematician who sometimes grazed the conceptions of the Einstein era, and—as we learn from "Lewis Carroll Photographer," by Helmut Gernsheim (Chanticleer)—an important pioneer photographer.

Mr. Gernsheim, in fact, regards Carroll as "the most outstanding photographer of children in the nineteenth century" and, after Julia Margaret Cameron, "probably the most distinguished amateur portraitist of the mid-Victorian era." A few of Lewis Carroll's portraits have been reproduced in the Collingwood "Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," but that book did not give an idea of the interest and scope of his photographs. It seems that there is an enormous body of work, of which twelve albums are known to survive. Mr. Gernsheim has acquired three of these, and here reproduces sixty-four plates with an authoritative introduction on the progress of photography in the nineteenth century and Carroll's contribution to it, and with hitherto unpublished entries from Lewis Carroll's diaries relating to his photographic activity.

As a photographer, Lewis Carroll was perfectionist and eccentric as he was in everything else. His two favorite kinds of subject were celebrities and little girls. The former he pursued unabashedly, undaunted by occasional

"**I SHALL TRY
TO BE A
GOOD CHILD..**"



Armadino's entire family perished in a bombardment. He was found wounded but still alive, in his dead mother's arms . . . he had lost his right arm up to the shoulder, and several fingers of his left hand. For years he wandered homeless and hungry.

Yet Armadino faces life with a smile. Now in a Plan colony near Rome, he writes to his American foster mother:

"Your dear letter is a dear company for me, I read it over and over again, infinitely. Do you know I am beginning to do well at school? I can make the little accounts by myself and solve all the four operations. Only in reading I limp. But I promise to do better. I shall try to be a good child, you will see."

Wherever war has struck, thousands of brave hearts like Armadino's are beating in little maimed bodies, waiting and hoping. . . . You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a foster parent, or by contributing funds for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, glass eyes. As a foster parent, you will receive a case history and photograph of your child. Correspondence through our office is encouraged.

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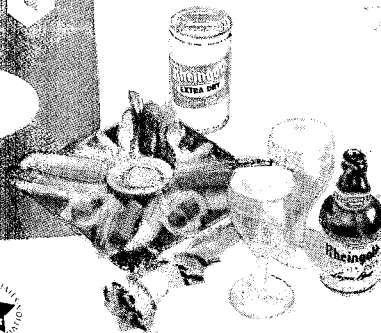
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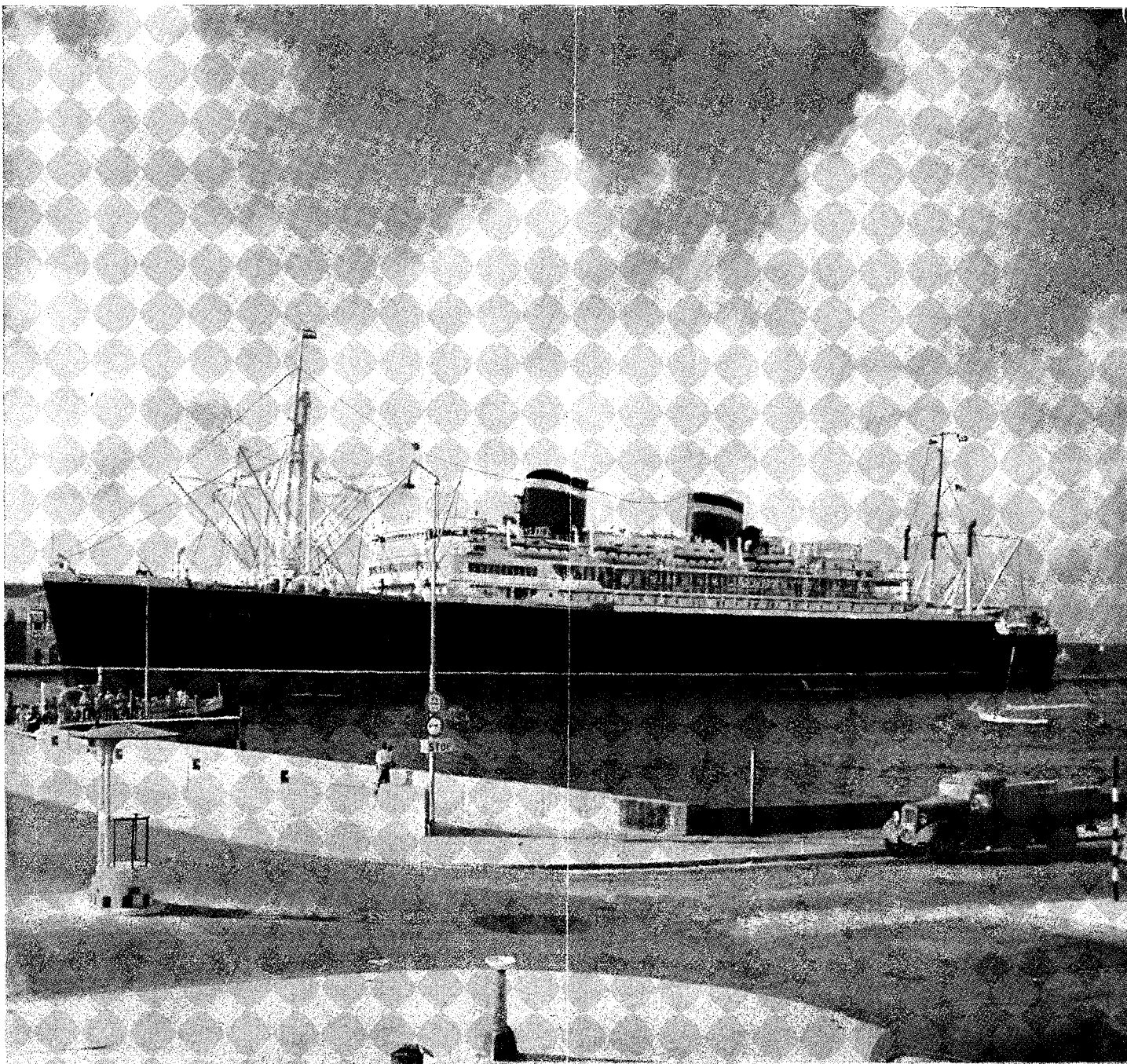
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